THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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CONTAINING

AS YOU LIKE IT.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

LONDON:

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M. DCC. XCIII.

B L

AS YOU LIKE IT.*

* As you Like it,] Was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge's Roſalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. Farmer.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketched ſome of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.

It ſhould be obſerved that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that ſuch a publication was at leaſt deſigned. At the beginning of the ſecond volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among theſe are the following:

Aug. 4.

" *As you Like it*, a book. . . }
" *Henry the Fift*, a book. . . } to be ſtaid."
" Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book. }

The dates ſcattered over theſe pages are from 1596 to 1615.

Steevens.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Malone.

PERSONS represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his*
Jaques, } *baniſhment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick:
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Bois.
Orlando, }
Adam, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Dennis, }
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's *houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well:[2] and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps

[2] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* faſhion *bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns*; &c.] The grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me*, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this. Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns*; *and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept:[3] For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me:[4] he lets me feed with his hinds,

—— *it was on this faſhion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion.*—He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

Omiſſion being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

Being ſatisfied with Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

[3] Stays *me here at home unkept:*] We ſhould read *ſtys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So Caliban ſays,

" And here you *ſty* me
" In this hard rock." WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *ſtays*, and more likely to be Shakſpeare's. JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

" And *ſty* themſelves up in a little room." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me:*] We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

OLI. Now, ſir! what make you here?[5]

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, ſir?

ORL. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

OLI. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.[6]

[5] ——*what* make you *here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet:*

"What *make you* at Elſinour?" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*be better employ'd, and* be naught a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modeſty ſuffered him to withdraw it from his ſecond edition, deſerves to be perpetuated, i. e. (ſays he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleneſs, as you call it, may be an exerciſe by which you make a figure, and endear yourſelf to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet ſeems to me to have that trite proverbial ſentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others*; ſatius eſt otioſum eſſe quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverſeneſs of his diſpoſition, would reverſe the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will aſſure him—*be nought a*

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

while is only a north-country proverbial curſe equivalent to, *a miſchief on you.* So, the old poet Skelton:

" Correct firſt thy ſelfe, walk and *be nought,*
" Deeme what thou liſt, thou knoweſt not my thought."

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

—— *and do aught a while.* WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the ſignification here given it, the reading may certainly ſtand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *a while,*

In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay,—*It is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile,* mean no more than this: " Be content to be a *cypher,* till I ſhall think fit to elevate you into conſequence."

This was certainly a proverbial ſaying, I find it in *The Storie of King Darius,* an interlude, 1565:

" Come away, *and be nought a whyle,*
" Or ſurely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falſtaff ſays to Piſtol: " Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, *he ſhall be nothing* here."

STEEVENS.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old Engliſh books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the ſenſe affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: " Be content to be a *cypher,* till I ſhall elevate you into conſequence." But the following paſſage in *Swetnam,* a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnſon's explanation are right:

" ——get you both in, and be *naught a while.*"

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. MALONE.

Malone ſays that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly ſpelled with an *a, naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought ſtill to be ſpelled, as the word *aught* (any thing) from whence it is derived, is ſpelled ſo.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Bartholomew Fair,* where Urſula ſays to Mooncalf: " Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curſ'd awhile*;" which ſeems to confirm Warburton's explanation. M. MASON.

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orl. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.[7] I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[8]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

[7] *Ay, better than* he *I am before knows me.*] The firſt folio reads—*better than* him—. But, little reſpect is due to the anomalies of the play-houſe editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. Steevens.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale:*

" I am appointed *him* to murder you." Malone.

Of *The Winter's Tale* alſo there is none but the play-houſe copy. Steevens.

[8] ——*albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood.—The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt born. But I am perſuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not ſo nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himſelf was. I imagine therefore Shakſpeare might write,—*Albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate. Warburton.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courteſy of diſtinguiſhing the *eldeſt ſon* of a knight, by the title of eſquire. Henley.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[9] I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orl. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter! he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

9 *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction*. Johnson.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Dennis.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave[2] to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter,[3] be baniſhed with her father.

[2] ——*good leave*—] As often as this phraſe occurs, it means a *ready aſſent*. So, in *King John:*

"*Baſt.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
"*Gur. Good leave*, good Philip." Steevens.

[3] ——*the duke's daughter,*] The words *old* and *new* [inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer] ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue. Johnson.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter,[3] her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden,[4] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to un-

—— *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. Malone.

The author of *The Reviſal* is of opinion, that the ſubſequent words,—*her couſin*, ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the perſon intended. Steevens.

[3] —— *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. Malone.

[4] —— *in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

" Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
" Where ſtore he heard to be of ſavage prey;
" So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
" Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo is."

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. Malone.

derſtand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, —it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger: And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:

If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more: And ſo, God keep your worſhip!

[*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter:[3] I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts[4] enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,[5] which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier?[6]

[3] ——*this* gameſter:] *Gameſter*, in the preſent inſtance, and ſome others, does not ſignify a man viciouſly addicted to games of chance, but a frolickſome perſon. Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands." Steevens.

[4] ——*of all* ſorts—] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. Ritson.

[5] ——kindle *the boy thither*,] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii:

" ——*enkindle* you unto the crown." Steevens.

[6] ——I *were merrier?*] *I* which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Ros. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,[7] that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

[7] ——*mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and

Ros. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone:[8] for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

viciſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——and rail ſo high,
"That the falſe houſewife, Fortune, break her wheel."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent*, &c.] The old copy reads—"*perceiveth*—." Mr. Malone retains the old reading, but adds—"*and* hath ſent," &c. STEEVENS.

Touch. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him.[9]

9 Touch. *One that old* Frederick, *your father, loves.*

Roſ. *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Roſalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any paſſage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were nameſakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without ſome ſuch authority, it would make confuſion to ſuppoſe it. THEOBALD.

Enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,[2] one of theſe days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,[3] the

Mr. Theobald ſeems not to know that the *Dramatis Perſonæ* were firſt enumerated by Rowe. Johnson.

Frederick is here clearly a miſtake, as appears by the anſwer of Roſalind, to whom Touchſtone addreſſes himſelf, though the queſtion was put to him by Celia. I ſuppoſe ſome abbreviation was uſed in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the tranſcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the perſons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald ſolves the difficulty by giving the next ſpeech to Celia, inſtead of Roſalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—beſides, why ſhould her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the laſt ſcene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. Malone.

Mr. Malone's remark may be juſt; and yet I think the ſpeech which is ſtill left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderneſs for the fool, as reſpect for her own father. She ſtops Touchſtone, who might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay what ſhe could not hear without inflicting puniſhment on the ſpeaker.—*Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is ſtill in uſe, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Meaſure for Meaſure* is called by Lucio "the *old* fantaſtical Duke," &c. Steevens.

[2] —— *you'll be* whip'd *for* taxation,] This was the diſcipline uſually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with ſome indelicate ſpeech, "*fut bien fouetté à la cuiſine pour ces paroles.*" A repreſentation of this ceremony may be ſeen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. V. p. 44. Douce.

Taxation is cenſure, or ſatire. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"——my *taxing* like a wildgooſe flies—." Malone.

[3] ——*ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated.

little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.[4]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies:[5] I would have

[4] —— *laid on with a trowel.*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or deſign. RITSON.

To lay on with a trowel is, to do any thing ſtrongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters groſsly, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

[5] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

" I am *amazed* with matter." STEEVENS.

told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents*,[6]——

[6] *With* bills *on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *croſs purpoſes*. Where the words of one ſpeaker are wreſted by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown ſays juſt before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Roſalind replies—*Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.* So here when Roſalind had ſaid—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by theſe preſents.* She ſpoke of an inſtrument of war, and he turns it to an inſtrument of law of the ſame name, beginning with theſe words: So that they muſt be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is ſo very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot ſee why Roſalind ſhould ſuppoſe, that the competitors in a wreſtling match carried *bills* on their ſhoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents*. JOHNSON.

With bills *on their necks*, ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried ſuch inſtruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their ſhoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himſelf. Laſſels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, ſays of tutors, "Some perſuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks.*"

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

But what is ſtill more, the expreſſion is taken immediately from Lodge, who furniſhed our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his *foreſt-bill on his necke.*" FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
"But thou may'ſt watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"——with a ſword by his ſide, a foreſt-*bille on his necke*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck*."

Again,

"——are you not big enough to bear
"Your bats *upon your necks?*" STEEVENS.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an inſtrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertiſement—as we ſay a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unleſs Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and theſe words become part of Le Beau's ſpeech; in which caſe the word *bill* would be uſed by him to denote a weapon, and by Roſalind perverted to mean a *label*. M. MASON.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides?[7] is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

[7] ——*is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repartee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—set *this* broken muſick *in his ſides*. Warburton.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel this broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken muſick*. Johnson.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. M. Mason.

Broken muſick either means the noiſe which the breaking of ribs would occaſion, or the hollow ſound which proceeds from a perſon's receiving a violent fall. Douce.

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men:[8] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

[Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.[9]

Orl. I attend them, with all reſpect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?[2]

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment,[3] the

[8] —— *odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man*. Johnson.

[9] —— *the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads—the *princeſſe calls*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[2] —— *have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592. Malone.

[3] —— *if you ſaw yourſelf with* your *eyes, or knew yourſelf with* your *judgment,*] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read,

fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.[4] But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me

—our *eyes*, and—our *judgment*. The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the abſurdity of the preſent reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated*, ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee*, or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

[4] *I beſeech you, puniſh me not*, &c.] I ſhould wiſh to read, *I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts.* Therein *I confeſs myſelf much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.* JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* muſt always refer to ſomething preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this paſſage, and that we ought to read *herein*, inſtead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehenſions expreſſed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wreſtler. He beſeeches that they will not puniſh him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial." M. MASON.

The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur*, for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. MALONE.

to my trial:[5] wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [Charles *and* Orlando *wreſtle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

[5] —— *let your gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial:*] Addiſon might have had this paſſage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

" ——— Marcia, may I hope
" That thy kind wiſhes follow me to battle?"

Steevens.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [Charles *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* Fred. *Train, and* Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;[3]—and would not change that calling,[4]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,

[3] *His youngeſt ſon*;] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid,

"Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
"Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe." Malone.

[4] —— *that* calling,] i. e. appellation; a very unuſual, if not unprecedented ſenſe of the word. Steevens.

I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded promiſe,[5]
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;[6]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeleſs block.[7]

[5] —— *as you have exceeded promiſe,*] The old copy, without regard to the meaſure, reads—*all* promiſe. Steevens.

[6] —— *one out of ſuits with fortune*;] This ſeems an alluſion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular ſort, is *out of ſuit*. Johnson.

Out of ſuits with fortune, I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripped of her livery. Steevens.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "— but turning theſe jeſts *out of ſervice*, let us talk in good earneſt." Malone.

[7] *Is but a* quintain, *a mere lifeleſs block.*] A *quintain* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintain, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me, not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* The famous ſatiriſt Regnier, who lived about the time of our authour, uſes the ſame metaphor, on the ſame ſubject, though the thought be different:

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

" *Et qui depuis dix ans juſqu'en ſes derniers jours,*
" *A ſoutenu le prix en l' eſcrime d' amours;*
" *Laſſe en fin de ſervir au peuple de* quintaine,
" *Elle*" &c. Warburton.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a ſtake driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and other trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the ſhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of

——— *My better parts*
Are all thrown down? Guthrie.

Mr. Malone has diſputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadverſions; and Mr. Douce is equally diſſatisfied with thoſe of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumſtantiality, is ſo much increaſed, that we are often led (as Hamlet obſerves) to

" ——— fight for a ſpot
" Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe."

The preſent ſtrictures therefore of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) muſt appear at the concluſion of the play. Steevens.

For a more particular deſcription of a *quintain*, ſee a note on a paſſage in Jonſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55.
M. Mason.

A humourous deſcription of this amuſement may alſo be read in Laneham's Letter from " Killingwoorth Caſtle." Henley.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

LE BEAU. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition,[8]
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.[9]

ORL. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter[2] is his daughter:

[8] —— *the duke's* condition,] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt condition'd man.* JOHNSON.

[9] —— *than* me *to ſpeak of.*] The old copy has—than *I.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] —— *the* ſhorter—] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the *taller.* Mr. Malone—the *ſmaller.* STEEVENS.

Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall,*" and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words—"the woman *low,* and browner than her brother;" i. e. Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions: but ſurely *ſhorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſometimes ſpeaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *ſmall* ones. Otherwiſe, Mr. Malone's conjecture ſhould have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.

The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,[2]
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* Le Beau.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Ros. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

[2] ——*in a better world than this,*] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. iii:—"There is a world elſewhere." Steevens.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, ſome of it is for my child's father:[3] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpite of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe,[4] I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?[5]

[3] ——*for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

[4] *By this kind of* chaſe,] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful.* Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere.* Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Miſtreſs, deſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me uncle?

Duke F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]? So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII:*

"———— Which of the peers
"Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
"Strangely neglected?"

Uncontemn'd muſt be underſtood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends. MALONE.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;[6]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;[7]
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;

[6] —— *remorſe*;] i. e. *compaſſion.* So, in *Macbeth:*
"Stop the acceſs and paſſage to *remorſe.*" Steevens.

[7] —— *we ſtill have ſlept together,*
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;] Youthful friendſhip is deſcribed in nearly the ſame terms in a book publiſhed the year in which this play firſt appeared in print. "They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and uſually *ſlept* together, out of the great love that was between them." *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I. B. I. c. viii. p. 75. Reed.

And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,[6]
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* Frederick *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;[7]
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:[8]

[6] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and* ſeem *more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. Johnson.

[7] *Thou haſt not, couſin*;] Some word is wanting to the metre. Perhaps our author wrote:
Indeed *thou haſt not, couſin.* Steevens.

[8] —— *Roſalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Roſalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herſelf, ſhe could not *lack* that love which Celia complains ſhe does. Warburton.

Either reading may ſtand. The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* Johnson.

Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,[9]
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle.[2]

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;[3]
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax[4] upon my thigh,

[9] —— *to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverſe of fortune* upon yourſelf, without any aid or participation. Malone.

I have inſerted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The ſecond folio has—*charge.* Steevens.

[2] *To ſeek my uncle.*] Here the old copy adds—*in the foreſt of Arden.* But theſe words are an evident interpolation, without uſe, and injurious to the meaſure:

Why, whither ſhall we go?—To ſeek my uncle.

being a complete verſe. Beſides, we have been already informed by Charles the wreſtler, that the baniſhed Duke's reſidence was *in the foreſt of Arden.* Steevens.

[3] *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face;*] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *King Henry V.* Act III. Malone.

[4] —— *curtle-ax* —] or *cutlace,* a broad ſword. Johnson.

A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a ſwaſhing[5] and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,[6]
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

[5] We'll *have a ſwaſhing*, &c.] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.* the Boy ſays:—"As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three *ſwaſhers*;" meaning Nym, Piſtol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Now go* we in *content*,] The old copy reads—Now go *in we* content. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the tranſpoſition is neceſſary. Our authour might have uſed *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of Foreſters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,[7]
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:[8]

[7] *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—" not *the penalty*"—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being ſenſible of the difference of the ſeaſons. The Duke ſays, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtleſs, the text muſt be reſtored as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the courſe of theſe notes, how often *not* and *but* by miſtake have changed place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. iii. *but* is printed inſtead of *not:*

" *Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
" 1 *Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire." MALONE.

[8] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was

And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[9]
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it:[2] Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull.

JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——in moſt phyſicians' heads,
"There is a kind of *toadſtone* bred."—

Again, in *Adraſta*, or *The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *ſtone*
"In the *toad*, nor ſerpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly ſupplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who ſays, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *ſtone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is moſt commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulſe poyſons, and that it is a moſt ſoveraigne medicine for the ſtone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *Firſt Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated teſtimony to the virtues of the "*Tode-ſtone*, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he inſtructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You ſhall knowe whether the *Tode-ſtone* be the ryght and perfect ſtone or not. Holde the ſtone before a Tode, ſo that he may ſee it; and if it be a ryght and true ſtone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would ſnatch it: He envieth ſo much that man ſhould have that ſtone." STEEVENS.

9 *Finds tongues in trees*, &c.] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"Thus both *trees* and *each thing elſe, be the bookes to a fancie.*"

STEEVENS.

2 *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſert city,[3]—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[4]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:[5]
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,

[3] *Native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgeſs* of the wood."
STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens*." MALONE.

[4] ——*with* forked heads—] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters:*

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*
"Miſſes," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.]

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's Elegy.*
STEEVENS.

That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe:[6] and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;[7]
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much:[8] Then, being alone,[9]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,

[6] —— *the big round tears,* &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion,* that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Steevens.

[7] —— in *the* needleſs *ſtream*;] The ſtream that wanted not ſuch a ſupply of moiſture. The old copy has *into,* caught probably by the compoſitor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] *To that which had too* much:] Old copy—too *muſt.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint:*

"——————in a river——
"Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
"Like uſury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. iv:

"With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
"And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much.*"
Steevens.

[9] —— *Then, being alone,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*Then being* there *alone.* Steevens.

And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country,[2] city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him[3] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *The body of* the *country*,] The oldeſt copy omits—*the*; but it is ſupplied by the ſecond folio, which has many advantages over the firſt. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion; but let him ſpeak for himſelf. Steevens.

Country is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—*The body of* the *country*, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

Is not *country* uſed elſewhere alſo as a diſſyllable? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. vi:

" And that his *country's* dearer than himſelf."

Beſides, by reading *country* as a triſyllable, in the middle of a verſe, it would become rough and diſſonant. Steevens.

[3] ——*to* cope *him*—] To encounter him; to engage with him. Johnson.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *LORD.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *LORD.* My lord, the roynish clown,[4] at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler[5]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;

[4] ——*the* roynish *clown,*] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. The word is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, 988:

"That knottie was and all *roinous.*"

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, he ſays—"Although ſhe were a luſty bouncing rampe, ſomewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was ſhe not ſuch a *roiniſh* rannel, ſuch a diſſolute gillian-flirt," &c.

We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*of the* wreſtler—] *Wreſtler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be ſounded as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother;[6] fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail[7]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory[8]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?

[6] *Send to his* brother;] I believe we ſhould read—*brother's.* For when the Duke ſays in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. Mason.

[7] ——*quail*—] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"——which my falſe ſpirits
"*Quail* to remember." Steevens.

[8] ——*O you* memory—] Shakſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial:* and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. So, in the *Humorous Lieutenant:*

"I knew then how to ſeek your *memories.*"

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"And with his body place that *memory*
"Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy:*

"That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
"Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
"The *memory* of my grandame." Steevens.

Why would you be ſo fond[8] to overcome
The bony priſer[9] of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men[2]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,

[8] ——*ſo* fond—] i. e. ſo indiſcreet, ſo inconſiderate. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— I do wonder,
" Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo *fond*
" To come abroad with him——." Steevens.

[9] *The* bony *priſer*—] In the former editions—*The* bonny *priſer*. We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. Warburton.

So, Milton: " Giants of mighty *bone*." Johnson.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones*."

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act. V:

" Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well." Steevens.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you Like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. Malone.

[2] ——*to* ſome *kind of men*—] Old copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,[3] this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[4] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,

[3] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel:* "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. Steevens.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint:*

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. Malone.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is too refined. Adam means merely to ſay—"This is no *place* for you." M. Mason.

[4] ——diverted *blood*,] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. Johnson.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied
"To the orbed earth"——. Malone.

To *divert* a water-courſe, that is, to *change its courſe*, was a common legal phraſe, and an object of litigation in Weſtminſter Hall in our author's time, as it is at preſent. Reed.

And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,[4]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;[5]
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having:[6] it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

[4] —— *and He that doth the* ravens *feed,*
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow, *&c.*] See Saint *Luke*, xii. 6. and 24. Douce.

[5] —— rebellious *liquors in my blood*;] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. So, in *Othello:*

" For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
" That commonly *rebels.*" Malone.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* againſt the conſtitution. Steevens.

[6] *Even with the* having:] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. Johnson.

And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years[7] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits![8]

[7] *From* ſeventeen *years*—] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[8] *O Jupiter! how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] The old copy reads—*how* merry, &c. Steevens.

And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſymptom of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits:* rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how* weary *are my ſpirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. Theobald.

She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called Aristippus, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or, the* Merry *Beggars.*

In the original copy of *Othello,* 4to. 1622, nearly the ſame miſtake has happened; for there we find—

"Let us be *merry,* let us hide our joys,"

inſtead of—Let us be *wary.* Malone.

Touch. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:[9] yet I ſhould bear no croſs,[2] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Ros. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Ros. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

9 ——*I had rather* bear with *you, than* bear *you:*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me."

Steevens.

2 ——*yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. Steevens.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly[3]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer[4] in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* Silvius.

Ros. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,[5]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him

[3] *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly*—] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

" Honeſt lover, whoſoever,
" If in all thy love there ever
" Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
" Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame.
" Know this,
" Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
" And to love true,
" Thou muſt begin again, and love anew," &c. Johnson.

[4] Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. Malone.

[5] ——*of* thy wound,] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

take that for coming anight[5] to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet,[6] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods,[7] and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears,[8] *Wear theſe for my*

[5] —— *anight*—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is *in the night*. The word is uſed by Chaucer in *The Legende of Good Women*. Our modern editors read, *o'nights*, or *o'night*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *batlet*,] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] —— *two* cods,] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read—*peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "——went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peſcods*," &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *peſcod time* when hound to horne
"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries."
STEEVENS.

In the following paſſage, however, Touchſtone's preſent certainly ſignifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and ſo, I believe, the word is uſed here. "He [Richard II.] alſo uſed a *peaſcod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Weſtminſter." Camden's Remains 1614. Here we ſee the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakſpeare uſed the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the ſame meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peaſcod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the ſtalk. It was formerly uſed as an ornament in dreſs, and was repreſented with the ſhell open exhibiting the peas. The paſſage cited from Rymer by Dr. Farmer, ſhows that the peas were ſometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchſtone took the *cods* from the *peaſcods*, and not from his miſtreſs. DOUCE.

[8] —— *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in

ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.[9]

Ros. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend.[2]

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of K. Henry V.* in Peele's *Jeſts*, &c. Steevens.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in Lodge's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. Malone.

9 ——*ſo is all nature in love* mortal *in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*.
Johnson.

2 —— *to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Ros. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks[2] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheepcote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.[3]

Ros. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:

[2] *And little* recks—] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet:*
"And *recks* not his own rede." Steevens.

[3] *And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice,* as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. Johnson.

Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[4] *his merry note*
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

[4] *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
" *Tune* my diſtreſſes, and record my woes." MALONE.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is ſtill a current phraſe among vulgar muſicians. STEEVENS.

Ami. My voice is ragged;[5] I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[6] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

[5] ——*ragged*;] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the same meaning. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses," &c. Steevens.

[6] ——*disputable*—] for *disputatious*. Malone.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here]
And loves to live i' the ſun,[7]
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;[8]
Here ſhall he ſee,
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

[7] —— *to* live *i'the ſun,*] Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

To live i' the ſun, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio*; for by *lying* in the ſun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

[8] —*ducdàme*;] For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.[9]

" *Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*
" Here ſhall he ſee
" Groſs fools as he,
" An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. FARMER.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong,

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
" *duck, duck, duck.*——
" *Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
" chuck, chuck, chuck.——"

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a triſſyllable. STEEVENS.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii:

" Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
" Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
" Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
" Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,
" Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite." MALONE.

9 —— *the firſt-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

The phraſe is ſcriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: " And the Lord ſmote *all the firſt-born in Egypt.*" STEEVENS.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave.[2] Farewell, kind maſter.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— fall upon the ground, as I do now,
" Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave."

Steevens.

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *LORD.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars,[2] grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *LORD.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world![3]—

[2] ——*compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. In *The Comedy of Errors* we have "*compact of credit,*" for *made up of credulity.* Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"——— like gilded tombs
"*Compacted* of jet pillars."

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

"*Compact* of rapine, piracy, and ſpoil."

STEEVENS.

[3] *A motley fool;—a miſerable* world!] What! becauſe he met a

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:[4]
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,

motley fool, was it therefore *a miſerable world?* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:

——— *a miſerable* varlet.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after theſe words, and here he calls him *a miſerable varlet,* notwithſtanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms,* &c. Nor is the change we may make, ſo great as appears at firſt ſight.

WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of changing *world* to *varlet,* nor, if a change were neceſſary, can I gueſs how it ſhould certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[4] *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:*] *Fortuna favet fatuis,* is, as Mr. Upton obſerves, the ſaying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

" *Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.*"

So, in the prologue to *The Alchemiſt:*

" Fortune, that favours fooles, theſe two ſhort houres
" We wiſh away."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour,* Act I. ſc. iii:

" *Sog.* Why, who am I, ſir?
" *Mac.* One of thoſe that fortune favours.
" *Car.* The periphraſis of a foole." REED.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.[5]

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;[6]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,[7]

[5] —— Motley's *the only wear.*] It would have been unneceſſary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party-coloured coat* was anciently the dreſs of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonſon's works been miſtaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram:*

" ——— where, out of *motley,'s* he
" Could ſave that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, ſays Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old ſcraps, could ſave, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a ſuit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. Steevens.

[6] —*only* ſuit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. Johnson.

The poet meant a quibble. So Act V: " Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit.*" Steevens.

[7] —— *as large a charter as the wind,*] So, in *K. Henry V:*

" The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is ſtill." Malone.

To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:[8] if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.[9]
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,[1]
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,[3] would I do, but good?

[8] Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:*] The old copies read only—*Seem ſenſeleſs*, &c. *Not to* were ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. Steevens.

Beſides that the third verſe is defective one whole *foot* in meaſure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to ſay, and the reaſoning of the paſſage, ſhow it no leſs defective in the ſenſe. There is no doubt, but the two little monoſyllables, which I have ſupplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuſcript, or by inadvertence were left out. Theobald.

[9] ——*if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power; and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is, *diſſected* and *laid open*, by the *ſquandring glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. Johnson.

[1] *Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff."

Douce.

[3] ——*for a* counter,] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of falſe money uſed as a means of reckoning) were brought into uſe in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——will you with *counters* ſum
"The paſt proportion of his infinite?" Steevens.

Duke S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting[3] itſelf;
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?[4]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery[5] is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then?[6] Let me ſee wherein

[3] *As ſenſual as the* brutiſh ſting—] Though the *brutiſh ſting* is capable of a ſenſe not inconvenient in this paſſage, yet as it is a harſh and unuſual mode of ſpeech, I ſhould read the *brutiſh fly*. Johnson.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

" A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting*."

Again, B. II. c. xii:

" As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *ſting*,
" Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

" —— our carnal *ſtings*, our unbitted luſts." Steevens.

[4] *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] —— *his* bravery—] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

" With ſcarfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*."

Steevens.

[6] *There then*; *How*, *what then?* &c.] The old copy reads, very redundantly—

There then; *How* then? *What then?* &c. Steevens.

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

JAQ. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility:[7] yet am I inland bred,[8]
And know ſome nurture:[9] But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello:*
" What then? How then? *Where's* ſatisfaction?" MALONE.

[7] ——*the thorny point*
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en *from me the ſhow*
Of ſmooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

[8] ——inland *bred,*] *Inland* here, and elſewhere in this play, is the oppoſite to *outland,* or *upland.* Orlando means to ſay, that he had not been *bred among clowns.* HOLT WHITE.

[9] *And know ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education,* breeding, manners. So, in Greene's *Never too Late,* 1616:
" He ſhew'd himſelf as full of *nurture* as of nature."
Again, as Mr. Holt White obſerves to me, Barret ſays in his *Alvearie,* 1580: " It is a point of *nurture,* or *good manners,* to ſalute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis eſt ſalutare obvios.*"
STEEVENS.

Jaq. An you will not be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,[9]
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,[2]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

[9] ——*deſert inacceſſible,*] This expreſſion I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: "——and onely acquainted himſelfe with the ſolitarineſſe of this *unacceſſible deſert.*" HENDERSON.

[2] *And take* upon command *what help we have,*] *Upon command,* is at your own command. STEEVENS.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.[3] There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.[4]

[3] *Whiles, like a* doe, *I go to find my* fawn,
And give it food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Like a milch *doe*, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
" Haſting to *feed her fawn.*" Malone.

[4] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:
Wherein we play.
I believe with Mr. Pope, that we ſhould only read—
Wherein we play.
and add a word at the beginning of the next ſpeech, to complete the meaſure; viz.
" *Why*, all the world's a ſtage."
Thus, in *Hamlet:*
" *Hor.* So Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern go to't.
" *Ham. Why*, man, they did make love to their employment."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" *Why*, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once."
Again, *ibid:*
" *Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done."
In twenty other inſtances we find the ſame adverb introductorily uſed. Steevens.

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,[4]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages.[5] At firſt, the infant,

[4] *All the world's a ſtage*, &c.] This obſervation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum conſtet inter nos, quod fere *totus mundus exerceat hiſtrioniam.*" STEEVENS.

This obſervation had been made in an Engliſh drama before the time of Shakſpeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras ſaid, that *this world was like a ſtage,*
"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find theſe lines:

"Unhappy man——
"Whoſe life a ſad continual tragedie,
"Himſelf the *actor, in the world, the ſtage,*
"*While as the acts are meaſur'd by his age.*" MALONE.

[5] *His acts being ſeven* ages.] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in ſupport of his aſſertion. I have carefully peruſed almoſt every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakſpeare, or contemporary with him; but ſo far from being divided into acts, they are almoſt all printed in an unbroken continuity of ſcenes. I ſhould add, that there is one play of ſix acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the ſecond of theſe is a tranſlation from the Spaniſh, and never could have been deſigned for the ſtage. In *God's Promiſes*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Myſtery*) by John Bale, ſeven acts may indeed be found. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was "*no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *the Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then,[6] the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace,[7] with a woeful ballad

the ſpace of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or *Youthhood*; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accompliſhed two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

I have ſeen, more than once, an old print entitled, *The ſtage of Man's Life*, divided into ſeven ages. As emblematical repreſentations of this ſort were formerly ſtuck up, both for ornament and inſtruction, in the generality of houſes, it is more probable that Shakſpeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the repreſentations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my poſſeſſion; and conſidering the uſe it is of in explaining the paſſage before us, "I could have better ſpared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the ſchool-boy *with his ſatchel* hanging over his ſhoulders. STEEVENS.

[6] And *then*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied, for the ſake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[7] *Sighing like furnace*,] So, in *Cymbeline*: "—he *furnaceth* the thick *ſighs* from him—." MALONE.

Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[7]
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick[8] in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,[9]
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;[2]

[7] ——*a ſoldier*;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded *like the pard,*] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon:
" —— Your ſoldiers face—the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard.*" STEEVENS.

Beards of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi: " And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

[8] —— ſudden *and quick*—] Leſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed that theſe epithets are ſynonymous, it is neceſſary to be obſerved that one of the ancient ſenſes of *ſudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth:*
" —— I grant him *ſudden*,
" Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances,*] It is remarkable that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the Greeks uſed καινὸς, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place uſed for *abſurd:* the meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common*. So, in *K. John:*
" And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."
Again, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: " —— betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: " —— to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

[2] —— *The ſixth age ſhifts*
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;] There is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here com-

With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,[3]
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you moſt for him.

paring human life to a *ſtage play* of ſeven acts, (which is no unuſual diviſion before our author's time.) The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalóne*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In *The Travels of the three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's houſe, in which among other characters he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalóne* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers." In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther deſcription of him. MALONE.

[3] ——*Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes*? XIII. 125.

"——*Patremque*
"*Fert humeris*, venerabile onus, *Cythereius heros*."
JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, tranſlates it thus:

"—— upon his backe
"His aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe*."
STEEVENS.

Adam. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

Amiens *ſings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;[3]
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,[4]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

[3] *Thou art not ſo* unkind, &c.] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind*." Malone.

[4] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circumſtance that made the keenneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[5]
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.[6]
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! &c.

the *winter wind* the preference. So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Spangled ſtar-light *ſheen.*"

And ſeveral other places. Chaucer uſes it in this ſenſe:

"Your bliſsful ſiſter Lucina the *ſheue.*

And Fairfax:

"The ſacred angel took his target *ſhene,*
"And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood unſeen."

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occaſion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou cauſeſt not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reaſon, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude.* WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorouſly enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *ſmiling, ſhining.* That *ſheen* ſignifies *ſhining*, is eaſily proved, but when or where did it ſignify *ſmiling?* yet *ſmiling* gives the ſenſe neceſſary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is leſs uncouth, but too remote from the preſent text. For my part, I queſtion whether the original line is not loſt, and this ſubſtituted merely to fill up the meaſure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by ſtrong agitation may ſenſe be elicited, and ſenſe not unſuitable to the occaſion. *Thou winter wind*, ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

Becauſe the heart's not ſeen.

e
y *harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was eaſily corrupted. FARMER.

Duke S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
" All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." Steevens.
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs* winds." Malone.

[5] *Though thou the waters* warp,] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. Kenrick.

To *warp* was probably in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change:* when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay it is *turned:* when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled.* To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate.
Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonſon. " I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd.*—And ſo, methinks too, he *is* much *converted.*" Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, becauſe it changes the appearance of the ſurface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:
" My favour here begins to *warp.*"
Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon:*
" —— the icicle
" That *curdled* by the froſt," &c. Steevens.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in *Hickes's Theſaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the ſucceeding appears: ꝑinꝺeꝛ ꝛceal zeþeoꝛpan ꝑeꝺeꝛ, *winter ſhall warp water.* So that Shakſpeare's expreſſion was anciently proverbial. It ſhould be remarked, that among the numerous examples in *Manning's* excellent edition of *Lye's Dictionary*, there is no inſtance of ꝑeoꝛpan or zeꝑeoꝛpan, implying to *freeze*, *bend*, *turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extenſive ſignification.

Probably this word ſtill retains a ſimilar ſenſe in the Northern part of the Iſland, for in a Scottiſh parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, " O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,"

And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy maſter is:[7]—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand.

[*Exeunt.*

I find the verſe "Nor ſhrink before the *wintry wind*," is altered to "Nor ſhrink before the *warping wind*." HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, againſt the law of their nature, to *bend* from their ſtated level, yet thy ſting occaſions leſs anguiſh to man, than the ingratitude of thoſe he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* when its ſurface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: "——then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp, warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to—*bitter ſky*. The influence of the winter's ſky or ſeaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this paſſage refers to the turbulence of the ſky, and the conſequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of froſt, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* deſcribed ice as uncommonly ſmooth:

"To throw a perfume on the violet,
"*To ſmooth the ice*," &c. MALONE.

[6] *As friend* remember'd *not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So, afterwards, Act III. ſc. laſt:

"And now I am *remember'd*"——.

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

[7] ——*as thy* maſter *is:*] The old copy has—*maſters*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument [8]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; [9] bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

OLI. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;

[8] —— *an abſent* argument—] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[9] Seek *him with* candle;] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Goſpel, ch. xv. v. 8: "If ſhe loſe one piece, doth ſhe not light a *candle*,—and *ſeek* diligently till ſhe find it?" STEEVENS.

And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:[9]
Do this expediently,[2] and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a Paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[3] ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.[4]

[9] *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[2] —— *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, ſignifies—*expeditious.* So, in *King John:*

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Are making hither with all due *expedience.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.

JOHNSON.

[4] —— *that* my *full* life doth ſway.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*" STEEVENS.

O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive[5] ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

[5] ——*unexpreſſive*—] For *inexpreſſible*. JOHNSON.

Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*:

"Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
"With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

MALONE.

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.[5]

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſopher.[6] Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly,

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg,[7] all on one ſide.

[5] —— *he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping*. Johnson.

I think, he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. Malone.

[6] *Such a one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natural philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſics of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it. Warburton.

Shakſpeare is reſponſible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator anſwer for the *refinement*. Steevens.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philoſopher*, becauſe he reaſons from his *obſervations on nature*. M. Mason.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. Malone.

[7] —— *like an ill-roaſted egg,*] Of this jeſt I do not fully comprehend the meaning. Johnson.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow, again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

be *damn'd all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhow how Touchſtone applies his ſimile with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. Steevens.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe;—not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in a tune*. Malone.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh: Indeed!—Learn of the wiſe, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee![8] thou art raw.[9]

[8] ——make inciſion *in thee!*] *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue for, to make to underſtand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

" ——O excellent king,
" Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion*"——.

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the alluſion had been to that common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*; and I muſt own, after conſulting the paſſage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reaſon to alter my ſuppoſition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phraſe to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the ſame expreſſion in *Monſieur Thomas:*

" We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *inciſion*, fidler."

STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this paſſage juſtly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely miſtaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humourous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who uſed to cut themſelves in ſuch a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to ſhow their paſſion for their miſtreſſes, by drinking their healths, or writing verſes to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this cuſtom, ſee a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. iii: M. MASON.

[9] ——*thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;[2] and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganymede, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Rosalind, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the eaſt to weſtern Ind,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,[3]
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind.[4]

So, in *Hamlet:* " ——and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." Malone.

[2] ——*bawd to a* bell-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. Johnson.

[3] ——*faireſt* lin'd,] i. e. moſt fairly *delineated.* Modern editors read—*limn'd,* but without authority, from the ancient copies. Steevens.

[4] *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in *The Midſummer Night's Dream,* Act I. ſc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors,* Act II. ſc. i. The

Touch. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.[4]

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.

modern editors read—*the* face *of Roſalind.* Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

" Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
" The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
" Since for her *faire* there is fairer none," &c.

Again,

" And hers the *faire* which all men do reſpect." Steevens.

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] ——rate *to market.*] So, Sir T. Hanmer. In the former editions—rank *to market.* Johnson.

Dr. Grey, as plauſibly, propoſes to read—*rant.* Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line in an ancient medley. The ſenſe deſigned, however, might have been—" it is ſuch wretched rhime as the butter-woman ſings as ſhe is *riding to* market." So, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 7:

" And uſe a kinde of *ridynge rime*"——.

Ratt-ryme, however, in Scotch, ſignifies ſome verſe *repeated by rote.* See Ruddiman's Gloſſary to G. Douglas's *Virgil.* Steevens.

The Clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be " the very falſe gallop of verſes."

Henley.

I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone,) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe*, going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
" Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
" *'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*" Malone.

Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes;[5] Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit[6] in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be?*[7]
For it is unpeopled? No;

[5] *This is the very* falſe gallop of verſes;] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet." Malone.

[6] —— *the* earlieſt *fruit*—] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *lateſt* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. Steevens.

[7] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] This is commonly printed:
Why ſhould this a *deſert be?*

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.[8]
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.[9]

but although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe ſtill is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:

Why ſhould this deſert ſilent *be?* TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[8] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil* life, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

Civil, I believe, is not deſignedly oppoſed to *ſolitary*. It means only *grave*, or *ſolemn*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"Where is Malvolio? he is *ſad* and *civil*."

i. e. *grave* and *demure*.

Again, in *A Woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That fourteen yards of ſatin give my woman;
"I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil*."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was—"painted in *little*."

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "—a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture in little*." STEEVENS.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd [2]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part; [3]
Sad [4] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*—] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δῶρα ἔχουσες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.———

So, before:

" —— But thou
" So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, art created
" Of every creature's beſt." *Tempeſt.*

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

[3] *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus *Ovid:*

——— *nec dicere poſſes,*
Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.
Ut faciem, et poſito corpus velamine *vidit,*
Obſtupuit——.

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo*; that is, " both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one [Atalanta] of

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[5] deareſt priz'd.

them to be a *maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgement in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe Atalanta's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: "——who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beauty to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſteneſſe to deface."
Again, *ibid:*

"Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
"Penelop may give place;
"*Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre
"She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid:* "*Atalanta* who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle."

It may be obſerved, that Statius alſo in his ſixth Thebaid, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of Œnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive ſome ſupport from a ſubſequent paſſage: "——as ſwift a *wit* as Atalanta's heels."
MALONE.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
"And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*." WHALLEY.

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips:*

"——That eye was Juno's;
"Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball*;
"That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Ros. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes* is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's Tranſlation, 1567:

" She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
" Thee, whether ſhe did in footemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."
" —he did condemne the young men's love. But when
" He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
" *Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin,*) the which was like to mine,
" Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,
" He was amaz'd."
" ——And though that ſhe
" Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
" More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
" Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace." Malone.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, has no reference to the *ball of* Atalanta, but to the *golden apple* which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that " Atalanta's *better part*" means only—*the beſt part about her*, ſuch as was moſt commended. Steevens.

4 *Sad*—] Is *grave, ſober*, not *light*. Johnson.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:—" She is never *ſad* but when ſhe ſleeps." Steevens.

5 ——*the touches*—] The features; *les traits*. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III*:

" Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition." Steevens.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Ros. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:[6] I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,[7] which I can hardly remember.

[6] ——*a* palm-tree:] A *palm-tree*, in the foreſt of *Arden* is as much out of its place, as the *lioneſs* in a ſubſequent ſcene. Steevens.

[7] —— *I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an* Iriſh rat,] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an *Iriſh rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. Dr. Grey has produced a ſimilar paſſage from *Randolph:*

" ——— My poets
" Shall with a ſatire, ſteep'd in gall and vinegar,
" Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland.*"

Johnson.

So, in an addreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter:*

" Rhime them to death, as they do *Iriſh rats*
" In drumming tunes." Steevens.

So, in *The Defence of Poeſie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: " Though I will not wiſh unto you—to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubonax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*"—. Malone.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;[7] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.[8]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping![9]

[7] ——*friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:
" Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."
See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] " Montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt," &c. ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* Lib. II. c. lxxxiii. or in Holland's tranſlation: " Two *hills* (removed by an earthquake) *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[9] ——*out of all* whooping!] i. e. out of all meaſure, or reckoning. So, in the Old Ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my money*, &c. 1584:
" And then was ſhooting, *out of cry*,
" The ſkantling at a handful nie."
Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions:*
" I have beraed myſelf *out of cry*." STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, " out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maide of Cheapſide*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: " I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

An *outcry* is ſtill a provincial term for an *auction.*
STEEVENS.

Ros. Good my complexion![2] doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery.[3] I pr'ythee, tell

[2] *Good my complexion!*] *This is a mode of expreſſion*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to common ſenſe*. Like enough: and ſo too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e, let me not bluſh. WARBURTON.

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, can'ſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory addreſs to her beauty; in the nature of a ſmall oath. RITSON.

[3] *One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-ſea* of *diſcoverie*. STEEVENS.

This is ſtark nonſenſe; we muſt read—*off* diſcovery, i. e. *from* diſcovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I ſhall think this ſecret as far from diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is." WARBURTON.

This ſentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonſenſe, but not ſo happily reſtored to ſenſe. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-ſea. Diſcover, *I pr'ythee*; *tell me who is it quickly!*—When the tranſcriber had once made *diſcovery* from *diſcover I*, he eaſily put an article after South-ſea. But it may be read with ſtill leſs change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a* South-ſea diſcovery: *Every delay* however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of *diſcovery* on the *South-ſea*. How much voyages to the South-ſea on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for *off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

Warburton's ſophiſtication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preſerve the ſenſe of Roſalind, reſtored. A *South-ſea* of *diſcovery*, is not a diſcovery, *at* FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the South-ſea; which, being the largeſt in the world, affords the wideſt ſcope for exerciſing curioſity. HENLEY.

On a further conſideration of this paſſage I am ſtrongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—*a South-ſea diſcovery*. "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as

me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly,

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.[4]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[5] What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred juſt before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

[4] ——*ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. ſpeak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; ſpeak ſeriouſly and honeſtly. RITSON.

[5] *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[6] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies,[7] as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with a good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.[8]

[6] ——*Garagantua's mouth*—] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. Johnson.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenel-worth-Caſtle, in* 1575. Some tranſlator of one of theſe pieces is cenſured by Hall, in his Second Book of *Satires:*

"But who conjur'd, &c.
"Or wicked *Rablais* dronken revellings
"To grace the miſrule of our tavernings?" Steevens.

[7] ——*to count* atomies,] *Atomies* are thoſe minute particles diſcernible in a ſtream of ſunſhine that breaks into a darkened room. Henley.

"An *atomie* (ſays Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616) is a *mote* flying in the ſunne. Any thing ſo ſmall that it cannot be made leſſe." Malone.

[8] ——*when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit.*] The old copy reads—*when it drops forth fruit.* The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.[9]

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,[2] I pr'ythee; it curvets very unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[3]

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

" ——— woman's gentle brain
" Could not *drop forth ſuch* giant-rude invention."

This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that ha been made. MALONE.

9 ——*ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——Such a ſight as this
" Becomes the field,"—— STEEVENS.

2 *Cry*, holla! *to thy tongue.*] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
" His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*"

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

" *Holla!* ſtand there." MALONE.

3 —*to* kill *my* heart.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. STEEVENS.

Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart.*"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" ——they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart*, as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

CEL. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

ORL. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

JAQ. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Roſalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, juſt.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

JAQ. What ſtature is ſhe of?

ORL. Juſt as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

ORL. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth,[4] from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

[4] —— *but I anſwer you right* painted cloth,] This alludes to the faſhion in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottoes and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

" Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
" Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe." THEOBALD.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with

So, in Barnaby Riche's *Soldier's Wiſhe to Britons welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a hiſtorie, a booke of a diſcourſe, a foole of a faſhion," &c.

The ſame alluſion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "Now will I ſee if my memory will ſerve for ſome *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a ſhilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty poſy for you.
"—No, no; I'll have one ſhall ſavour of a ſaw.—
"Why then 'twill ſmell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muſes' Looking Glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638:

"——I have ſeen in *Mother Redcap's* hall
"In *painted cloth*, the ſtory of the prodigal."

From this laſt quotation we may ſuppoſe that the rooms in publick houſes were uſually hung with what Falſtaff calls *water-work*. On theſe hangings perhaps moral ſentences were depicted as iſſuing from the mouths of the different characters repreſented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Engliſh Works*, printed by Raſtell, 1557: "Mayſter Thomas More in hys youth devyſed in hys father's houſe in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verſes over every of thoſe pageauntes; which verſes expreſſed and declared what the ymages in thoſe pageauntes repreſented: and alſo in thoſe pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verſes over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John:*

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke."

STEEVENS.

I anſwer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate:* that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate. JOHNSON.

This ſingular phraſe may be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *K. Henry V:*

"I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtile of* painted cloth." We had before in this play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid*, 1567:

"——the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

mé? and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world,[5] but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good ſignior love.

I ſuppoſe Orlando means to ſay, that Jaques's queſtions have no more of novelty or ſhrewdneſs in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantaſtick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, octavo, 1601, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of painted cloth language:

" Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:
" Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
" Beware the mouſe, the maggot and the moth,
" And ever have an eye unto the door;
" Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
" Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare;
" And turn the colt to paſture with the mare;" &c.

That moral ſentences were wrought in theſe painted cloths, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (ſignat. H 5.) which has been already quoted: " This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleaſaunte borders aboute the ſame, with many *wiſe ſayings* painted upon them." Malone.

[5] —*no* breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81ſt Sonnet:

" When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
" A ſtatue, than a *breather*." Malone.

ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monſieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

ROS. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

ORL. Very well; What would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't a clock?

ORL. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,[6] and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

ROS. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps

[6] *Marry, he* trots hard *with a young maid, between the contract,* &c.] And yet in *Much ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love have all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed[4] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man;[5] one that

[4] —— *removed*—] i. e. remote, ſequeſtered. Reed.
So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:
" From Athens is her houſe *remov'd* ſeven leagues."
Steevens.

[5] —— in-land *man*;] Is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando before—
" Yet am I *inland* bred, and know ſome nurture." Johnson.
See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:
" His preſence made the *rudeſt* peaſant melt,
" That in the vaſt *uplandiſh* countrie dwelt."

knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Ros. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,[6] and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſ-

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "—or finally in any *uplandiſh* village or corner of a realm, where is no reſort but of poor ruſticall or uncivill people."
MALONE.

[6] ——*a* blue *eye*,] i. e. a blueneſs about the eyes.
STEEVENS.

tionable ſpirit;[7] which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having[8] in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd,[9] your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you

[7] ——*an* unqueſtionable *ſpirit*;] That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakſpeare has uſed a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo in a former ſcene, "The Duke is too *diſputable* for me, *that is*, *too* diſputatious." JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converſed with?* CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in ſuppoſing that it means a ſpirit averſe to converſation.

So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, Demetrius ſays to Helena—

"I will not ſtay your *queſtion*."

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio ſays—

"I pray you, think you *queſtion* with the Jew."

In the very next ſcene, Roſalind ſays—"I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." And in the laſt ſcene, Jaques de Bois ſays—"The Duke was converted after ſome *queſtion* with a religious man." In all which places, *queſtion* means *diſcourſe* or converſation. M. MASON.

[8] ——*your* having——] Having is poſſeſſion, eſtate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "The gentleman is of no *having*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Then your hoſe ſhould be* ungarter'd, &c.] Theſe ſeem to have been the eſtabliſhed and characteriſtical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jeſted at love's ſighs, now raiſe whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practiſe *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and ſhoe-ſtrings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I muſt; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all theſe informations in the book of his ſtatutes." Again, in *A pleaſant Comedy how to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"——I was once like thee
"A ſigher, melancholy humoriſt,
"Croſſer of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hat-band hater*, and a buſk-point wearer." MALONE.

are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device[9] in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does: that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth,[2] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh,

[9] ——*point-device*—] i. e. exact, dreſt with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:* "I hate ſuch inſociable and *point-device* companions." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a* mooniſh *youth,*] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "O ſwear not by the *moon*, th' *inconſtant moon.*" STEEVENS.

ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs;[3] which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart,[3] that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me

[2] —— *to a* living *humour of madneſs*;] If this be the true reading we muſt by *living* underſtand *laſting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus—*I drove my ſuitor from a* dying *humour of love to a living humour of madneſs*. Or rather thus—*From a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, "from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*." This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet: and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*to a humour of* loving *madneſs*. FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconſiſtent with the tenour of Roſalind's argument. Roſalind by her fantaſtick tricks did not drive her ſuitor either into a *loving* humour of madneſs, or a humour of *loving* madneſs; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but ſhe drove him *from* love into a ſequeſter'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madneſs* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madneſs*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; "—to forſwear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monaſtick." MALONE.

[3] —— *as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart*,] This is no very delicate compariſon, though produced by Roſalind in her aſſumed character of a ſhepherd. A *ſheep's heart*, before it is dreſt, is always ſplit and waſhed, that the blood within it may be diſlodged. STEEVENS.

Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhow it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey;[2] Jaques *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?[3]

[2] ——*Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The ſaint of that name is ſo ſtyled in ancient calendars. Steevens.

[3] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features!* (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be—your *feature!* Lord warrant us! *what's feature?* Farmer.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glue; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething which as yet he had not performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals, low wretches*. *Piſtol* uſes the word in the ſecond Part of *King Henry IV.* and Spenſer very frequently. Steevens.

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I ſee then, *artleſs feature can content*,
"And that true beauty needs no ornament."

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.[4]

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited![5] worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*Aſide.*

Touch. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:[6]— Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame;
" My *feature* is not to *content* her ſight;
" My words are rude, and work her no delight."

Feature appears to have formerly ſignified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I;

" Her peerleſs *feature*, joined with her birth,
" Approves her fit for none but for a king." Malone.

[4] ——*as the moſt* capricious *poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourſome, fantaſtical, &c. but *laſcivious*, Hor. Epod. 10. Libidinoſus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Triſt. V. 7. The *thatch'd houſe* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta paluſtri.* Upton.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence choſe this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. Malone.

[5] ——*ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lodged. An unuſual ſenſe of the word. Steevens.

[6] ——*it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reckoning *in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this ſimile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phraſe *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais:* who ſaid, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life paſſed ill, and that was between the calling for the

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.[6]

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Touch. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool![7] [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Touch. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a

reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into—*It ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are diſpoſed to laugh. One of the company ſays a good thing: the jeſt is not taken; all are ſilent, and he who ſaid it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakſpeare reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead,* in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking.* WARBURTON.

[6] —— *and what they ſwear in poetry,* &c.] This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent: perhaps it were better read thus—*What they ſwear as lovers, they may be ſaid to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

I would read—It *may be ſaid, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

[7] *A* material *fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[8]

Touch. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

[8] —— *I am* foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a foul ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, "—and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey ſays, ſhe is not *fair*, i. e. *handſome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honeſt*. The Clown tells her that to caſt *honeſty* away upon a *foul ſlut*, (i. e. an ill *favoured dirty creature*) is to put meat in an unclean diſh. She replies, ſhe is no *ſlut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great ſimplicity, ſhe thanks the gods for her *foulneſs* (homelyneſs) i. e. for being as ſhe is. "Well, (adds he) praiſed be the gods for thy *foulneſs*, ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy or ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks God for her homelineſs, as it rendered her leſs expoſed to temptation. So, in the next ſcene but one, Roſalind ſays to Phebe—

"*Foul* is moſt *foul*, being *foul*, to be a ſcoffer."

M. MASON.

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though?[8] Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence[9] is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir Oliver:[2]—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you deſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

[8] ——*what though?*] What then? Johnson.

[9] —*defence*—] *Defence*, as here oppoſed to "no ſkill," ſignifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in *Hamlet:* "——and gave you ſuch a maſterly report, for arts and exerciſe in your *defence*." Steevens.

[2] ——*ſir Oliver:*] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. Johnson.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled:*

"——*Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company, to ſay evening prayer."

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't:* How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you [3] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[4] ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

Again, "We'll all go to church together, and ſo ſave *Sir John* a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Degrees were at this time conſidered as the higheſt dignities; and it may not be improper to obſerve, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare is not a Welſh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welſh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Univerſities. See Barrington's *Hiſtory of the Guedir Family*. Nichols.

[3] ——*God'ild you*—] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"And the *gods yield* you for't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[4] ——*his* bow,] i. e. his *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form reſembled a *bow*. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Vol. III. p. 493. Steevens.

together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aſide.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Touch. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,[5]
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

[5] *Not—O ſweet Oliver,*
O brave, &c.] Some words of an old ballad.
Warburton.

Of this ſpeech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the ſame breath he calls his miſtreſs to be married, and ſends away the man that ſhould marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily obſerved, that *O ſweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old ſong; I believe there are two quotations put in oppoſition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole paſſage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, ſweet Audrey; we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.* [They whiſper.
Clo. *Farewel, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,——*but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The ſong ſeems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt.

O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600. STEEVENS.

That Touchſtone is influenced by the counſel of Jaques, may be inferred from the ſubſequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. ſc. i:

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* MALONE.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than

Ros. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[6] marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

theſe two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonſon's *Underwood:*

" All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

" Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

" *O ſweete Olyver*

" Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, " The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: " *O ſweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, " the *juncto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially:* and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

Not—O ſweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behi' thee——
But—wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee. FARMER.

To produce the neceſſary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakſpeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" *Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Something browner than* Judas's:] See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the firſt Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from both which it appears that *Judas* was con-

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.[7]

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.[8]

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:[9] a nun of winter's sisterhood[2] kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

stantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair* and *beard*.

So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*." STEEVENS.

[7] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *as the touch of holy* bread.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

[9] —— *a pair of* cast *lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

[2] —— *a nun of* winter's sisterhood—] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakspeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello:*

"But riches fineless is *as poor as winter*
"To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,[3] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

The other property of winter that made him term them of its ſiſterhood, is its coldneſs. So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" To be a *barren ſiſter* all your life,
" Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitleſs* moon."

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has moſt effectually ſupported the old reading. In one circumſtance, however, he is miſtaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. CCCI, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her ſiſterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *as concave as a* cover'd *goblet,*] Why a *cover'd?* Becauſe a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakſpeare never throws out his expreſſions at random. WARBURTON.

Warburton aſks, " Why a cover'd goblet?"—and anſwers, " Becauſe a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the caſe, the cover is of little uſe; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion[4] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart[5] the

4 —— *much* queſtion—] i. e. converſation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" You may as well uſe *queſtion* with the wolf." Steevens.

5 —— *quite traverſe, athwart,* &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter,* to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe *of ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide.* Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia,* ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas ſays, " *The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt," &c.— And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

" Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:
" For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.
" One ſaid he *brake acroſs,* full well it ſo might be," &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous.* The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. Warburton.

So, in *Northward Hoe,* 1607: " —— melancholick like a *tilter,* that had *broke his ſtaves foul* before his miſtreſs."

Steevens.

A puny tilter, that breaks his ſtaff like a noble *gooſe:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *noſe-quill'd* gooſe, but no one ſeems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *noſe-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a

heart of his lover;[5] as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

great meaſure be ſupported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie:* "Take with you a *ducke*, and ſlip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thruſt it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaſter*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up
"With *a feather through his noſe*, that he may only
"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fiſhing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*of his* lover;] i. e. of his miſtreſs. See Vol. IV. p. 211, note 3. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?[6]

[6] ——— *Will you ſterner be*
Than he that dies *and* and lives by *bloody drops?*] This is ſpoken of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet muſt certainly have wrote:
——— *that* deals *and lives*, &c.
i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:
Than he that lives *and* thrives *by bloody drops.*
WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper conſtruction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may ſerve the purpoſe; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and ſhould rather read:
Than he that dies his lips *by bloody drops?*
Will you ſpeak with more ſternneſs than the executioner, whoſe *lips* are uſed to be *ſprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies ſome part that muſt be ſprinkled rather than dipped.
JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a diſtance.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ——— all with purple hands
" *Dy'd* in the *dying* ſlaughter of their foes."

Camden has preſerved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the ſame turn:

" He that *dyed* ſo oft in ſport,
" *Dyed* at laſt, no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Is thy huſband a *dyer*, woman? alack,
" Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?
" *Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when cuſtomers call;
" But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
" Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
" *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead."

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

" We once ſported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the beſt game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big ſwelling legs.

" He is but *coarſe* to run a *courſe*,
" Whoſe ſhanks are bigger than his thigh;
" Yet is his luck a little worſe
" That often *dyes* before he *die*."

" Where ye ſee the words *courſe* and *die* uſed in divers ſenſes, one giving the *rebound* to the other." STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the ſame conceit, and uſes almoſt our authour's words:

OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

" Turbine, the *dyer*, ſtalks before his dore,
" Like Cæſar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
" Yet (like the mortiſide) he *dyes* to *live*."

Again, *On the ſame:*

" Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;
" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." MALONE.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of this play, " *live* and *die* a ſhepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in

Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,[7]
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,[8]
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure[9]
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops*. Musgrave.

[7] *'Tis pretty*, ſure, *and very probable*,] *Sure* for *ſurely*. Douce.

[8] —— *lean* but *upon a ruſh*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *The cicatrice and capable impreſſure*—] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound, *Capable impreſſure*, *hollow mark*. Johnson.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uſes the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

" His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable*.")

hence, with his uſual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. Malone.

You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,[2]
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who might be your mother,[3]
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,[4]
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,[5]

[2] —— *power of* fancy,] *Fancy* is here uſed for *love*, as before in *The Midſummer Night's Dream.* Johnson.

[3] —— *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. Johnson.

[4] *That you inſult, exult, and* all *at once,*] If the ſpeaker intended to accuſe the perſon ſpoken to only for *inſulting* and exulting; then, inſtead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once.* But by examining the crime of the perſon accuſed, we ſhall diſcover that the line is to be read thus:

That you inſult, exult, and rail at *once.*

For theſe three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer.* Warburton.

I ſee no need of emendation. The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once.* Steevens.

[5] —— *What though you have* more *beauty,*] The old copy reads:
—— *What though you have* no *beauty.* Steevens.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately obſerved to me by an ingenious unknown correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. Theobald.

That *no* is a miſprint, appears clearly from the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, which Shakſpeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I ſeen high diſdaine turned to hot deſires.—Becauſe *thou art beautiful*, be not ſo coy; as there is nothing more faire, ſo there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the ſubſequent editors;

(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work:[6]—Od's my little life!

but omiſſion (as I have often obſerved) is of all the modes of emendation the moſt exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a miſprint for *mo*, a word often uſed by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former ſcene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, ſing no *mo*." Again, in *The Tempeſt*: "*Mo* widows of this buſineſs making—" Many other inſtances might be added. The word is found in almoſt every book of that age. As *no* is here printed inſtead of *mo*, ſo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being leſs violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inſerted it in the text. "What though I ſhould allow you had *more* beauty than he, (ſays Roſalind,) *though* by my faith," &c. (for ſuch is the force of *As* in the next line) "muſt you therefore treat him with diſdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a paſſage conſtructed nearly in the ſame manner:

"———— Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his compoſure muſt be rare indeed
"Whom theſe things *cannot* blemiſh,) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"But ſay that he or we, (*as neither have*,)
"Receiv'd that ſum," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of ſuch fooleries; but if *I have any* ſkill in ſooth-ſaying (*as* in ſooth I have *none*) it doth prognoſticate that I ſhall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

As *mo* (unleſs rhyme demands it) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of ſpelling the word in queſtion. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* ſhould occur twice afterwards in the ſame ſpeech? STEEVENS.

[6] *Of nature's* ſale-work:] Thoſe works that nature makes up careleſsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work*. WARBURTON.

I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.[7]—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.[8]
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs,[9] and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,

[7] *That can* entame *my ſpirits to your worſhip.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." Steevens.

[8] *Foul is moſt foul, being* foul *to be a ſcoffer.*] The ſenſe is, *The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* Johnson.

[9] —— *with* her *foulneſs,*] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer; the other editions—*your* foulneſs. Johnson.

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.[2]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?[3]

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

[2] —— *though all the world could ſee,*
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

[3] *Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?] The ſecond of theſe lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſig. B b, where it ſtands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*"

This line is likewiſe quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muſes*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was ſo popular, (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it muſt have been known at once, at leaſt by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead ſhepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been publiſhed before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompenſe,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile,[3] and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was maſter of.[4]

Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:[5]—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

[3] *To* glean *the broken ears after the man*
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe *now and then*
A ſcatter'd ſmile,] Perhaps Shakſpeare owed this image to the ſecond chapter of the book of *Ruth*:—"*Let fall* ſome handfuls of purpoſe for her, and leave them that ſhe may *glean* them." STEEVENS.

[4] *That the old* carlot *once was maſter of.*] i. e. *peaſant*, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakſpeare's coinage. DOUCE.

[5] —— *a* peeviſh *boy:*] *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *weak, ſilly.* So, in *King Richard III:*
"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy." STEEVENS.

But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:[6]
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.[7]
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe[8] to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:*] The old copy reads:
He is not very *tall*, &c.
For the ſake of metre, I have omitted the uſeleſs adverb—*very*.
Steevens.

[7] —— *the* conſtant *red, and* mingled *damaſk.*] "*Conſtant* red" is *uniform* red. "*Mingled* damaſk" is the ſilk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter ſhades of the ſame colour are exhibited. Steevens.

[8] I *have more cauſe*—] *I*, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better[7] acquainted with thee.

Ros. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;[8] nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a moſt humorous ſadneſs.[9]

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own

[7] —— *let me* be *better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] —— *which is* nice;] i. e. ſilly, trifling. So, in *K. Richard III:*

" But the reſpects thereof are *nice* and trivial."

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, ſc. ii:

[9] —— my *often rumination wraps me*, is *a moſt humorous ſadneſs.*] The old copy reads—*in* a moſt, &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps we ſhould rather read " *and* which, by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs." MALONE.

lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable[9] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.[2]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

As this ſpeech concludes with a ſentence at once ungrammatical and obſcure, I have changed a ſingle letter in it; and inſtead of "*in* a moſt humorous ſadneſs," have ventured to read—"*is* a moſt humorous ſadneſs." Jaques firſt informs Roſalind what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a leſs degree of violence cannot be employed. Steevens.

9 ——*diſable*—] i. e. undervalue. So afterwards:—"he *diſabled* my judgement." Steevens.

2 ——*ſwam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. Johnson.

Orl. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Ros. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orl. Of a ſnail?

Ros. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:[3] Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.[4]

[3] ——*than you* can *make a woman:*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[4] ——*a Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In ſome places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duſkiſh, inſomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but alſo the corn on the ground," &c. The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is uſed in *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV. ſc. ii: "Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." Tollet.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us![5]) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Ros. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Ros. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean ſkin. So, in *Iſumbras* MSS. *Cott.* Cal. II. fol. 129:

" His lady is white as whales bone,
" Here *lere* bryghte to ſe upon,
" So fair as bloſme on tre." STEEVENS.

[5] ——(*God* warn *us!*)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of—" God *ward* us," i. e. *defend* us, it muſt mean, "*ſummon* us to himſelf." So, in *King Richard III:*

" And ſent to *warn* them to his royal preſence."

STEEVENS.

ORL. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age[5] found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Roſalind.

[5] —— chroniclers *of that age*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it*—*Chriſtian burial.*" I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. MALONE.

I am ſurprized that Sir Thomas Hanmer's juſt and ingenious amendment ſhould not be adopted as ſoon as ſuggeſted. The alluſion is evidently to a coroner's inqueſt, which Roſalind ſuppoſes to have ſat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in croſſing the Helleſpont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Seſtos was the cauſe of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on ſuch occaſions. We ſay, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manſlaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

Ros. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There a girl goes before the prieſt;[6] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

[6] —— There *a girl goes before the prieſt*;] The old copy reads—"There's a girl," &c. The emendation in the text was propoſed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[7] and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,[8] and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

[7] —— *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana *in the fountain,*] The alluſion is to the croſs in Cheapſide; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe,) in 1596, "There was then ſet up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the ſame an alabaſter image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt." *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"——— Now could I cry
"Like any image in a fountain, which
"Runs lamentations."

And again in *Roſamond's Epiſtle to Henry II.* by Drayton:

"Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
"Naked *Diana* in the fountain ſtands." Whalley.

[8] —— *I will laugh like a* hyen,] The bark of the hyena was anciently ſuppoſed to reſemble a loud laugh.

So, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— Methinks I ſee her *laughing*,
"Excellent *Hyena!*"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You *laugh hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile."

Steevens.

Orl. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Ros. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors[9] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt?*[2]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

[9] —— Make *the doors*—] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"The doors are *made* againſt you." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *Wit, whither wilt?*] This muſt be ſome alluſion to a ſtory well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "My ſweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

"Wit:—is the word ſtrange to you? *Wit?*—
"*Whither wilt thou?*"

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

"*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,
"Thou haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, theſe are the firſt words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

Ros. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,[3] unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion,[4] let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For theſe two hours Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe,

[3] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149:

" Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
" Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
" That I ſhall yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
" And alle women after for hire ſake;
" That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
" With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
" And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.
" For lack of anſwere, non of us ſhall dien.
" Al had ye ſeen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
" Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
" And wepe and ſwere and chiden ſubtilly,
" That ye ſhul ben as lewed as ben gees."

TYRWHITT.

[4] ——*make her fault her huſband's occaſion,*] That is, repreſent her fault as occaſioned by her huſband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her huſband's* accuſation. JOHNSON.

or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe,[5] and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try:[6] Adieu!

[*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhow the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.[7]

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

[5] —— *I will think you the moſt* pathetical *break-promiſe,*] The ſame epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and with as little apparent meaning:

" —————— moſt *pathetical* nit." Steevens.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promiſe, Roſalind means a lover whoſe falſehood would moſt *deeply affect* his miſtreſs. Malone.

[6] —— time *is the* old juſtice *that examines all ſuch offenders, and let* time *try:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" And that *old common arbitrator, Time,*
" Will one day end it." Steevens.

[7] —— *to her own neſt.*] So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde:* And " I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettal are you made of, that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne neſt?" Steevens.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought,[7] conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.[8]

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Jaques *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2 *Lord.* Yes, ſir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

[7] ——*begot of* thought,] i. e. of melancholy. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" ——take *thought*, and die for Cæſar." Steevens.

[8] ——*I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Let us *ſeek out* ſome deſolate *ſhade*, and there
" Weep our ſad boſoms empty." Steevens.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*[8]
1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;[9] } The reſt ſhall
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born. } bear this bur-
1. *Thy father's father wore it;* } den.
2. *And thy father bore it:*

All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

[8] *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Roſalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewiſe in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game:* "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *ſmyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes ſtroke*, and he be recouered by ſonne going doune, he ſhall haue the *ſkyn*, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our authour had without doubt attentively read, we find theſe lines:

"But let the fooliſh Frenchman *take no ſcorn*,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh *horn*." MALONE.

To *take ſcorn* is a phraſe that occurs again in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. iv:

"And *take* foul *ſcorn*, to fawn on him by ſending."
STEEVENS.

SCENE III.[2]

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando![3]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

[2] The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *and here much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the leaſt authority:

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* ſhould be explained. It is an expreſſion of latitude, and taken in various ſenſes. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have ſtill this uſe of it, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

Here much Orlando! is ſpoken ironically on Roſalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement. HOLT WHITE.

Much, in our author's time, was an expreſſion denoting admiration. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv:

"What, with two points on your ſhoulder? *much!*"

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"'Tis *much!*—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

Much! was more frequently uſed to indicate diſdain. See notes on the firſt of the two paſſages quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

My gentle Phebe bid me[4] give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Ros. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer;[5] bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand;[6] I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:

[4] —— *bid me*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*did* bid me. STEEVENS.

[5] *Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,*
And play the ſwaggerer;] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"This would make mercy ſwear, *and play the tyrant.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] *Phebe did write it.*
Roſ. *Come, come, you are a fool,*——
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand;] As this paſſage now ſtands, the metre of the firſt line is imperfect, and the ſenſe of the whole; for why ſhould Roſalind dwell ſo much upon Phebe's hands, unleſs Silvius had ſaid ſomething about them?—I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus:
Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.
And then Roſalind's reply will naturally follow. M. MASON.

I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain[3]
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[4] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?

[3] —— woman's *gentle brain*—] Old copy—*women's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[4] ——*vengeance*—] is uſed for *miſchief*. Johnson.

He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[5]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[6]
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,)[7] and ſay this to her;—That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

[5] ——*youth and* kind—] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his *kind.*" Steevens.

[6] ——*all that I can* make;] i. e. raiſe as profit from any thing. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "He's in for a commodity of brown paper; of which he *made* five marks ready money." Steevens.

[7] ——*I ſee, love hath made thee a tame* ſnake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle,* 1600: "——and you, poor *ſnakes,* come ſeldom to a booty."

Again, in *Lord Cromwell,* 1602:

"——— the pooreſt *ſnake,*
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards——." Malone.

Where, in the purlieus[6] of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand,[7] brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter:[8] *but the woman low,*[9]
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

[6] —— purlieus *of this foreſt,*] *Purlieu,* ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws,* c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." Reed.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor,* 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." Malone.

[7] Left *on your right hand,*] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. Malone.

[8] —— beſtows *himſelf*
Like a ripe ſiſter:] Of this quaint phraſeology there is an example in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "How might we ſee Falſtaff *beſtow* himſelf to-night in his true colours?" Steevens.

[9] —— but *the woman low,*] *But,* which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. Malone.

And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin;[9] Are you he?

Ros. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour;[2] and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,[3]
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak,[4] whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,[5]

[9] ——*napkin*;] i. e. *handkerchief*. Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery, indeed, ſignifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"——pr'ythee put me into wholeſome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. Steevens.

[2] *Within an hour*;] We muſt read—*within two hours*. Johnson.

May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time*?

Tyrwhitt.

[3] ——*of ſweet and bitter* fancy,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy*,——a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice."

Malone.

[4] *Under an oak*,] The ancient copy reads—Under an *old* oak; but as this epithet hurts the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, (for we are told in the ſame line that its "boughs were moſs'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unqueſtionable interpolation.

Steevens.

[5] *Under an oak*, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's no-

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,[5]
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:

vel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the forreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell into a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he ſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him: amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceived by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c.——But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"——— the ſtarven *lioneſs*
"When ſhe is *dry-ſuckt* of her eager young." STEEVENS.

This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him[6] the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[7]
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

[6] *And he did* render *him*—] i. e. deſcribe him. Malone.
So, in *Cymbeline:*
" May drive us to a *render* where we have liv'd."
Steevens.

[7] —— *in which* hurtling—] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
" A noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air."
Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591: " —hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and buſtled thither," &c.
Again, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:
" All *hurtlen* forth, and ſhe with princely pace," &c.
Again, B. I. c. viii:
" Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire."
Steevens.

Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that deſert place; [8]——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood; [9] unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? ſweet Ganymede? [Rosalind *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

[8] *As, how I came into that deſert place;*] I believe, a line following this has been loſt. Malone.

As, in this place, ſignifies—*as for inſtance.* So, in *Hamlet:*
" *As,* ſtars with trains of fire," &c.
I ſuſpect no omiſſion. Steevens.

[9] *Dy'd in* this *blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *this* blood unneceſſarily to—*his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it; and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was after the account that had been before given. Malone.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his,* is imputable only to the compoſitor, who caſually omitted the *t.* Either reading may ſerve; and certainly that of the ſecond folio is not the worſt, becauſe it prevents the diſguſting repetition of the pronoun *this,* with which the preſent ſpeech is infeſted. Steevens.

Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymede![2]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir,[3] a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Ros. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Ros. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *Couſin—Ganymede!*] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays, Ganymede. JOHNSON.

[3] *Ah*, ſir,] The old copy reads—Ah, *ſirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir.

Touch. A fair name: Waſt born i'the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Touch. *So, ſo*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;[4] meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?[5]

Will. I do, ſir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling

[4] *The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape*, &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philoſophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *meaning thereby, that* grapes *were made to eat, and* lips *to open.* You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue ſeems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang ſo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir?

Touch. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; to wit, I kill thee,[5] make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*to wit, I kill thee,*] The old copy reads—"*or*, to wit, I kill thee." I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is't poſſible,[6] that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſéver to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting;[7] but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and

[6] *Is't poſſible*, &c.] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteal her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hoping, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *nor* her *ſudden conſenting*;] Old copy—nor ſudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Ros. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.[8]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhow'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams,[9] and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came, ſaw*, and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before

[8] *And you, fair ſiſter.*] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind ſiſter. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*And you,* and your *fair ſiſter.* Johnson.

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe had aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. Chamier.

[9] —— *never any thing ſo ſudden, but* the fight of two rams,] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenneſworth Caſtle*, 1575: "—outrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut." Steevens.

marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[2]

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old,

[2] ——clubs *cannot* part *them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs,*" to *part* the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"*Clubs, clubs*; theſe lovers will not *keep the peace.*"

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath* of love," ſhow that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in the Firſt Part of *K. Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a ſtop to the combat between the partiſans of Gloceſter and Wincheſter, he ſays,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

And in *Henry VIII.* the Porter ſays, "I miſſed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour." M. MASON.

converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is,[3] and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician:[4] Therefore, put you in your beſt array, bid your friends;[5] for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhow the letter that I writ to you.

[3] —— *human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. Johnson.

[4] —— *which I tender dearly,* though I ſay I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death. Malone.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the art of *eluding death.* Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herſelf a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a ſerious one, would have involved her. Steevens.

[5] —— bid *your friends*;] i. e. *invite* your friends. Reed.

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." Steevens.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Roſalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Roſalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;[6]—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Ros. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

[*To* Rosalind.

[6] —— *all trial, all* obſervance;] I ſuſpect our author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compoſitor caught *obſervance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo cloſe to each other. Malone.

Read—*obeiſance*. The word *obſervance* is evidently repeated by an error of the preſs. Ritson.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phebe.

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you ſpeak to,[6] *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.[7]—I will help you, [*To* Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [*To* Phebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To* Orlando] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* Silvius] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To* Orlando] love Roſalind, meet;—as you, [*To* Silvius] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] Who *do you ſpeak* to,] Old copy—*Why* do you ſpeak *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[7] ——*'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria, *againſt the moone.*" Malone.

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world.[8] Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

[8] —— *a woman of the world.*] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I."

An anonymous writer ſuppoſes, that in this phraſe there is an alluſion to Saint *Luke's* Goſpel, xx. 34: "The children of this *world marry*, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS.

SONG.[9]

I.

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time,[1]
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In ſpring time, &c.

[9] The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*the only pretty* rank *time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang *time.*

I think we ſhould read:

In the ſpring time, the only pretty ring *time.*

i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read —the pretty *ſpring* time. Mr. Steevens propoſes—"*ring* time, i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage." The paſſage does not deſerve much conſideration. MALONE.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the ſpring was the ſeaſon of marriage. DOUCE.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In ſpring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In ſpring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[4]

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

4 *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very* untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in my text, *untimeable.*—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakſpeare. Theobald.

This emendation is received, I think very undeſervedly, by Dr. Warburton. Johnson.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any poſſibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, inſtead of *untuneable*, notwithſtanding Johnſon rejects the amendment as unneceſſary. A miſtake of a ſimilar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*. M. Mason.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be—*Though the words of the ſong were trifling, the muſic was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compenſate their defect.* Steevens.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

ORL. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.[5]

[5] *As thoſe that fear* they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

As thoſe that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe that fear the iſſue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As thoſe that fear with *hope, and hope* with *fear.*

Or thus, with leſs alteration:

As thoſe that fear, they *hope, and* now *they fear.*

JOHNSON.

The author of *The Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear their *hope, and know* their *fear.*

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As thoſe that feign *they hope, and know they fear.*

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As thoſe that fear, then *hope*; *and know,* then *fear.*

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it ſhould run thus:

As thoſe who fearing *hope, and* hoping *fear.*

This ſtrongly expreſſes the ſtate of mind which Orlando was in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in the original copy, and written thus:—*fear*ᵍ—*hop*ᵍ (a practice not unuſual at this day) the *g* might eaſily have been miſtaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd:——
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* PHEBE.

PHE. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

Ros. You ſay, that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will? [*To* SILVIUS.

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe,[6] that you'll marry me;

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a ſemi-colon:

As thoſe that fear; they hope, and know they fear. HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As thoſe who fear,—they*, even thoſe very perſons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the ſame time they well *know* that there is reaſon for *their fears*. MALONE.

[6] *Keep* your *word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep *you* your word; the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even.[5]

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.[6]

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

[5] *To* make theſe *doubts* all even.] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" ——— yet death we fear,
" That *makes theſe* odds *all even.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Here comes a pair of* very ſtrange *beaſts*, &c.] What *ſtrange beaſts?* and yet ſuch as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakſpeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beaſts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

Strange beaſts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure;[4] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.[5]

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, ſir;[6] I deſire you of the like.[7] I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the

[4] —— *trod a meaſure*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

" To *tread a meaſure* with you on this graſs."

See note on this paſſage. Reed.

Touchſtone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " —the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure* full of ſtate and ancientry." Malone.

[5] —— *and found the quarrel was upon the* ſeventh cauſe.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the ſequel that we muſt read—*the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe*. Johnson.

By the *ſeventh cauſe*, Touchſtone, I apprehend, means the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* ſeven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words " —a lie ſeven times removed." Malone.

[6] *God'ild you*, ſir;] i. e. *God yield* you, reward you. So, in the *Collection of Cheſter Myſteries* Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Muſ. 2013:

" The high father of heaven, I pray,
" To *yelde* you your good deed to day."

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[7] —— *I deſire* you of *the like*.] We ſhould read—*I deſire* of you *the like*. On the Duke's ſaying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I deſire you will give me cauſe, that I may like you too. Warburton.

country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:[8]— A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.[9]

I have not admitted the alteration, becauſe there are other examples of this mode of expreſſion. Johnson.

See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third Act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraſeology are given. So alſo, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

" If it be I, *of* pardon I you pray."

Again, B. IV. c. viii:

" She dear beſought the prince *of* remedy." Steevens.

[8] —— *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. Johnson.

—— *to* ſwear, *and to* forſwear; *according as* marriage binds, *and* blood breaks:] A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that *he will keep only to his wife*; when therefore, to *gratify his luſt*, he *leaves her for another*, BLOOD BREAKS his *matrimonial obligation*, and he is FORSWORN. Henley.

[9] —— *dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. Johnson.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes; i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe. Steevens.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſame ſtyle, but more

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;[2]—Bear your body more ſeeming,[3] Audrey:—as thus,

intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſiſters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning) is indeed deceaſed." Malone.

[2] *Upon a lie ſeven times* removed;] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* ſeems to intimate,) from the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
"To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchſtone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed*. In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchſtone did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (counting in regular progreſſion from the firſt to the laſt,) the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchſtone expreſsly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calling it therefore here "the *ſeventh* cauſe," and "the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt mean, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that moſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my having employed ſo many words in explaining them. Malone.

[3] ——*ſeeming*,] i. e. ſeemly. *Seeming* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for becoming, or fairneſs of appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"—————— theſe keep
"*Seeming* and ſavour all the winter long." Steevens.

ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;[3] he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgement: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome:* and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;[4]

[3] —— *as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard*;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth:*

" ——— Has he familiarly
" Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet
" Was not exactly frenchified?——
" ——— or drawn your ſword,
" Cry'd, 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the *lie*
" In *circle*, or *oblique*, or *ſemicircle*,
" Or *direct parallel?* you muſt challenge him."

WARBURTON.

[4] *O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book*;] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincentio Saviolo,

as you have books for good manners:[5] I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third the Reply

intitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* right underſtanding of words, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follow. I. *What the reaſon is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diverſity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional lies,* [or the lie circumſtantial.] V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of fooliſh lies.* VIII. *A concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelſome.] In the chapter of *conditional lies*, ſpeaking of the particle *if*, he ſays, "—*Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, as if a man ſhould ſay or write theſe wordes:*—if *thou haſt ſaid that I have offered my lord abuſe, thou lieſt*; *or* if *thou ſayeſt ſo hereafter, thou ſhalt lie. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention in wordes,—whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, "*I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an* if; *as*, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker*; *much virtue in* if." Caranza was another of theſe authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his laſt Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in ſuch a manner as might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The paſſage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other reſpects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

[5] —— *books for good manners:*] One of theſe books I have. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children*, with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; 12mo, black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or muſician, of the Chapel Royal; and was firſt publiſhed in 4to, in the reign of King Edward VI. STEEVENS.

churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe,[6] and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen,[7] *leading* Rosalind *in woman's clothes; and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is.[8]

Another is, *Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, Archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatiſe of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar Converſation. A Work very neceſſary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; tranſlated from the Italian by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. Reed.

[6] —— *like a ſtalking-horſe,*] See my note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[7] *Enter* Hymen,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the com-

Ros. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* DUKE S.
To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* ORLANDO.

pany to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical ſhows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a conſtant perſonage. Ben Jonſon, in his "*Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Maſque and Barriers, at a Marriage," has left us inſtructions how to dreſs this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a *ſaffron-coloured* robe, his under veſtures white, his ſockes yellow, a yellow veile of ſilke on his left arme, his head crowned with roſes and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

[8] *That thou might'ſt join* her *hand with his,*
Whoſe heart within her *boſom is.*] The old copy, inſtead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the firſt, and I once thought that emendation ſufficient, and that *Whoſe* might have referred not to the laſt antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. Our author frequently takes ſuch licences. But on further conſideration it appears to me probable, that the ſame abbreviation was uſed in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a miſprint in the firſt line for *her*, ſo it alſo was in the ſecond, the conſtruction being ſo much more eaſy in that way than the other. "That thou might'ſt join her hand with the hand of him whoſe heart is lodged in her boſom" i. e. whoſe affection ſhe already poſſeſſes. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, the King ſays to the Princeſs:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt.*"

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,
"The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
"He carried thence *incaged in his breaſt.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'ſt with her, when thou doſt hence depart,
"And in thy breaſt incloſed bear'ſt her tender friendly heart."

In the ſame play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princeſs addreſſing the *ladies* who attend her, ſays:

"But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again, in a former ſcene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.

Duke S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight,[9] you are my Roſalind.

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* Duke S.
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:—
[*To* Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To* Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[2]
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To* Orlando *and* Rosalind.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* Oliver *and* Celia.
You [*To* Phebe] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together,
[*To* Touchstone *and* Audrey.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;[3]

[9] *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays:

If there be truth in ſhape:——

that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. Johnson.

[2] *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. Johnson.

[3] —— *with* queſtioning;] Though Shakſpeare frequently uſes

That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;[4]
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[5]
[*To* Silvius.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—

queſtion for *converſation*, in the preſent inſtance *queſtioning* may have its common and obvious ſignification. Steevens.

[4] *Wedding is*, &c.] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Comparatier auſit? Johnson.

[5] —— *combine.*] Shakſpeare is licentious in his uſe of this verb, which here, as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, only ſignifies to *bind:*

" I am *combined* by a ſacred vow,
" And ſhall be abſent." Steevens.

Duke Frederick,[5] hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

[5] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In Lodge's novel the uſurping Duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right, Steevens.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You [*To* Orlando] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* Oliver] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* Silvius] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*To* Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.[6] [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

[6] *To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have*
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and to the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has on this occaſion forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happineſs which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his maſter. Steevens.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; ſince at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard.* Farmer.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*,[7] 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then,[8] that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar,[9] therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll be-

[7] —— *no buſh*,] It appears formerly to have been the cuſtom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I ſuppoſe *ivy* was rather choſen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

" Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Iwye Garland*."

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

" 'Tis like the *ivy-buſh* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

" Green *ivy-buſhes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

The practice is ſtill obſerved in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, at ſtatute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who ſell ale at no other time. And hence, I ſuppoſe, the *Buſh* tavern at Briſtol, and other places. RITSON.

[8] *What a caſe am I in then*, &c.] Here ſeems to be a chaſm, or ſome other depravation, which deſtroys the ſentiment here intended. The reaſoning probably ſtood thus: *Good wine needs no buſh, good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good buſh, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What caſe am I in then?* To reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this paſſage. Roſalind ſays, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a caſe then was ſhe in, who had neither preſented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

[9] —— furniſh'd *like a beggar*,] That is, *dreſſed*: ſo before, he was *furniſhed* like a huntſman. JOHNSON.

gin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe them: and ſo I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may pleaſe.[a]

[a] —— *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* them: *and* ſo *I charge you,* &c.] The old copy reads—*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——*that between you and the women,* &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ſhould be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,* ——to like as much as pleaſes them, *that betweeen you and the women,* &c. Without the alteration of *You* into *Them*, the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs*, would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y^m* written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted [" to like as much, &c."] " the men are to like only juſt as much as pleaſed the women, and the women only juſt as much as pleaſed the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taſte: and if both of them diſliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet deſires of them.—But Shakſpeare did not write ſo nonſenſically; he deſires the women to like as much as pleaſed the men, and the men to *ſet the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in theſe words, 'that between you and the women the play may pleaſe."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated ſentence, admits by his interpretation the change of " —pleaſes *you*" to " —pleaſes *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it neceſſary; nor is Mr. Heath's expoſition in my opinion correct. The text is ſufficiently clear, without any alteration. Roſalind's addreſs appears to me ſimply this: " I charge you, O women, for the love you

If I were a woman,[3] I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,[4] and breaths that I defy'd not:[5] and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet

bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *ſet an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be ſucceſsful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies" are not indeed expreſſed, but plainly implied in thoſe ſubſequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* P. II. the addreſs to the audience proceeds in the ſame order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly."

The old copy reads—as *pleaſe* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predeceſſors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III:*

"Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
"And may direct his courſe, as *pleaſe* himſelf."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"——— a pipe for fortune's finger,
"To ſound what ſtop ſhe *pleaſe*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"All men's honours
"Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
"Into what pitch he *pleaſe*." MALONE.

I read—"and *ſo* I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition, (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking,) clears the whole paſſage. STEEVENS.

[3] *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

[4] ——— *complexions that* liked *me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet:* "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *breaths that I defy'd not:*] This paſſage ſerves to manifeſt the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakſpeare

breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*[6]

were written. Such an idea, ſtarted by a modern dramatiſt, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[6] Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts, To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

See p. 28. *Is but a* quintaine, *&c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been leſs exceptionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, want of refinement. "This (ſays Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—

——— my better parts
Are all thrown down.——"

In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

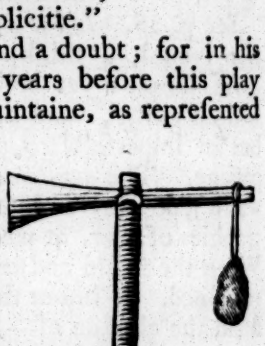
It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom

which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum* quintanæ *ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtic ſport. So Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo, Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
"As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
"And thoſe old paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
"That have leaſt art, and moſt ſimplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin.



"I have ſeen (ſays he) a *quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow in his necke with a bagge full of ſand hanged on the other end." Here we ſee were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great deſign of the ſport, (ſays Dr. Plott in his *Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire*) is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis.*" —Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words "better parts," are to be applied

to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *ſhield* or *trophy*, muſt have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* uſed "my better part of man" for *manly ſpirit:*

"Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

The explanations of this paſſage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means ſatisfactory; nor have the labours of the critic or the antiquary been exhauſted. The whole of Orlando's ſpeech ſhould ſeem to refer to the quintain, but not to ſuch a one as has been deſcribed in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accuſed of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already obſerved, Shakſpeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no ſuch paſſage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed ſpeak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenſes ſtatuto pavone pro bravio ad ſtadium quod* quintena *vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum curſus ſunt experti.* He then proceeds to ſtate that ſome of the King's pages, and others belonging to the houſhold, being offended at theſe ſports, abuſed the Londoners with foul language, calling them ſcurvy clowns and greaſy raſcals, and ventured to diſpute the prize with them; the conſequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briſkly, and ſo belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horſes and moſt terribly bruiſed. They afterwards went before the King, the tears ſtill trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beſeeching that he would not ſuffer ſo great an offence to remain unpuniſhed; and the King, with his uſual ſpirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through ſome miſtake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Cruſades. He is deſcribing the arrival of ſome meſſengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Chriſtian camp, find to their great aſtoniſhment (for they had heard that the Chriſtians were periſhing with fear and hunger) the tents curiouſly ornamented, and the young men practiſing themſelves and their horſes in tilting againſt ſhields hung upon poles. In the oldeſt edition of this writer, inſtead of "*quintanæ ludus*," it is "*ludus equeſtris.*" However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has ſubſtituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but ſtill not illuſtrative of the paſſage in queſtion. I ſhall beg leave then to preſent the reader

the ſpeech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for, ſurprized and ſubdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I reſemble the quintain, whoſe human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeleſs trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do *not* refer to the quintain, "that which here ſtands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be alſo not unaptly called a lifeleſs block. DOUCE.

SHAKESPEARE.

As you like it. Act III. Sc. X.

A Nun of Winter's *Sisterhood.*

MR. Theobald propoſed to read—of *Winefred's* Siſterhood, and aſked, "What Idea does a Nun of *Winter's* Siſterhood give us? And then he proceeds to retail a Part of the Legend of St. *Winefred*, reflecting her Chaſtity, but (either for Want of Information, or Attention) omits the Circumſtance which tends the moſt to eſtabliſh the Propriety of his Emendation; of which by-and-by. In the mean Time let us exhibit a ſhort Specimen of Dr. Warburton's Candor and Pleaſantry.

"This, ſays the aweful Critic, is finely expreſſed. But Mr. Theobald ſays, *the Words give him no Ideas.*" (By the Way Theobald ſays no ſuch Thing). "And 'tis certain, purſues the Doctor, Words will never give Men what Nature has denied them." But why this to Theobald more than to any other Man upon Earth? I'll tell you why. Theobald was dead, and could not retort the Sarcaſm on the Party to whom it is by ten Degrees more applicable than it was to himſelf. "However, continues our Critic, he ſubſtitutes *Winefred's* Siſterhood; and, after ſo happy a Thought, it was to no Purpoſe to *tell* him, there was no religious Order of that Denomination." Here I am afraid we have a ſmall Spice of the *Equivoque*. It ſeems to be inſinuated, that the *Teller* was this individual Critic. But Theobald was, on all Occaſions, ſo ready to own his Obligations to that ſame Critic in Matters of the minuteſt Importance, that few will believe that to have been the Caſe. And then, who told Dr. W. ſo? Even Theobald himſelf, whoſe Aſhes the Doctor is here inſulting with Scraps of Learning, picked out of Theobald's own Note. Well then, there was no religious Order denominated from *Winefred*. But will it follow that *Winefred* had no *Siſterhood*? Such, however, muſt be our Critic's Logic, on the Peril of having all his fine Comment rendered ridiculous by a very obvious Remark, that there was no religious Order of the Denomination of St. *Winter*. Now *Winefred's* Legend informs us, that, after the Death of a certain Theonia, Abbeſs of a Nunnery at Guitherin in Wales, *Winefred* was appointed to ſucceed her, and conſequently had a *Siſterhood*. And as the Legend would be ſufficient Authority for Shakeſpeare's Alluſion, ſo was this Circumſtance ſufficient Authority for Theobald (had he been aware of it) to ſubſtitute *Winefred* (which is certainly the true Reading) for *Winter*. Shakeſpeare was well acquainted with the Popiſh Legends, and with every Circumſtance in them which he had any Occaſion to turn to his Account. Meſſrs. Theobald and Warburton, it now appears, knew nothing of this Part of *Winefred's* Hiſtory, which is the more ſurpriſing, conſidering that Biſhop *Fleetwood* had given the World a Tranſlation of *Winefred's* Legend, with a Number of intereſting and entertaining Remarks upon it, ſo long ago as the Year 1713.

But what muſt become of Dr. Warburton's fine *Winter-piece*? And what Apology muſt be made to Dr. Johnſon for ſtripping his Editions of Shakeſpeare of this adopted *Finery*? Queſtions which I will certainly anſwer, to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, whenever any honeſt Man of Common-Senſe will inform me, what more he can gather from this learned *Diſſertatiuncula* on *Nunſhip*, than that Nuns are neither *poor*, nor *cold*, nor *barren*, but during the *Winter Quarter*, when, it ſeems, that ſtingy, dry-ſkinned, padlocking Harridan, St. *Diana*, takes upon her the Government of the Monaſtery, in Quality of *Lady Abbeſs*.

Your's, &c.

CRITICULUS.

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.*

* ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.] The ſtory of *All's Well that ends Well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the Firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.[2]

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu,[3] *an old Lord.*
Parolles,[4] *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta,[5]
Mariana, } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

[2] The perſons were firſt enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

[3] *Lafeu,*] We ſhould read—*Lefeu.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name—*Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

[5] *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical hiſtory, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

COUNT. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[2] evermore in ſubjection.

[2] —— *in* ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the King compelled Rouſillon to marry Helen.

TOLLET.

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis![3]) whoſe ſkill

The prerogative of a *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. Sir J. Hawkins.

[3] —— *O, that* had! *how ſad a* paſſage *'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

" —— Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
" *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
" —— *habui*, Chreme,
" Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." Blackstone.

So, in Spenſer's *Shepheard's Calender:*

" Shee, while ſhe was, (that *was* a woeful word to ſaine,)
" For beauties praiſe and pleaſaunce had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

" She is not mine, I have no daughter now;
" That I ſhould ſay *I had*, thence comes my grief."
Malone.

Paſſage is *any thing that paſſes.* So we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign.* When the *counteſs* mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *had* paſſes through her mind. Johnson.

Thus Shakſpeare himſelf. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

" Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."

was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.[4]

So, in *The Gameſter*, by Shirley, 1637: "I'll not be witneſs of your *paſſages* myſelf:" i. e. of what paſſes between you.
Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—— never lov'd theſe prying liſtening men
"That aſk of others' ſtates and *paſſages*."

Again:

"I knew the *paſſages* 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"———— have beheld
"Your vile and moſt laſcivious *paſſages*."

Again, in *The Engliſh Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: "—two philoſophers that jeer and weep at the *paſſages* of the world."

STEEVENS.

[4] *A* fiſtula, *my lord.*] Perhaps Shakſpeare was induced by a paſſage in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 251, to afflict the *King of France* with this inelegant diſorder. Speaking of the neceſſity which princes occaſionally find to counterfeit maladies, our author has the following remark:—"And in diſſembling of diſeaſes, which I pray you? for I have obſerued it in the *Court of Fraunce*, not a burning feuer, or a pluriſie, or a palſie, or the hydropick and ſwelling gowte, &c.——But it muſt be either a dry dropſie, or a megrim or letarge, or a *fiſtule in ano*, or ſome ſuch

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,[5] there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;[6] ſhe derives her honeſty, and achieves her goodneſs.

other ſecret diſeaſe as the common conuerſant can hardly diſcouer, and the phyſitian either *not ſpeedily heale*, or not honeſtly bewray." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*virtuous qualities*,] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, that, in *an ill mind*, theſe *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedneſs than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

Virtue, and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep this ſignification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this ſenſe perhaps an inſtance occurs in the Eighth Book of Chapman's *Verſion of the Iliad*:

" Then will I to Olympus' top our *virtuous* engine bind,
" And by it every thing ſhall hang," &c.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1, 1590:

" If theſe had made one poem's period,
" And all combin'd in beauties worthyneſſe,
" Yet ſhould there hover in their reſtleſſe heads
" One thought, one grace, one wonder at the leaſt,
" Which into words no *vertue* can digeſt." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*they are virtues and traitors too*; *in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs*;] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhown the full extent

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in.[7] The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood[8] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have.[9]

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.[2]

of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgement as his paſſions.* Johnson.

In *As you Like it*, *virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground:

" ——— to ſome kind of men
" Their graces ſerve them but as enemies;
" No more do yours; your *virtues*, gentle maſter,
" Are ſanctified and holy *traitors* to you.
" O what a world is this, when what is comely
" Envenoms him that bears it!" Malone.

[7] —— *can* ſeaſon *her praiſe in.*] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* A paſſage in *Twelfth Night* will beſt explain its meaning:

" ——— all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*,
" And *laſting* in her remembrance." Malone.

[8] —— *all livelihood*—] i. e. all appearance of life. Steevens.

[9] —— *leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than* to have.] Our author ſometimes is guilty of ſuch ſlight inaccuracies; and concludes a ſentence as if the former part of it had been conſtructed differently.—Thus, in the preſent inſtance, he ſeems to have meant—leſt *you* be rather thought *to* affect a ſorrow, than *to have.* Malone.

[2] *I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that ſhe does not wiſh ſhould be under-

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.[3]

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father

ſtood by the counteſs. Her *affected* ſorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowneſs of her ſituation, which ſhe feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully ſupport this interpretation:

" ——— I think not on my father;—
" ——— What was he like?
" I have forgot him; my imagination
" Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:
" I am undone." MALONE.

The ſorrow that Helen affected, was for her father; that which ſhe really felt, was for Bertram's departure. This line ſhould be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain ſome ſubſequent paſſages which have hitherto been miſunderſtood. M. MASON.

[3] *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] *Lafeu* ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the counteſs replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads—*be* not *enemy*—] *that which deſtroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge.
JOHNSON.

A paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, in which our author again ſpeaks of grief deſtroying itſelf by its own exceſs, adds ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

" ——— ſcarce any joy
" Did ever live ſo long; *no ſorrow,*
" *But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.*"

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

" Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
" And *in their triumph die.*" MALONE.

In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh,[4] and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To* Helena.] be ſervants to you![5] Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;[6]

[4] *That thee may furniſh,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. Johnson.

[5] *The beſt* wiſhes, &c.] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your *wiſhes*, and have power to bring them to effect. Johnson.

[6] Laf. *Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt* hold *the credit of your father.*

Hel. *O, were that all!—I think not on my father;*] This paſſage has been paſſed over in ſilence by all the commentators, yet it is evidently defective. The only meaning that the ſpeech of Lafeu will bear, as it now ſtands, is this:—"That Helena, who was a

And theſe great tears [7] grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.

young girl, ought to keep up the credit which her father had eſtabliſhed, who was the beſt phyſician of the age; and ſhe by her anſwer, *O, were that all!* ſeems to admit that it would be no difficult matter for her to do ſo." The abſurdity of this is evident; and the words will admit of no other interpretation. Some alteration therefore is neceſſary; and that which I propoſe is, to read *uphold*, inſtead of *muſt hold*, and then the meaning will be this: "Lafeu, obſerving that Helena had ſhed a torrent of tears, which he and the Counteſs both aſcribe to her grief for her father, ſays, that ſhe *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the ſureſt proof that can be given of the merit of a perſon deceaſed, are the lamentations of thoſe who ſurvive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wiſhes that ſhe had no other cauſe of grief, except the loſs of her father, whom ſhe thinks no more of."

M. Mason.

O, were that all! &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of ſuch a father,—for ſuch perhaps is the meaning,) were my only ſolicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram.

Malone.

[7] ——*theſe great tears*—] The tears which the King and Counteſs ſhed for him. Johnson.

And theſe great tears *grace his remembrance more,*
Than thoſe I ſhed for him.] Johnſon ſuppoſes that, by *theſe great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Counteſs ſhed for her father; but it does not appear that either of thoſe great perſons had ſhed tears for him, though they ſpoke of him with regret. By *theſe great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears ſhe then ſhed herſelf, which were cauſed in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Counteſs, to the loſs of her father; and from this miſapprehenſion of theirs, graced his remembrance more than thoſe ſhe actually ſhed for him. What ſhe calls *gracing his remembrance*, is what Lafeu had ſtyled before, *upholding his credit*, the two paſſages tending to explain each other.—It is ſcarcely neceſſary to make this grammatical obſervation—That if Helena had alluded to any tears ſuppoſed to have been ſhed by the King, ſhe would have ſaid *thoſe* tears, not *theſe*, as the latter pronoun muſt neceſſarily refer to ſomething preſent at the time.

M. Mason.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.[8]
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[9] heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour:[2]

[8] *In his bright* radiance, &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. X:

" —— from his *radiant* ſeat he roſe
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
To ſee him every hour, to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath ſteel'd
" Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart.*"

A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which ſenſe it is uſed here. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

" The Queen to Walſingham this *table* ſent,
" Mark of her people's and her own content." MALONE.

Table here only ſignifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. So, in Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, Vol. I. p. 58: " Item, one *table* with the *picture* of the Ducheſs of Milan." " Item, one *table*, with the *pictures* of the King's Majeſty and Queen Jane:" &c. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture*; but conſiders her heart as the *tablet* or ſurface on which his reſemblance was to be pourtrayed. STEEVENS.

[2] —— trick *of his ſweet favour:*] So, in *King John:* " he hath

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.[3]

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monárch.[4]

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.[5]

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in *King John*, Act I. ſc. i. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:

——*to ſit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
——*and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*

Trick, however, on the preſent occaſion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

Tricking is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

[3] Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

[4] *And you*, monárch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[5] *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. MALONE.

Hel. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier[6] in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city.[7] It is not politick in the common-

[6] ——ſtain *of ſoldier*—] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee.* WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of theſe expreſſions, that Parolles was entirely dreſt in red. Shakſpeare writes only *ſome ſtain of ſoldier*, meaning in one ſenſe, that he had *red breeches on*, (which is ſufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee*,) and in another, that he was *a diſgrace to ſoldiery*. *Stain* is uſed in an adverſe ſenſe by Shakſpeare, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "——nor any man an attaint, but he carries *ſome ſtain* of it."

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves on this occaſion that "though a *red* coat is now the mark of a ſoldier in the Britiſh ſervice, it was not ſo in the days of Shakſpeare, when we had no ſtanding army, and the uſe of armour ſtill prevailed." To this I reply, that the colour *red* has always been annexed to ſoldierſhip. Chaucer, in his *Knight's Tale*, v. 1749, has "*Mars* the *rede*," and Boccace has given *Mars* the ſame epithet in the opening of his Theſeida: "——O *rubicondo* Marte." STEEVENS.

Stain rather for what we now ſay *tincture*, ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your* city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

wealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe;[8] and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf;[9] and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin[a] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan beſiege me."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" This makes in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
" To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*." Malone.

[8] *Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe*;] I believe we ſhould read, *national*. Tyrwhitt.

Rational increaſe may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. Steevens.

[9] *He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf*;] i. e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. Malone.

[a] ——inhibited *ſin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello:*

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." Steevens.

make itſelf ten,[3] which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

[3] —— *within ten years, it will make itſelf* ten,] The old copy reads—" within ten years it will make itſelf *two*." The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe propoſed to read—" within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*." Mr. Tollet would read—" within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*."

I formerly propoſed to read—" Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had ſome confidence) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—" Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," i. e. may produce *ten* virgins. Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch deciſive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. Our author's ſixth Sonnet fully ſupports the emendation here made:

" That *uſe* is not forbidden uſury,
" Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
" That's for thyſelf, to breed another thee,
" Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.
" Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
" *If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.*"

" *Out* with it," is uſed equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: conſidered in another light, it ſignifies, put it out to intereſt. In *The Tempeſt* we have—" Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

There is no reaſon for altering the text. A well-known obſervation of the noble earl, to whom the horſes of the preſent generation owe the length of their tails, contains the true explanation of this paſſage. HENLEY.

I cannot help repeating on this occaſion, Juſtice Shallow's remark: " Give me pardon, ſir:—if you come with news, I take it there is but two ways;—*either to utter them, or to conceal them.*" With this noble earl's notorious remark, I am quite unacquainted. But perhaps the critick (with a flippancy in which he has ſometimes indulged himſelf at my expence) will reply, like Piſtol, " Why then lament therefore;" or obſerve, like Hamlet, that " a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear." STEEVENS.

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[4] 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now:[5] Your date is better[6] in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[8]

[4] ——*Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, "How one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*which* wear *not now:*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

[6] ——*Your* date *is better*—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. So, in *Romeo* and *Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

The ſame quibble occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "——and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

[8] *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole ſpeech is abrupt, unconnected, and obſcure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it ſuppoſititious. I would be glad to think ſo of the whole, for a commentator naturally wiſhes to reject what he cannot underſtand. Something, which ſhould connect Helena's words with thoſe of

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,

Parolles, ſeems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,
There ſhall your maſter, &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, ſaid, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.——I know not what to do with the paſſage.

JOHNSON.

I do not perceive ſo great a want of connection as my predeceſſors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be ſought for, in ſo careleſs a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the ſpeaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableneſs of virginity, eſpecially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that ſtate; but that in the enjoyment of her, his maſter ſhould find the gratification of all his moſt romantic wiſhes. What Dr. Warburton ſays afterwards is ſaid at random, as all poſitive declarations of the ſame kind muſt of neceſſity be. Were I to propoſe any change, I would read *ſhould* inſtead of *ſhall*. It does not however appear that this rapturous effuſion of Helena was deſigned to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obſcurity, therefore, may be its merit. It ſufficiently explains what is paſſing in the mind of the ſpeaker, to every one but him to whom ſhe does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read: "Will you any thing with *us?*" i. e. will you ſend any thing with us to court? to which Helena's anſwer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?"

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps ſomething has been omitted in Parolles's ſpeech. "*I am now bound for the court*; will you any thing with it [i. e. with the court]?" So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; "——that in the enjoyment of her," &c. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied the paſſage is as Shakſpeare left it. Parolles, after having cried down with all his eloquence, *old virginity*, in reference to what he had before ſaid,—"That *virginity* is a commodity the

A phœnix,[9] captain,[2] and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs,[3] and a dear;

longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. ANSWER THE TIME of Requeſt." aſks Helena,—"Will *you* any thing with IT?"—to which ſhe replies—"NOT MY *virginity* YET." HENLEY.

9 *A phœnix*, &c.] The eight lines following *friend*, I am perſuaded, is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future:

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves;
" *A* mother, *and a* miſtreſs, *and a* friend,
I know not what he ſhall—God ſend him well.

Where the fellow, finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *miſtreſs's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but theſe three ſpecies of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe: and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe, as is never heard out of Bedlam. WARBURTON.

2 ——*captain*,] Our author often uſes this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: " —the aſs more *captain* than the lion." Again more appoſitely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Deſdemona:

" ——our great captain's *captain*."

We find ſome of theſe terms of endearment again uſed in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes ſays to the young Mamillius,

" Come, *captain*, we muſt be neat," &c.

Again, in the ſame ſcene, Polixenes, ſpeaking of his ſon, ſays,

" He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
" Now my ſworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy*;
" My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all." MALONE.

3 ——*a* traitreſs,] It ſeems that *traitreſs* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he ſays,—" You are like a *traytor*, but ſuch *traytors* his majeſty does not much fear." JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitreſs* (ſpoken ſeriouſly) was in any age *a term of endearment*. From the preſent paſſage, we might as well ſuppoſe *enemy* (in the laſt line but one) to be *a term of en-*

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms,[4]

dearment. In the other paſſage quoted, Lafeu is plainly ſpeaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, a traitreſs, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helen is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; ("a phœnix, captain, counſellor, traitreſs; &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid goſſips." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

[4] ——*chriſtendoms*,] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

It is uſed by another ancient writer in the ſame ſenſe; ſo that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the ſignification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Chriſtendom*,
[i. e. by a chriſtian name,]
"The Jew cries out he's undone—."

Theſe lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the ſtory of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that ſaves the Merchant's life by pleading his cauſe. There ſhould ſeem therefore to have been ſome novel on this ſubject that has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of the commentators. In the ſame book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhow what we alone muſt think;[5] which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

[5] *And ſhow what we alone muſt think*;] And *ſhow* by realities what we now *muſt only think*. JOHNSON.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[6] and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee,

[6] ——*is a virtue of a* good wing,] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606: "——I love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodneſs of his wing*, &c." Or it may be taken from dreſs: So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine ſuch a ſuit without a difference; ſuch ſtuff, ſuch a *wing*, ſuch a ſleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet obſerves, that a *good wing* ſignifies a *ſtrong wing* in Lord Bacon's *Natural Hiſtory*, experiment 866: "Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." Steevens.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*,) is ſupported by a paſſage in *King Henry V.* in which we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the *like wing*."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. P. I:

"Yet let me wonder Harry,
"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*,
"Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors." Malone.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to be this: "If your valour will ſuffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the ſame reaſon will make you run away, the compoſition that your valour and fear make in you, muſt be a virtue that will fly far and ſwiftly."—A bird of a good wing, is a bird of ſwift and ſtrong flight.

Though the latter part of this ſentence is ſenſe as it ſtands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is* like *to* wear well."—Inſtead of "*I* like *the* wear well." M. Mason.

ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel,[7] and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?[8]
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.[9]
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been[2] cannot be: Who ever ſtrove
To ſhow her merit, that did miſs her love?

[7] ——*ſo thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counſel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet* on the words—

" Whoſe form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable.*" MALONE.

[8] *What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;*
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

[9] ——*native things.*] Things formed by nature for each other. M. MASON.

[2] *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, &c.] All theſe four lines are obſcure, and, I believe, corrupt; I ſhall propoſe an emendation, which thoſe who can explain the preſent reading, are at liberty to reject:

Through *mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
Likes to join likes, *and kiſs like native things.*

The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

That is, *nature* brings *like qualities* and diſpoſitions *to meet* through any *diſtance* that *fortune* may ſet between them; ſhe *joins* them and makes them *kiſs like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Sir T. Hanmer:

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'n't *been, cannot be.*

New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe who eſtimate their *labour* or *enterpriſes* by ſenſe, and believe that nothing can be but what they ſee before them. JOHNSON.

I underſtand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes,* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou ſoldereſt cloſe *impoſſibilities,*
" And mak'ſt them *kiſs.*"

This interpretation is ſtrongly confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech of the counteſſes ſteward, who is ſuppoſed to have over-heard this ſoliloquy of Helena: " *Fortune,* ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch *difference* betwixt their two eſtates."

The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, for *perſons the moſt widely ſeparated by fortune,* is certainly a licentious expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as Shakſpeare often takes. Thus in *Cymbeline, the diminution of ſpace* is uſed for the diminution, of which ſpace, or *diſtance,* is the cauſe.

If he had written *ſpaces* (as in *Troilus and Creſſida,*

" ——her whom we know well
" The world's large *ſpaces* cannot parallel,)"

the paſſage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

The mightieſt ſpace in nature fortune brings
To join, &c.

i. e. accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has ſeparated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters*; Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[3] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

[3] ——*Senoys*—] The *Saneſi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.
STEEVENS.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *LORD.* It is the count Rouſillon,[4] my good lord,
Young Bertram.

KING. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BER. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

KING. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father:[5] In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[6]

[4] —— *Rouſillon,*] The old copy reads *Roſignoll.* STEEVENS.

[5] —— *It much* repairs *me*
To talk of your good father:] To *repair,* in theſe plays, generally ſignifies, to *renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline:*
"——O diſloyal thing,
"That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth!" MALONE.

[6] *He had the wit, which I can well obſerve*
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank,* but *acquired reputation:—Your father,* ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did,* hide their unnoted *levity,* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*
This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them;[7] and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:[8] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;[9]

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. BLACKSTONE.

The punctuation recommended by Sir William Blackſtone is, I believe, the true one, at leaſt it is ſuch as deſerves the reader's conſideration. STEEVENS.

[7] *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs*
Were in his *pride or ſharpneſs*; *if* they *were,*
His equal had awak'd them;] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" More *nor* leſs to others paying,
" Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The old text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter.* If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal.* This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

[8] *His tongue obey'd* his *hand:*] We ſhould read—*His tongue obey'd* the *hand.* That is, *the hand* of *his honour's clock*, ſhowing *the true minute when exceptions bad him ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

His is put for *its.* So, in *Othello:*

" ——————her motion
" Bluſh'd at *herſelf*,"—inſtead of *itſelf.* STEEVENS.

[9] *He us'd as creatures of another place*;] i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not underſtanding the ſenſe, has altered *another place*, to a *brother-race.* WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: [2] Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.[3]

in ſo *high* a place as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety.

In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again uſed for *rank* or ſituation in life:

" ———O thou thing,
" Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place.*" MALONE.

[2] *Making them proud* of *his humility*,
In their poor praiſe he humbled:] But why were they proud of his humility? It ſhould be read and pointed thus:
Making them proud; and *his humility*,
In their poor praiſe, he humbled—
i. e. by condeſcending to ſtoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praiſe*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The ſentiment is fine. WARBURTON.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment: this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean perſons for that humility.—The conſtruction ſeems to be, " he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." MALONE.

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condeſcending manner of behaving to them. M. MASON.

[3] *So in approof lives not his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.] *Epitaph* for character. WARBURTON.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*——
Thus[3] his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,

I ſhould wiſh to read—
Approof ſo lives not *in his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.
Approof is *approbation.* If I ſhould allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *epitaph,* which is more than can be reaſonably expected, I can yet find no ſenſe in the preſent reading.
JOHNSON.

We might, by a ſlight tranſpoſition, read—
So his approof lives not in *epitaph.*
Approof certainly means *approbation.* So, in *Cynthia's Revenge:*
" A man ſo abſolute in my *approof,*
" That nature hath reſerv'd ſmall dignity
" That he enjoys not."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" Either of condemnation or *approof.*" STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this:—*His epitaph or inſcription on his tomb is not ſo much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal ſpeech.* TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *approbation,* but that is not always the caſe; and in this place it ſignifies *proof* or *confirmation.* The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: " The truth of his epitaph is in no way ſo fully *proved,* as by your royal ſpeech." It is needleſs to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the character and praiſes of the deceaſed. *Approof* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Bertram, in the ſecond Act:
" *Laf.* But I hope your lordſhip thinks him not a ſoldier.
" *Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof.*"
M. MASON.

Mr. Heath ſuppoſes the meaning to be this: " His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not ſo well eſtabliſhed by *the ſpecimens he exhibited of his worth,* as by your royal report in his favour." The paſſage above quoted from Act II. ſupports this interpretation. MALONE.

[3] *Thus*—] Old copy—*This.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments;[4] *whoſe conſtancies*
Expire before their faſhions:——This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 LORD. You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

KING. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

BER. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

[4] —— *whoſe judgements are*
Mere fathers *of their garments*;] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs. JOHNSON.

I have a ſuſpicion that Shakſpeare wrote—*meer* feathers *of their garments*; i. e. whoſe judgements are meerly *parts* (and inſignificant parts) *of their dreſs*, worn and laid aſide, as *feathers* are, from the meer love of novelty and change. He goes on to ſay, that they are even leſs conſtant in their judgements than in their dreſs:

——— *their conſtancies*
Expire before their faſhions. TYRWHITT.

The reading of the old copy—*fathers*, is ſupported by a ſimilar paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— ſome jay of Italy
" Whoſe *mother* was her *painting*—."

Again, by another in the ſame play:

" ——— No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
" Who is thy *grandfather*; he made thoſe *cloaths*,
" Which, as it ſeems, *make* thee."

There the garment is ſaid to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgement, being employed ſolely in forming or giving *birth* to new dreſſes, is called *the father of the garment*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" —— every minute now
" Should be the *father* of ſome ſtratagem." MALONE.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it[5] at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty.
[*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown.[6]

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

[5] ——*nature and ſickneſs*
Debate *it*—] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Death and nature do *contend* about them."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Steward, and* Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey, after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhow King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patch*, as a preſent; whom, ſays Stowe, " the King received very gladly."
MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between Olivia and the *Clown*, ſeems to have been particularly cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[7] I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.[8]

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit

" *Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
" I' th' *lady's* queſtions, and the *fool's* replies;
" Old faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
" In trunk-hoſe, which our fathers call'd the *Clown.*"

In the MS. regiſter of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treaſurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: " Tom Derry, his majeſty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615: Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majeſty's *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616."

STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careleſs Shepherdeſs*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

" Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
" Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
" Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what faces
" The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
" *To ſee him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,*
" *And twirl his bable.* There is ne'er a part
" About him but breaks jeſts.—
" I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
" Than hear the graveſt ſpeech in all the play.
" I never ſaw READE peeping through the curtain,
" But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

[7] —— *to even your content,*] To act up to your deſires.

JOHNSON.

[8] —— *when of ourſelves we publiſh them.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
" If he that's prais'd, himſelf brings the praiſe forth."

MALONE.

them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.[9]

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, ſir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd:[2] But, if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world,[3] Iſbel the woman and I[4] will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage:[5] and, I think, I ſhall never have the

9 ——*you lack not folly to commit* them, *and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* yours.] After premiſing that the accuſative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe, ſtands for the freaks which occaſioned thoſe complaints, the ſenſe will be extremely clear. "You are fool enough to commit thoſe irregularities you are charged with, and yet not ſo much fool neither, as to diſcredit the accuſation by any defect in your ability." HEATH.

It appears to me that the accuſative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural ſenſe of the paſſage ſeems to be this: "You have folly enough to deſire to commit theſe knaveries, and ability enough to accompliſh them." M. MASON.

2 ——*are damn'd:*] See *S. Mark*, x. 25; *S. Luke*, xviii. 25. GREY.

3 ——*to go to the world,*] This phraſe has already occurred in *Much ado about nothing*, and ſignifies to be *married:* and thus, in *As you Like it*, Audrey ſays: "——it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be *a woman of the world.*" STEEVENS.

4 ——*and* I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 *Service is no heritage:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. *Needs muſt when the devil drives*, is another. RITSON.

bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends;[6]

[6] Clo. *You are ſhallow, madam*; e'en *great friends*;] The meaning [i. e. of the ancient reading mentioned in the ſubſequent note] ſeems to be, you are not deeply ſkilled in the character or offices of great friends. Johnson.

The old copy reads—*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

" *Lady*. What have we here?

" *Clown. In* that you have there."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

" 'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made, I am anſwerable. Malone.

for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.[6] He, that ears my land,[7] ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt,

[6] —— *the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.*] The ſame thought is more dilated in an old MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maid's Tragedy:*

" *Soph.* I have a wife, would ſhe were ſo preferr'd!
" I could but be her ſubject; ſo I am now.
" I allow her her owne frend to ſtop her mowth,
" And keep her quiet; give him his table free,
" And the huge feeding of his great ſtone-horſe,
" On which he rides in pompe about the cittie
" Only to ſpeake to gallants in bay-windowes.
" Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for;
" He getts me all my children, there I ſave by't;
" Beſide, I drawe my life owte by the bargaine
" Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed;
" When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
" At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten
" Some five and fortie yeares before I'm coffin'd.
" 'Tis the right waie to keep a woman honeſt:
" One friend is baracadoe to a hundred,
" And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a huſband's ſure
" To have his children all of one man's gettinge;
" And he that performes beſt, can have no better:
" I'm e'en as happie then that ſave a labour."

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *that* ears *my land,*] To *ear* is to *plough*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Make the ſea ſerve them, which they *ear* and wound
" With keels of every kind." STEEVENS.

See 1 *Sam.* viii. 12. *Iſaiah*, xxx. 24. *Deut.* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21. for the uſe of this verb. HENLEY.

howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:[8]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind.[9]

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

[8] *A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. On which account they were eſteemed ſacred: Travellers tell us in what eſteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they leſs honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, adviſed Panurge to go and conſult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occaſion to a ſatirical ſtroke upon the privy council of Francis the Firſt—*Par l'avis, conſeil*, prediction *des fols vos ſcavez quants princes, &c. ont eſté conſervez*, &c.—The phraſe—*ſpeak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the inſtruments or *canals* of others; ſuch as inſpired perſons were ſuppoſed to be. WARBURTON.

See the popular ſtory of *Nixon the Idiot's Cheſhire Prophecy*. DOUCE.

Next way, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:

" 'Tis the *next way* to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

Next way is a phraſe ſtill uſed in Warwickſhire, and ſignifies *without circumlocution*, or *going about*. HENLEY.

[9] ——*ſings by kind.*] I find ſomething like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

" Content yourſelf as well as I, let reaſon rule your minde,
" As cuckoldes come by deſtinie, ſo cuckowes ſing by kinde."

STEEVENS.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe,[2] *quoth ſhe,* [Singing.
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done,[3] *done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy.

[2] *Was this fair face the cauſe*, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the Counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the Clown's mind. Malone.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he——. Warburton.

If this be a ſtanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the reſtoration may be made with authority. Steevens.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following ſtanza of another old ballad:

" And here fair *Paris* comes,
" The hopeful youth of *Troy*,
" Queen Hecuba's darling ſon,
" King *Priam's* only *joy*."

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the perſon deſcribed as " king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved, that Dr. Warburton, though he has ſupplied the words ſuppoſed to be loſt, has not explained them; nor indeed do they ſeem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, " *The lamentation of Hecuba, and the ladyes of Troye*;" which probably contained the ſtanza here quoted." Malone.

[3] Fond *done*,] Is fooliſhly done. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. iii:

" —— Sorrow and grief of heart,
" Makes him ſpeak *fondly*." Steevens.

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,[4]
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.[5]

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar,[6] or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well;[7] a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

[4] *With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,*] At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italick characters the word *bis*, denoting, I ſuppoſe, the neceſſity of its being repeated. The correſponding line was twice printed, as it is here inſerted, from the oldeſt copy. Steevens.

[5] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhows the ſong ſaid—*nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten ſons of Priam, who all behaved themſelves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris,* and *Polites.* Warburton.

[6] —— *but every blazing ſtar,*] The old copy reads—*but* ore *every blazing ſtar.* Steevens.

I ſuppoſe *o'er* was a miſprint for *or,* which was uſed by our old writers for *before.* Malone.

[7] ——*'twould* mend *the lottery* well;] This ſurely is a ſtrange

Count. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[8]—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* Clown.

kind of phraſeology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I ſhould be inclined to read—lottery *wheel*. Malone.

[8] Clo. *That man*, &c.] The Clown's anſwer is obſcure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He anſwers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiſs*; that he does not amiſs, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodneſs, but of his own *honeſty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of ſuperiors, and wear the *ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleaſed with a ſtate of ſubjection.

Here is an alluſion, violently enough forced in, to ſatirize the obſtinacy with which the *puritans* refuſed the uſe of the eccleſiaſtical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cauſe of the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to inſinuate, that the modeſt purity of the ſurplice was ſometimes a cover for pride.

Johnson.

The averſion of the *puritans* to a *ſurplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

——"She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reaſon that your ſincere *puritans* cannot abide a *ſurplice*, becauſe they ſay 'tis made of the ſame thing that your villainous ſin is committed in, of your prophane holland."

Again, in *The Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"He has turn'd my ſtomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the ſight of a *ſurplice*."

Again, in *The Hollander*, 1640:

——"A *puritan*, who, becauſe he ſaw a *ſurplice* in the church, would needs hang himſelf in the bell-ropes." Steevens.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe loved your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;[9] Diana,

I cannot help thinking we ſhould read—*Though honeſty be a puritan*—. Tyrwhitt.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to ſay—though *honeſty be* no *puritan*,—why ſhould he add—*that it would wear the ſurplice*, &c. or, in other words, that it would be content to aſſume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, ſhould be free from the ſcruples and prejudices of one?

The Clown, I think, means to ſay, "Though honeſty be rigid and conſcientious as *a* puritan, yet it will not be obſtinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its ſuperiors, while at the ſame time its proud ſpirit inwardly revolts againſt them." I ſuſpect however a ſtill farther corruption; and that the compoſitor caught the words "*no hurt*" from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—"Though honeſty be *a* puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the ſurplice of humility, over the black gown of a big heart." I will therefore obey my miſtreſs, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. Malone.

9 ——*only where qualities were level*;] The meaning may be, where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level. Or perhaps *only* is uſed for *except*. "—that would not extend his might, *except* where two perſons were of equal rank." Malone.

no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward:[9] This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence,[2] in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's,[3] theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

9 —— *Love, no god*, &c. Diana, no *queen of virgins*, &c.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every ſenſible reader that ſomething muſt have ſlipt out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The ſteward is ſpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one reaſon; love, no god, for another;—what could ſhe then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the text.

Diana, no *queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed without reſcue*, &c.

For in poetical hiſtory Diana was as well known to preſide over *chaſtity*, as Cupid over *love*, or *Fortune* over the *change* or *regulation* of our *circumſtances*. Theobald.

2 ——*ſithence*,] i. e. ſince. So, in *Spenſer's State of Ireland*: " —— the beginning of all other evils which *ſithence* have af-

It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth:
By our remembrances [4] of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.[5]
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid, a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds: [6]

flicted that land." Chaucer frequently uſes *fith*, and *fithen*, in the ſame ſenſe. Steevens.

[3] *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—*If* ever *we are nature's*. Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] *By our remembrances*—] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning. Johnson.

[5] *Such were our faults*;—or *then we thought them none.*] We ſhould read: ——*O! then we thought them none.*
A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the ſpeaker. This was ſent to the Oxford *editor*, and he altered *O*, to *though*. Warburton.

Such were the faulty weakneſſes of which I was guilty in my youth, or ſuch at leaſt were then my *feelings*, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deſerved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without neceſſity, as it ſeems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the ſubſequent editors adopted the alteration. Malone.

[6] ——*and choice breeds*
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:] And our choice furniſhes

You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?[7]
Why?——that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,

us with a ſlip propagated to us from foreign ſeeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and ſprung from ourſelves. HEATH.

[7] ——— *What's the matter,*
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?] There is ſomething exquiſitely beautiful in this repreſentation of that ſuffuſion of colours which glimmers around the ſight when the eye-laſhes are wet with tears. The poet hath deſcribed the ſame appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And round about her tear-diſtained eye
"Blue circles ſtream'd like rainbows in the ſky."

HENLEY.

So I were not his ſiſter:[8] Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?[9]

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive[2] upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your lonelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head.[3] Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,

[8] ——— *or were you both our mothers,*
I care no more for, *than I do for heaven,*
So I were not his ſiſter:] There is a deſigned ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*.—I wiſh it equally.
FARMER.

In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find—"I *care not* to be the louſe of a lazar, *ſo I were not* Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I ſhould not be ſorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the paſſage before us ſhould be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more ſolicitude than heaven gives me,—ſo I were not his ſiſter." But Helena certainly would not confeſs an indifference about her future ſtate. However, ſhe may mean, as Dr. Farmer has ſuggeſted, "I ſhould not care *more* than, but *equally as*, I care for future happineſs; I ſhould be as content, and ſolicit it as much, as I pray for the bliſs of heaven." MALONE.

[9] ——*Can't no other,*
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?] The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter, he muſt be my brother?* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*ſtrive*—] To *ſtrive* is to contend. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"That it did *ſtrive* in workmanſhip and value."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *Now I ſee*
The myſtery of your lonelineſs, *and find*
Your ſalt tears' head.] The old copy reads—*lovelineſs.*
STEEVENS.

The myſtery of her *lovelineſs* is beyond my comprehenſion: the old Counteſs is ſaying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word ſhould find a place here; which it could not, unleſs ſarcaſtically employed, and with ſome ſpleen. I dare

You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[4] they ſpeak it; only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe

warrant the poet meant his old lady ſhould ſay no more than this: "I now find the myſtery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in ſecret." For this reaſon I have amended the text, *lonelineſs*. The Steward, in the foregoing ſcene, where he gives the Counteſs intelligence of Helena's behaviour, ſays—

"*Alone ſhe* was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears." THEOBALD.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *lowlineſs*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plauſible. To chooſe ſolitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

Your ſalt tears' head.] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*in their* kind—] i. e. in their language, according to their *nature*. STEEVENS.

The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,[5]
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill:[6] thus, Indian-like,

[5] —— captious *and* intenible *ſieve,*] The word *captious* I never found in this ſenſe; yet I cannot tell what to ſubſtitute, unleſs *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been miſtaken by the copiers than uſed by the author. Johnson.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers, and eſpecially in Churchyard's Poems, with which Shakſpeare was not unacquainted. Steevens.

By *captious*, I believe Shakſpeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and paſſive adjectives, has been already more than once obſerved.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill:*] Perhaps we ſhould read—
And lack not to love *ſtill.* Tyrwhitt.

I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards, in this ſpeech:
" ——whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
" But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to *loſe*."
Helena means, I think, to ſay that, like a perſon who pours water into a veſſel full of holes, and ſtill continues his employment though he finds the water all loſt, and the veſſel empty, ſo, though

Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,[7]
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and Love;[8] O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that her ſearch implies,
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.[9]

ſhe finds that *the waters of her love* are ſtill *loſt*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom ſhe thinks ſhe never can deſerve, ſhe yet is not diſcouraged, but perſeveres in her hopeleſs endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

7 *Whoſe aged honour* cites *a virtuous youth,*] i. e. whoſe reſpectable conduct in age *ſhows*, or *proves*, that you were no leſs virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witneſſes, or examples from books, our author with his uſual licenſe uſes to *cite*, in the ſenſe of *to prove*. MALONE.

8 *Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian*
Was both herſelf and Love;] i. e. Venus. Helena means to ſay—"If ever you wiſhed that the deity who preſides over chaſtity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the ſame perſon; or, in other words, if ever you wiſhed for the honeſt and lawful completion of your chaſte deſires." I believe, however, the words were accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read—
Love dearly, and wiſh chaſtly, that your Dian, &c.
MALONE.

9 —— *tell true.*] This is an evident interpolation. It is needleſs, becauſe it repeats what the Counteſs had already ſaid: it is injurious, becauſe it ſpoils the meaſure. STEEVENS.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive[2] were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[3] have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt

[2] —— *notes, whoſe faculties* incluſive—] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were incloſed than appeared to obſervation.
JOHNSON.

[3] Embowell'd *of their doctrine,*] i. e. exhauſted of their ſkill. So, in the old ſpurious play of *K. John:*
" Back war-men, back; *embowel* not the clime."
STEEVENS.

Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt[4]
Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:[5]
Be gone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] *There's ſomething* hints
More than my father's ſkill, ——
—— that *his good receipt*, &c.] The old copy reads—*ſomething* in't. Steevens.

Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhows that we ſhould read—

There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill,——
—— *that his good receipt* ——

i. e. I have a ſecret premonition, or preſage. Warburton.

This neceſſary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Malone.

[5] —— into *thy attempt:*] So in the old copy. We might more intelligibly read, according to the third folio,—unto *thy attempt.* Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *with young Lords taking leave for the* Florentine *war*; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

KING. Farewell,[6] young lord, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:[7]—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

[6] *Farewell,* &c.] In all the latter copies theſe lines ſtood thus:

Farewell, young lords; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, *farewell*;
Share the advice betwixt you; *if both* again,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd.

The third line in that ſtate was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

Farewell, young lord: *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; *you, my* lord, *farewell*;
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

The firſt edition, from which the paſſage is reſtored, was ſufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not underſtand. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *and you, my* lord, *farewell:*] The old copy, both in this and the following inſtance, reads—*lords*, STEEVENS.

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (beſides Bertram) went to ſerve in Italy; and therefore I think the King's ſpeech ſhould be corrected thus:

Farewell, young lord; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; *and you, my* lord, *farewell*;

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege.[8] Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it;[9] when

what follows, ſhows this correction to be neceſſary:

" Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all," &c.

TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is clearly right. Advice is the only thing that may be ſhared between two, and yet both gain all.

M. MASON.

[8] ——— *and yet my heart*
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege.] i. e. as the common phraſe runs, *I am ſtill heart-whole*; my ſpirits, by not ſinking under my diſtemper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *let higher Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other ſide the lower: and the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction, the Adriatick being called the upper Sea and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe

The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,

might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now conſider ſenſe. The King ſays *higher* Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, Florence, to whom theſe volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Thoſe baſtards *that inherit*, &c.

with this note:

" Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and ſtates which aroſe out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the laſt of the four great monarchies of the world."

Dr. Warburton's obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this, *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy*. To *abate* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— till ignorance deliver you,
" As moſt *abated* captives to ſome nation
" That won you without blows."

And *bated* is uſed in a kindred ſenſe in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— in a bondman's key,
" With *bated* breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs."

The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law.

JOHNSON.

In confirmation of Johnſon's opinion, that *higher* relates to ſituation, not to dignity, we find in the third ſcene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords ſays,—" What will Count Rouſillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?"

M. MASON.

Thoſe 'bated may here ſignify " thoſe being *taken away* or *excepted.*" *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language ſtill uſed with this meaning. This parenthetical ſentence implies no more than *they excepted who poſſeſs modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire.* HOLT WHITE.

That fame may cry you loud:[2] I ſay, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.[3]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with![4] By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

[2] *That fame may cry you loud:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" ——*fame* with her *loud'ſt* O yes,
" *Cries*, This is he." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *beware of being captives,*
Before you ſerve.] The word *ſerve* is equivocal; the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *and no ſword worn,*
But one to dance *with!*] It ſhould be remembered that in Shakſpeare's time it was uſual for gentlemen to dance with ſwords

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.[5]

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.[6]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:—You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,[7] an emblem of

on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient cuſtom in *Antony and Cleopatra:* Act III. ſc. ix:

" ——— He, at Philippi kept
" His ſword, even like a *dancer.*"

See Mr. Steevens's note there. Malone.

5 —— I'll *ſteal* away.——
There's honour *in the theft.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" There's *warrant* in that theft,
" Which *ſteals* itſelf——." Steevens.

6 *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] I read thus—*Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body.* Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted.

Johnson.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. iii:

" ——it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." Steevens.

As they grow together, the tearing them aſunder was torturing a body. Johnſon's amendment is unneceſſary, M. Mason.

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, (" like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a diſruption of limbs which are now common to both. Malone.

7 ——with *his cicatrice,*] The old copy reads,—*his cicatrice* with. Steevens.

war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him riſe.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar;[8] and

It is ſurpriſing, none of the editors could ſee that a ſlight tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common ſenſe in the paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch tranſpoſition. Parolles only means, "You ſhall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a ſcar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my ſword gave him." Theobald.

[8] ——*they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there* do *muſter true gait*, &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter*, to *muſter*.—*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time*, ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps.—*There to muſter true gait*, ſignifies to aſſemble together in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy. Warburton.

I think this emendation cannot be ſaid to give much light to the obſcurity of the paſſage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—They *do muſter* with the *true gait*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*maſter* true gait. To *maſter* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"As if he *maſter'd* there a double ſpirit
"Of teaching and of learning——."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"Between the promiſe of his greener days,
"And thoſe he *maſters* now."

though the devil lead the meaſure,[9] ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought[2] his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

In this laſt inſtance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600, and 1608, read *muſters*. Steevens.

The obſcurity of the paſſage ariſes only from the fantaſtical language of a character like Parolles, whoſe affectation of wit urges his imagination from one alluſion to another, without allowing time for his judgement to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the firſt image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *ſpeaking*, &c. are the ſeveral ornaments which they *muſter*, place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done *under the influence of the moſt received ſtar*; that is, the perſon in the higheſt repute for ſetting the faſhions:—and though the devil were to lead the meaſure or *dance* of faſhion, ſuch is their implicit ſubmiſſion, that even he muſt be followed. Henley.

[9] ——*lead the* meaſure,] i. e. the dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Beatrice ſays: "Tell him there is *meaſure* in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer." Steevens.

[2] —— *brought* —] Some modern editions read—*bought*. Malone.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:[3]
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them:[4] I have ſeen a medicine,[5]
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[6]
With ſpritely fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch[7]
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,

[3] —— *acroſs:*] This word, as has been already obſerved, is uſed when any paſs of wit miſcarries. JOHNSON.

While chivalry was in vogue, breaking ſpears againſt a quintain was a favourite exerciſe. He who ſhivered the greateſt number was eſteemed the moſt adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if atchieved by a ſide-ſtroke or *acroſs*, it ſhowed unſkilfulneſs, and diſgraced the practiſer. Here, therefore, Lafeu reflects on the King's wit as aukward and ineffectual, and, in the terms of play, good for nothing.

HOLT WHITE.

See *As you Like it*, Act III. ſc. iv. p. 113. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*yes, but you will,*
My noble grapes, &c.] The words—*My noble grapes*, ſeem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer to ſtand ſo much in the way, that they have ſilently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loſs, but I believe they are Shakſpeare's words. *You will eat*, ſays Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat ſuch noble grapes*, as I bring you, *if you could reach them.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *medicine,*] is here put for a *ſhe-phyſician.* HANMER.

[6] —— *and make you dance* canary,] Mr. Rich. Broome, in his comedy entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the Breeches*, Act IV. ſc. i. mentions this among other dances: "As for corantoes, lavoltos, jigs, meaſures, pavins, brawls, galliards or *canaries*; I ſpeak it not ſwellingly, but I ſubſcribe to no man."

Dr. GREY.

[7] —— *whoſe ſimple* touch, &c.] Thus, *Ovid*, Amor. III. vii. 41:

Illius ad tactum *Pylius juveneſcere poſſit,*
Tithonoſque annis fortior eſſe ſuis. STEEVENS.

To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write [8] to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,[9]
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: [2] Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

[8] *And write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been loſt. Malone.

[9] ——*her years*, profeſſion,] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. Warburton.

[2] *Than I dare blame my weakneſs:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's perplexed expreſſions. "To acknowledge how much ſhe has aſtoniſhed me, would be to acknowledge a weakneſs; and this I am unwilling to do." Steevens.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—"That the amazement ſhe excited in him was ſo great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakneſs, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occaſioned it." M. Mason.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

LAF. Nay, come your ways.

KING. This haſte hath wings indeed.

LAF. Nay, come your ways;[3]
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle,[4]
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

KING. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

HEL. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.[5]

KING. I knew him.

HEL. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,[6]
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd

[3] ——*come your ways*;] This vulgariſm is alſo put into the mouth of *Polonius*. See *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[4] —— Creſſid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Creſſida*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*well found*.] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a* triple *eye*,] i. e. a *third* eye. STEEVENS.

With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,[7]
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:

[7] ——— *wherein the honour*
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,] Perhaps we may better read:
——— *wherein the* power
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in honour.
JOHNSON.

So holy writ in babes hath judgement ſhown,
When judges have been babes.[6] Great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dried,
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.[7]
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.[8]

[6] *So holy writ in babes hath judgement ſhown,*
When judges have been babes.] The alluſion is to St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi. 25. "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, becauſe *thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.*" See alſo 1 Cor. i. 27. "But God hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe; and God hath choſen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MALONE.

[7] *When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.*] I do not ſee the import or connection of this line. As the next line ſtands without a correſpondent rhyme, I ſuſpect that ſomething has been loſt. JOHNSON.

I point the paſſage thus; and then I ſee no reaſon to complain of want of connection:

When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.

Shakſpeare, after alluding to *the production of water from a rock*, and *the drying up of the Red Sea*, ſays, that *miracles had been denied by the* GREATEST; or in other words, that the ELDERS of ISRAEL (who juſt before, in reference to another text, were ſtyled *judges*) had notwithſtanding theſe miracles, wrought for their own preſervation, refuſed that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the Book of Exodus, and particularly Ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c.
HENLEY.

So holy writ, &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when "a young youth," the two Elders in the ſtory of *Suſannah*. *Great floods*, i. e. when Moſes ſmote the rock in Horeb, Exod. xvii.

——*great ſeas have dry'd*
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.

Dr. Johnſon did *not ſee the import or connection of this line.* It certainly refers to the children of Iſrael paſſing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied, or *not hearkened to*, by Pharaoh.
HOLT WHITE.

[8] ——*and deſpair moſt* ſits.] The old copy reads—*ſhifts*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;[9]
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,[2]
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;[3]

[9] *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim*;] i. e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. WARBURTON.

I rather think that ſhe means ſo ſay,—*I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak. JOHNSON.

[2] *The greateſt* grace *lending* grace,] I ſhould have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been ſuperfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the ſpeech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

The former *grace* in this paſſage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently ſignify *divine grace*. HENLEY.

[3] ——his *ſleepy lamp*;] Old copy—her *ſleepy lamp*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.[4]

[4] ——— *a divulged ſhame,—*
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.] *I would bear* (ſays ſhe) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a ſtrumpet; would endure a ſhame reſulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the ſubject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwiſe branded*; and, no worſe of worſt extended, i. e. *provided nothing worſe is offered to me*, (meaning violation,) *let my life be ended with the worſt of tortures.* The poet for the ſake of rhyme has obſcured the ſenſe of the paſſage. *The worſt that can befal a woman, being extended to me*, ſeems to be the meaning of the laſt line. STEEVENS.

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldneſs of a ſtrumpet:—*a divulged ſhame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—*my maiden name's ſeared otherwiſe*; i. e. to be ſtigmatized as a proſtitute:—*no worſe of worſt extended*; i. e. to be ſo defamed that nothing ſeverer can be ſaid againſt thoſe who are moſt publickly reported to be infamous. Shakſpeare has uſed the word *ſear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the ſame ſenſe as above:

" ——— for calumny will *ſear*
" Virtue itſelf!"——

And " The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought."
HENLEY.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wiſh to read and point the latter part of the paſſage thus:

——— *my maiden's name*
Sear'd otherwiſe; nay, worſt *of worſt, extended*
With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak;[5]
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.[6]
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate;[7]
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all[8]
That happineſs and prime[9] can happy call:

i. e. Let me be otherwiſe branded;—and (what is *the worſt of worſt*, the conſummation of miſery,) my body being extended on the rack by the moſt cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my preſumption.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

" ——the *worſt of worſt* of ills."

No was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio.

Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

" If ſhe be fat, then ſhe is ſwollen, ſay,
" If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;
" If ſlender, leane, meagre and worne away,
" If courtly, wanton, *worſt of worſt* before." Malone.

[5] *Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;*
His powerful ſound, *within an organ weak:*] The verb, *doth ſpeak*, in the firſt line, ſhould be underſtood to be repeated in the conſtruction of the ſecond, thus:

His powerful ſound ſpeaks *within a weak organ.* Heath.

This, in my opinion, is a very juſt and happy explanation. Steevens.

[6] *And what impoſſibility would ſlay*
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.] i. e. and that which, if I truſted to my reaſon, I ſhould think impoſſible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by ſome bleſſed ſpirit, think thee capable of effecting. Malone.

[7] ——*in thee hath* eſtimate;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. Johnson.

[8] *Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage*, virtue, *all*—] The old copy omits *virtue*. It was ſupplied by Dr. Warburton, to remedy a defect in the meaſure. Steevens.

[9] —*prime*—] Youth; the ſpring or morning of life. Johnson.

Should we not read—*pride?* Dr. Johnſon explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not ſee any other plauſible interpre-

Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[2]
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[3]

tation that can be given of it. But how does that ſuit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, That happineſs and *youth* can happy call."—*Happineſs and pride* may ſignify, I think, *the pride of happineſs*; the proudeſt ſtate of happineſs. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Act III. ſc. i. *the voice and echo*, is put for *the voice of echo*, or, *the echoing voice*. TYRWHITT.

I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *prime* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive, but that it means, that *ſprightly vigour* which uſually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things ſeeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have paſſed over a good part of my age in ſound and perfect health. I ſay, not only ſound, but blithe and wantonly-luſtful. That ſtate, full of luſt, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the conſideration of ſickneſſes ſo yrkſome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

[2] ——*in* property —] In *property* ſeems to be here uſed, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a ſubſequent paſſage it ſeems to mean either a thing poſſeſſed, or a ſubject diſcriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is ſhould go,
"Not by the title." MALONE.

[3] *Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of* heaven.] The old copy reads:

——*my hopes of* help. STEEVENS.

The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore Helen might ſuſpect he

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:[4]
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—

meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme: and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven. THIRLBY.

[4] *With any* branch *or* image *of thy ſtate:*] Shakſpeare unqueſtionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graff, or ſlip, or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of France, Caxton calls our Prince Arthur, *that noble* impe *of fame*. WARBURTON.

Image is ſurely the true reading, and may mean any repreſentative of thine; i. e. any one who reſembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your ſtate and majeſty. There is no ſuch word as *impage*; and, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, were ſuch a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Mr. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the *collateral* deſcendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line*. STEEVENS.

Our author again uſes the word *image* in the ſame ſenſe as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn."

MALONE.

Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Counteſs's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhow myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;[5] the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

[5] *It is like a* barber's chair, *&c.*] This expreſſion is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs.*

So, in *More Fooles Yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams. 4to. 1610:

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger,[6] as

" Moreover ſattin ſutes he doth compare
" Unto the ſervice of a *barber's chayre*;
" As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
" As for a knight or worthy gentleman." Steevens.

[6] ——Tib's ruſh *for* Tom's fore-finger,] *Tom* is the man, and by *Tib* we are to underſtand the woman, and therefore, more properly we might read—Tom's *ruſh for*, &c. The alluſion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a ruſh ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of eſpouſal uſed in France, by ſuch perſons as meant to live together in a ſtate of concubinage: but in England it was ſcarce ever practiſed except by deſigning men, for the purpoſe of corrupting thoſe young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, biſhop of Saliſbury, in his *Conſtitutions*, *anni*, 1217, forbids the putting of *ruſh rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he inſinuates as the reaſon of the prohibition, that there were ſome people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jeſt, was a real marriage.

But notwithſtanding this cenſure on it, the practice was not aboliſhed; for it is alluded to in a ſong in a play written by ſir William D'Avenant, called *The Rivals:*

" I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
" And I'll marry thee with a *ruſh ring*."

which ſong, by the way, was firſt ſung by Miſs Davis; ſhe acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was ſo pleaſed with her voice and action, that he took her from the ſtage, and made her his miſtreſs.

Again, in the ſong called *The Wincheſter Wedding*, in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 276:

" Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
" And blithe as a bird in the ſpring;
" And Tommy was ſo to Katy,
" And wedded her with a *ruſh ring*." Sir J. Hawkins.

Tib and *Tom*, in plain Engliſh, I believe, ſtand for *wanton* and *rogue*. So, in *Churchyard's Choiſe:*

" Tuſhe, that's a toye; let *Tomkin* talke of *Tibb*."

a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Again, in the *Queenes Majeſties Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk*, &c. by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. no date:

Cupid.

" And doth not *Jove* and *Mars* bear ſway? Tuſh, that is true."

Philoſopher.

" Then put in *Tom* and *Tibbe*, and all beares ſway as much as you." STEEVENS.

An anonymous writer, [Mr. Ritſon,] with ſome probability, ſuppoſes that this is one of thoſe covert alluſions in which Shakſpeare frequently indulges himſelf. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* ſeem to countenance the ſuppoſition:

" Nay, thoſe which modeſty can mean,
" But dare not ſpeak, are Epicene.
" That gameſter needs muſt overcome,
" That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins would read—" as *Tom's* ruſh for *Tib's* fore-finger." But if this were the author's meaning, it would be neceſſary to alter ſtill farther, and to read—As *Tom's* ruſh for Tib's *fourth* finger. MALONE.

At the game of Gleek, the ace was called *Tib*, and the knave *Tom*; and this is the proper explanation of the lines cited from Cleiveland. The practice of marrying with a *ruſh ring* mentioned by Sir John Hawkins is very queſtionable, and it might be difficult to find any authority in ſupport of this opinion. DOUCE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unneceſſary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the laſt ſcene of *Twelfth Night*, the prieſt giving an account of Olivia's marriage, ſays, it was

" Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
" Strengthen'd by *enterchangement of your rings*."

M. MASON.

I believe what many of us have aſſerted reſpecting the exchange of rings in the *marriage ceremony*, is only true of the *marriage contract*, in which ſuch a practice undoubtedly prevailed.

STEEVENS.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,[7] if we could:—I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, ſir,[8]——There's a ſimple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, ſir, I think.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Spare not me.

[7] *To be young again,*] The lady cenſures her own levity in trifling with her jeſter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. Johnson.

[8] *O Lord, ſir,*] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. Warburton.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" You conceive me, ſir?——*O Lord, ſir!*"

Cleiveland, in one of his ſongs, makes his Gentleman—

" Anſwer, *O Lord, ſir!* and talk *play-book* oaths."

Farmer.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir,* at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, ſir,* is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, ſir:* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You underſtand me?

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern[9] and

[9] ——*modern*—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you Like it:*

"Full of wiſe ſaws, and *modern* inſtances."

Again, in another play: [*All's well*, &c. Act V. ſc. iii.] "—with her *modern* grace—." Malone.

familiar things, ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge,[9] when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.[2]

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts,——

Par. So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,[3]—

9 —— enſconcing *ourſelves* into *ſeeming knowledge,*] To *enſconce* literally ſignifies to ſecure as in a fort. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I will *enſconce* me behind the arras." *Into* (a frequent practice with old writers) is uſed for *in.* STEEVENS.

2 —— *unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here an object of fear. JOHNSON.

3 Par. *So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.*

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows,*] Shakſpeare, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. Paracelſus, though no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt, was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or faſhionable to Paracelſus. Sancy, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to ſay: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique." WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this ſcene conſiſts in the pretenſions of Parolles to knowledge and ſentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paſſages in which the words and ſenſe are beſtowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts——*

Par. So I ſay.

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentick fellows——*

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* JOHNSON.

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhowing, you ſhall read it in,——What do you call there?[4]—

Laf. A ſhowing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.[5]

Par. That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier:[6] 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect——

——authentick *fellows*,] The phraſe of the diploma is, *authenticè* licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.

The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

" For which thoſe grave and ſtill *authentick* ſages,
" Which ſought for knowledge in thoſe golden ages,
" From whom we hold the ſcience that we have," &c.

MALONE.

[4] Par. *It is, indeed: if you will have it* in *ſhowing*, &c.] We ſhould read, I think: *It is, indeed, if you will have it* a *ſhowing—you ſhall read it in what do you call there.*— TYRWHITT.

Does not, *if you will have it* IN *ſhowing*, ſignify IN a demonſtration or ſtatement of the caſe? HENLEY.

[5] *A ſhowing of a heavenly effect*, &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

[6] *Why, your* dolphin *is not luſtier:*] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is ſo tranſlated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit,[7] that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king,[8] as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

What Mr. Steevens obſerves is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think that by *dolphin* in the paſſage before us the fiſh ſo called was meant. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——His delights
" Were *dolphin*-like; they ſhow'd his back above
" The element he liv'd in."

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's ſon, would ſurely have ſaid—" *the* dolphin." I uſe the old ſpelling. MALONE.

In the colloquial language of Shakſpeare's time *your* was frequently employed as it is in this paſſage: So, in *Hamlet*, the Gravedigger obſerves, that " *your* water is a ſore decayer of *your* whorſon dead body." Again, in *As you Like it:* " *Your* if is the only peacemaker." STEEVENS.

[7] ——facinorous *ſpirit,*] This word is uſed in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller,* 1633:

" And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds."

Facinorous is wicked, The old copy ſpells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not deſigned for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common ſpelling. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made,* &c.] I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be——*

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

PAR. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

LAF. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays:[9] I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

PAR. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

LAF. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to repreſent are never ſet down; but only the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech which belongs to their partner in the ſcene. If the plays of Shakſpeare were printed (as there is good reaſon to ſuſpect) from theſe piece-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily may the miſtake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnſon has judiciouſly ſtrove to remedy? STEEVENS.

9 Luſtick, *as the Dutchman ſays:*] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, pleaſant. It is uſed in *Hans Beer-pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

" ——————can walk a mile or two
" As *luſtique* as a boor——."

Again, in *The Witches of Lancaſhire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

" What all *luſtick*, all frolickſome!"

The burden alſo of one of our ancient *Medleys* is

" Hey *Luſticke*." STEEVENS.

In the narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is ſaid, that after a night ſpent in prayer, &c. by ſome of the priſoners, " the Dutch that guarded them offered them wine, bidding them drink *luſtick*, and drive away the ſorrow, according to the cuſtom of their own nation." REED.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice [2]
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one! [3]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[4] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken [5] than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

[2] *O'er whom both ſovereign power and* father's *voice*—] They were his *wards* as well as his ſubjects. Henley.

[3] ——*marry, to each,* but one!] I cannot underſtand this paſſage in any other ſenſe, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in conſequence of Helena's wiſh of *one* fair and virtuous miſtreſs *to each* of the lords. If that be ſo, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt's obſervations on this paſſage are not conceived with his uſual ſagacity. He miſtakes the import of the words *but one,* which does not mean *one only,* but *except one.*

Helena wiſhes a fair and virtuous miſtreſs to each of the young lords who were preſent, one only excepted; and the perſon excepted is Bertram, whoſe miſtreſs ſhe hoped ſhe herſelf ſhould be; and ſhe makes the exception out of modeſty: for otherwiſe the deſcription of a fair and virtuous miſtreſs would have extended to herſelf. M. Mason.

[4] ——*bay Curtal,*] i. e. a bay, dock'd horſe. Steevens.

[5] *My mouth no more were* broken—] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth. Johnson.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:——
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.[6]

King. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute.[7]

[6] *We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,*
Let the white death, *&c.*] In the original copy, theſe lines are pointed thus:

We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever; &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. The preſent regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer ſenſe. "My bluſhes, (ſays Helen,) thus whiſper me. We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt have the nomination of thy huſband. However, chooſe him at thy peril. But, if thou be refuſed, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never reviſit them again."

The bluſhes, which are here perſonified, could not be ſuppoſed to know that Helena would be refuſed, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would ſurely have written "—*and* be refuſed," not "—*but* be refuſed."

Be refus'd means the ſame as—"thou being refuſed,"—or, "be thou refuſed." Malone.

The *white death* is the *chloroſis*. Johnson.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[8] for my life.

Hel. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her[9]? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a* Lord.] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

[7] ——*all* the reſt is mute.] i. e. I have no more to ſay to you. So, Hamlet: "——*the reſt is ſilence.*" Steevens.

[8] —— *ames-ace*—] i. e. the loweſt chance of the dice. So, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "——may I at my laſt ſtake, &c. throw *ames-aces* thrice together." Steevens.

[9] Laf. *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made. Johnson.

Laf. There's one grape yet,[2]—I am ſure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*To* Bertram.] but I give
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

[2] *There's one grape yet,*] This ſpeech the three laſt editors [Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton,] have perplexed themſelves by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of ſenſe. I have reſtored the old reading, and ſhould have thought no explanation neceſſary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently miſunderſtood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood——but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.* Johnson.

King. 'Tis only title[3] thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat,[4] pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,[5]
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions ſwell,[6] and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:[7]
The property by what it is ſhould go,

[3] *'Tis only title*—] i. e. the want of title. Malone.

[4] *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of *the ſame* colour, weight, &c. Malone.

[5] *From loweſt place* when *virtuous things proceed,*] The old copy has—*whence.* This eaſy correction [*when*] was preſcribed by Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

[6] *Where great* additions *ſwell,*] *Additions* are the titles and deſcriptions by which men are diſtinguiſhed from each other. Malone.

[7] ——— *good alone*
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:] Shakſpeare may mean, that external circumſtances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itſelf) *without a name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good. Vileneſs is ſo* (i. e. is itſelf.) Either of them is what its name implies:

" The property by what it is ſhould go,
" Not by the title ——."
" Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
" 'Tis not the devil's creſt." *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Steevens.

Steevens's laſt interpretation of this paſſage is very near being right; but I think it ſhould be pointed thus:

——*good alone*
Is good;—without a name, vileneſs is ſo.

Meaning that good is good without any addition, and vileneſs

Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;[8]
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the fire:[9] Honours beſt thrive,[2]
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb

would ſtill be vileneſs, though we had no ſuch name to diſtinguiſh it by. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Macbeth:*

" Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
" Yet grace muſt ſtill look *ſo.*"

That is, grace would ſtill be grace, as vileneſs would ſtill be vileneſs. M. MASON.

The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly diſtinction or title: ſo vileneſs is vile, in whatever ſtate it may appear. MALONE.

[8] *In theſe to nature ſhe's* immediate heir;] To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter: thus ſhe inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is tranſmitted by anceſtors. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *that is honour's ſcorn,*
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the fire:] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*,—honourably deſcended: the child of honour. MALONE.

Honour's born, is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here uſed, as *bairn* ſtill is in the North. HENLEY.

[2] *And is not like the fire: Honours* beſt *thrive*, &c.] The firſt folio omits—*beſt*; but the ſecond folio ſupplies it, as it is neceſſary to enforce the ſenſe of the paſſage, and complete its meaſure. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Honours* beſt *thrive*; in which they have followed the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced the word *beſt* unneceſſarily; not obſerving that *fire* was uſed by our author, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Where is an example of *fire*, uſed as a diſſyllable, to be found? *Fire* and *hour* were anciently written *fier* and *hower*; and conſequently the concurring vowels could be ſeparated in pronunciation. STEEVENS.

Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad; Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat, I muſt produce my power:[3] Here, take her hand, Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift; That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream, We, poizing us in her defective ſcale, Shall weigh thee to the beam;[4] that wilt not know,

[3] *My honour's at the ſtake; which to* defeat,
I muſt produce my power:] The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make uſe of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his honour. THEOBALD.

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clauſe* of the ſentence (as the grammarians ſay) ſerved for the antecedent "Which *danger* to *defeat*," there had been no need of his wit or his alteration. FARMER.

Notwithſtanding Mr. Theobald's pert cenſure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I ſhould be glad to ſee it reſtored again, as I am perſuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) ſignifies *to free, to diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Defaire un nœud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this ſenſe, I apprehend, *defeat* is here uſed. It may be obſerved, that our verb *undo* has the ſame varieties of ſignification; and I ſuppoſe even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the ſenſe of this paſſage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the ſtake, which to* undo *I muſt produce my power.* TYRWHITT.

[4] ——— *that canſt not dream,*
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam;] That canſt not underſtand, that

It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers,[5] and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,

if you and this maiden ſhould be weighed together, and our royal favours ſhould be thrown into her ſcale, (which you eſteem ſo light,) we ſhould make that in which you ſhould be placed, to ſtrike the beam. Malone.

[5] *Into the* ſtaggers,] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſe's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made. Johnson.

Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Cymbeline*, where Poſthumus ſays:

" Whence come theſe *ſtaggers* on me?" Steevens.

Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night:[6] the ſolemn feaſt

[6] ——*whoſe ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient *on the* now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night:] Several of the modern editors read—new-born brief. STEEVENS.

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at leaſt obſcure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

——— what *ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night*; *the ſolemn feaſt*
Shall more attend ——.

The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is neceſſary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, ſhall be immediately *performed*; the reſt may be delayed. JOHNSON.

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*now*-born. I do not perceive that any change is neceſſary. MALONE.

The whole ſpeech is unnaturally expreſſed; yet I think it intelligible as it ſtands, and ſhould therefore reject Johnſon's amendment and explanation.

The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a licence, but is an adjective, and means *ſhort* or *contracted:* and the words *on the now-born*, ſignify *for the preſent*, in oppoſition to *upon the coming ſpace*, which means *hereafter*. The ſenſe of the whole paſſage ſeems to be this:—" The king and fortune ſmile on this contract; the ceremony of which it ſeems expedient to abridge for the preſent; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be performed at a future time, when we ſhall be able to aſſemble friends." M. MASON.

Though I have inſerted the foregoing note, I do not profeſs to comprehend its meaning fully. Shakſpeare uſes the words *expedience*, *expedient*, and *expediently*, in the ſenſe of *haſte*, *quick*, *expeditiouſly*. A *brief*, in ancient language, means any ſhort and ſummary writing or proceeding. The *now-born brief* is only another phraſe for *the contract recently and ſuddenly made*. *The ceremony of it* (ſays the king) *ſhall ſeem to haſten after its ſhort preliminary*, *and be performed to-night*, &c. STEEVENS.

Now-*born*, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, unqueſtionably ought to be reſtored. The NOW-*born brief*, is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this inſtance, formally notified the king's conſent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and Attendants.*[7]

LAF. Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleaſure, ſir?

LAF. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

PAR. Recantation?—My lord? my maſter?

LAF. Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

PAR. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

LAF. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

PAR. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

Our author often uſes *brief* in the ſenſe of a ſhort note, or intimation concerning any buſineſs; and ſometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the laſt Act of this play:

" —— ſhe told me
" In a ſweet verbal *brief*," &c.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

" To ſtop which ſcruple, let this *brief* ſuffice:—
" It is no pamper'd glutton we preſent," &c.

The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I believe, is;—Good fortune, and the king's favour ſmile on this ſhort contract; the ceremonial part of which ſhall *immediately* paſs,—*ſhall follow cloſe on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

[7] The old copy has the following ſingular continuation: *Parolles and Lafeu ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.* This could have been only the marginal note of a prompter, and was never deſigned to appear in print. STEEVENS.

To *comment* means, I believe, to aſſume the appearance of perſons deeply engaged in thought. MALONE.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[8] to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;[9] and that thou art ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my

[8] ——*for two ordinaries*—] While I ſat twice with thee at table. Johnson.

[9] ——*taking up*;] To *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*; as well as to *pick off the ground*. Johnson.

knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default,[2] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[3] [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;[4] ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

[2] —— *in the default,*] That is, *at a need.* Johnson.

[3] —— *for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] The conceit, which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt—I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt *by thee.* Johnson.

Lafeu means to ſay, "for doing I am paſt, as I will *paſs* by thee in what motion age will permit." Lafeu ſays, that he will *paſs* by Parolles, not that he will be *paſſed* by him; and Lafeu is actually the perſon who goes out. M. Mason.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much,* ſays Lafeu; *doing I am* paſt, as I will by thee *in what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will* paſs *by thee as faſt as I am able:*—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *paſt:* the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakſpeare plainly meant it." Malone.

Doing is here uſed obſcenely. So, in Ben Jonſon's tranſlation of a paſſage in an *Epigram* of Petronius:

Brevis eſt, &c. *et fœda voluptas.*

"*Doing* a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort." Collins.

[4] *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;*] This the poet makes Parolles ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward ſhould try to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf. An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. Warburton.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion.[5] You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

[5] ——*than the heraldry of your birth*, &c.] In former copies:—*than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer reſtored it. JOHNSON.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;[6]
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.[7]

[6] *That hugs his* kickſy-wickſy, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloſſary, obſerves that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in diſdain of his *debtors*, entitled, *A kickſy-winſy*, or a *Lerry come-twang*.
GREY.

[7] *To the* dark houſe, &c.] The *dark houſe* is a houſe made gloomy

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me,
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow[8]
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

by diſcontent. Milton ſays of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
" Grew *darker* at their frown." Johnson.

Perhaps this is the ſame thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more ſolemnly expreſſed:

" —— he's as tedious
" As is a tired horſe, a *railing wife*,
" Worſe than a *ſmoaky houſe*."

The proverb originated before chimneys were in general uſe, which was not till the middle of Elizabeth's reign. See *Piers Plowman*, paſſus 17:

" Thre thinges there be that doe a man by ſtrength
" For to flye his owne houſe, as holy wryte ſheweth:
" That one is a wycked wife, that wyll not be chaſtyſed;
" Her fere flyeth from her, for feare of her tonge:—
" And when *ſmolke* and *ſmoulder ſmight in his ſyghte*,
" It doth him worſe than his *wyfe*, or wete to ſlepe;
" *For ſmolke or ſmoulder, ſmiteth in his eyen*
" *'Til he be bleav'd or blind*," &c.

The old copy reads—*detected* wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. Steevens.

The emendation is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
" Of a *deteſting* lord." Malone.

[8] *I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow*—] As this line wants a foot, I ſuppoſe our author wrote—" *Betimes* to-morrow." So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— I will to-morrow,
" *Betimes* I will," &c. Steevens.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.[8]

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

[8] ——*fortunes.*] Old copy—*fortune.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[9]—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow
ledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;[2]

[9] —— *and* well fed.] An alluſion, perhaps, to the old ſaying—"Better fed than taught;" to which the Clown has himſelf alluded in a preceding ſcene:—"I will ſhow myſelf *highly fed* and lowly taught." Steevens.

[2] *But puts it off* by *a compell'd reſtraint*;] The old copy reads—*to* a compell'd reſtraint. Steevens.

The editor of the third folio reads—*by* a compell'd reſtraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without neceſſity. Our poet might have meant, in his uſual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wiſhes *to* a future day, *till* which he is *compelled* to *reſtrain* his deſires. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is very harſh; but our author is often ſo licentious in his

Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets,
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,[2]
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[3]

Hel. What more commands he?

phraſeology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In *K. Henry VIII.* we have a phraſeology not very different:

" —— All-ſouls day
" Is the *determin'd reſpite* of my wrongs."

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are reſpited. Malone.

[2] *Whoſe want, and whoſe delay*, &c.] The *ſweets* with which that *want* are *ſtrewed*, I ſuppoſe, are compliments and profeſſions of kindneſs. Johnson.

Johnſon ſeems not to have underſtood this paſſage; the meaning of which is merely this:—" That the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come." The *curbed time*, means the time of reſtraint. *Whoſe want*, means *the want of which*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, Theſeus ſays:

" ——— A day or two
" Let us look ſadly,—*in whoſe end*,
" The viſages of bridegrooms we'll put on." M. Mason.

The *ſweets* which are diſtilled, by the reſtraint ſaid to be impoſed on Bertram, from " the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the ſweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here ſpeaking of Bertram's feelings during this " curbed time," not, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought, of thoſe of Helena. The following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida* may prove the beſt comment on the preſent paſſage:

" I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
" The *imaginary* reliſh is ſo *ſweet*
" That it enchants my ſenſe. What will it be,
" When that the watery palate *taſtes indeed*
" Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
" Swooning deſtruction;" &c. Malone.

[3] ——*probable need.*] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity.

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you preſently Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.[4]

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir. [*To* Bertram.

[4] ——*a* bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſis*, 1601: "——but foreſters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A goſhawk beats not a *bunting*." Steevens.

Laf. 'Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king?

[*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds,[5] and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leap'd into the cuſtard;[6] and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

[5] *A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds,* &c.] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

"*Gav.* What art thou?
"2 *Poor Man.* A *traveller.*
"*Gav.* Let me ſee; thou would'ſt well
"To wait on my trencher, and *tell me lies at dinner-time.*"

Malone.

[6] *You have made ſhift to run into't,* boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leap'd *into the* cuſtard;] This odd alluſion is not introduced

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve[7] at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

without a view to ſatire. It was a foolery practiſed at city entertainments, whilſt the jeſter or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, *to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh*, as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without ſome authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonſon will very well explain it:

" He may perchance, in tail of a ſheriff's dinner,
" Skip with a rhime o' th' table, from New-nothing,
" And take his *Almain-leap* into a *cuſtard*,
" Shall make my lady mayoreſs, and her ſiſters,
" Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders."

Devil's an aſs, Act I. ſc. i. Theobald.

[7] ——*than you have or will deſerve*—] The oldeſt copy erroneouſly reads—have or will *to* deſerve. Steevens.

Something ſeems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the paſſage. Perhaps we ſhould read—than you have *qualities* or will to deſerve. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—than you have or will deſerve——. Malone.

For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home;
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I entreat you:[8]
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhows itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[9]
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

[8] *And rather* muſe, &c.] To *muſe* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*: "Do not *muſe* at me my moſt noble friends." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the wealth I* owe;] i. e. *I own, poſſeſs*. STEEVENS.

But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewell.[2] [*Exit* Helena.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Where are my other men,* monſieur?—Farewell.] In former copies:

Hel. Where are my other men? *Monſieur, farewell.*

What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is ſhe ſuppoſed to aſk for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the court without ſome attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the ſtage: Bertram, obſerving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhow of haſte, aſks Parolles for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion. Theobald.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and Others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſon of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,[3]
But like a common and an outward man,[4]
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion:[5] therefore dare not

[3] —— *I cannot* yield,] I cannot inform you of the reaſons. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
" But well and free,
" If thou ſo *yield* him, there is gold ——." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARBURTON.

So, *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. " I was an *inward* of his." *Meaſure for Meaſure.* JOHNSON.

[5] *By ſelf-unable motion:*] We ſhould read *notion.* WARBURTON.

This emendation has alſo been recommended by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Sparrow Sc

From an Ancient Italian Print

FLORENCE.

All's Well that Ends Well.
Act 3. Scene 1.

B L

Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature,[6]
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing;[7] aſk queſtions, and ſing;

[6] —— *the younger of our* nature,] i. e. as we ſay at preſent, *our young fellows.* The modern editors read—*nation.* I have reſtored the old reading. Steevens.

[7] Clo. *Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the* ruff, *and ſing;*] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung looſely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff.* Ben Jonſon calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it ſhould be ſo here. "Not having leiſure to put off my ſilver ſpurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour,* Act IV. ſc. vi. Whalley.

pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.[7]

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old lings and our Iſbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that[8] you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [Reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

To this faſhion Biſhop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, Signat. E. 10. "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his ſpurs gingle." MALONE.

[7] —— ſold *a goodly manor for a ſong.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—hold *a goodly*, &c. The emendation, however, which was made in the third folio, ſeems neceſſary. STEEVENS.

[8] *Clo.* E'en *that*—] Old copy—*In* that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me[9] unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome deſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[9] *Can* woman *me*—] i. e. affect me ſuddenly and deeply, as my ſex are uſually affected. Steevens.

[Reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger,*[9] *which never ſhall come off, and ſhow me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety:[2] He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

9 *When thou canſt get the ring* upon my *finger,*] i. e. When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to ſignify, when thou canſt get it on upon my finger, very ſagaciouſly alters it to—*When thou canſt get the ring* from *my finger.* Warburton.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation ſufficient; but I once read it thus: *When thou canſt get the ring upon* thy *finger, which never ſhall come off* mine. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed inconteſtably by theſe lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the ſubſtance of this letter:

" —— there is your ring;
" And, look you, here's your letter; this it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*" &c. Malone.

2 *If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs* are *thine,*
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety:] We ſhould certainly read:
—— *all the griefs* as *thine,*
inſtead of—are *thine.* M. Mason.

This ſentiment is elliptically expreſſed, but, I believe, means no more than—*If thou keepeſt all thy ſorrows to thyſelf,* i. e. " all the griefs *that* are thine," &c. Steevens.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. [Reads.] *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs.
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.[3]

[3] ——*a deal of that, too much,*
Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expreſſion:

" —— I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
" Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
" That they take place, while virtue's ſteely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind——." WARBURTON.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.[4]
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* Counteſs *and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piecing air,
That ſings with piercing,[5] do not touch my lord!

Mr. Heath thinks that the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. Malone.

4 *Not ſo*, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are ſervants to the Counteſs; ſhe replies,—No otherwiſe than as ſhe returns the ſame offices of civility. Johnson.

5 ——move *the* ſtill-piecing *air*,
That ſings with piercing,] The words are here oddly ſhuffled into nonſenſe. We ſhould read:
—— pierce *the* ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing,
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing. Warburton.

The old copy reads—*the* ſtill-*peering* air.
Perhaps we might better read:
—— *the* ſtill-piecing *air*.

Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion[6] when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rouſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,[7]
As oft it loſes all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

i. e. the air that cloſes immediately. This has been propoſed already, but I forget by whom. STEEVENS.

Piece was formerly ſpelt—*peece:* ſo that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, firſt folio, p. 262:

"Now, good Ceſario, but that *peece* of ſong—." MALONE.

I have no doubt that *ſtill-piecing* was Shakſpeare's word. But the paſſage is not yet quite ſound. We ſhould read, I believe,

——*rove the ſtill-piecing air.*

i. e. *fly at random through.* The alluſion is to *ſhooting at rovers* in archery, which was ſhooting without any particular aim.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading deſtroys the deſigned antitheſis between *move* and *ſtill*; nor is he correct in his definition of roving, which is not ſhooting without a *particular aim*, but at *marks* of *uncertain* lengths. DOUCE.

[6] ——*the* ravin *lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to ſwallow voraciouſly. MALONE.

[7] *Whence honour but of danger*, &c.] The ſenſe is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour uſually reaps from the danger it ruſhes upon, is only a ſcar in teſtimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cauſe of loſing all, even life itſelf. HEATH.

To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

DUKE. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[7]

DUKE. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,[8]
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!

BER. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *We'll ſtrive to* bear *it for your worthy ſake,*
To the extreme edge *of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:
"But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom." MALONE.
Milton has borrowed this expreſſion; *Par. Reg.* B. I:
"You ſee our danger on the utmoſt *edge*
"Of hazard." STEEVENS.

[8] *And* fortune play *upon thy proſperous* helm,] So, in *King Richard III:*
"*Fortune* and victory ſit on thy *helm!*"
Again, in *King John:*
"And victory with little loſs doth *play*
"Upon the dancing banners of the French." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

COUNT. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

STEW. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*[9] *thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno,[2] *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

[9] — *Saint* Jaques' *pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, Florence being ſomewhat out of the road from Rouſillon to Compoſtella. JOHNSON.

From Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 8vo. 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to *St. Jacques*, to which Pilgrims formerly uſed to reſort, to adore a part of the croſs pretended to be found there. REED.

[2] —— *Juno,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Hercules. JOHNSON.

Count. Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,[3]
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light:[4] my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Deſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:—
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction:—Provide this meſſenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] ——*lack* advice *ſo much,*] *Advice*, is *diſcretion* or *thought.* Johnson.

So in *King Henry V:*

"And, on his more *advice* we pardon him." Steevens.

[4] *That he does* weigh *too light:*] To *weigh* here means to *value*, or *eſteem.* So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"You *weigh* me not, O, that's you care not for me." Malone.

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

WID. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

DIA. They ſay, the French count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

WID. It is reported that he has taken their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

WID. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young earl.[5]—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under:[6]

[5] —— *thoſe* ſuggeſtions *for the young earl.*] *Suggeſtions* are temptations. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" *Suggeſtions* are to others as to me." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *are* not *the things they go under*:] They are not really ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. THEOBALD.

To go under the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs. JOHNSON.

many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *in the dreſs of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—
God ſave you pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[7] lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,[8]
But till the troops come by,

[7] ——*palmers*—] Pilgrims that viſited holy places; ſo called from a ſtaff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, eſpecially ſuch as had viſited the holy places at Jeruſalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had ſome dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to ſome certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* muſt go at his own charge, the *palmer* muſt profeſs wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profeſſion, the *palmer* muſt be conſtant." See Blount's *Gloſſography*. Anonymous.

[8] ——holy *pilgrim*,] The interpolated epithet *holy*, which adds nothing to our author's ſenſe, and is injurious to his metre, may be ſafely omitted. Steevens.

I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rouſillon: Know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king[8] had married him
Againſt his liking: Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth;[9] I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean

[8] —— for *the king*, &c.] *For*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *becauſe*. So, in *Othello:*

" —— and great buſineſs ſcant,
" *For* ſhe is with me." STEEVENS.

[9] —— mere *the truth*;] The exact, the *entire* truth. MALONE.

To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.[9]

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. A right good creature:[2] whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[3] with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

[9] ——*examin'd.*] That is, *queſtioned, doubted.* Johnson.

[2] *A* right *good creature:*] There is great reaſon to believe, that when theſe plays were copied for the preſs, the tranſcriber truſted to the ear, and not to the eye; one perſon dictating, and another tranſcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. The ſame expreſſion is found in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" A *right good creature* more to me deſerving," &c.
Malone.

Perhaps, Shakſpeare wrote—

I weet, *good creature, whereſoe'er ſhe is,*—

i. e. I know, I am well aſſured. He uſes the word in *Antony and Cleopatra.* Thus alſo, Prior:

" But well I *weet*, thy cruel wrong
" Adorns a nobler poet's ſong." Steevens.

[3] ——*brokes*—] Deals as a *broker.* Johnson.

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii.
Malone.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

MAR. The gods forbid elſe!

WID. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.

HEL. Which is the Frenchman?

DIA. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handſome gentleman?

HEL. I like him well.

DIA. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt: Yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places;[4] were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

HEL. Which is he?

DIA. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs: Why is he melancholy?

HEL. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

PAR. Loſe our drum! well.

[4] ——*Yond's that ſame knave,*
That leads him to theſe places;] What *places?* Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, of any particular locality? I make no queſtion but our author wrote:
That leads him to theſe paces.
i. e. ſuch irregular ſteps, to courſes of debauchery, to not loving his wife. THEOBALD.

The *places* are, apparently, where he
" ——*brokes* with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
" Corrupt the tender honour of a maid." STEEVENS.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething: Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this[5] virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding,[6] hold me no more in your reſpect.

[5] ——on *this*—] Old copy—*of* this. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] ——*a* hilding,] A *hilding* is a paltry cowardly fellow. So, in *King Henry V:*

"To purge the field from ſuch a *hilding* foe." Steevens.

See note on the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* Act I. ſc. i. Reed.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries,[7] when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his

[7] ——*he's carried into the* leaguer *of the adverſaries,*] i. e. *camp.* "They will not vouchſafe in their ſpeaches or writings to uſe our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not affoord to ſay, that ſuch a towne or ſuch a fort is beſieged, but that it is *belegard.*" *Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes*, &c. 1590. fo. 2. Douce.

ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgement in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his [8] ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore [9] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[2] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

[8] ——*of* his—] Old copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] ——*of* ore—] Old copy—of *ours*. MALONE.

Lump of *ours* has been the reading of all the editions. *Ore*, according to my emendation, bears a conſonancy with the other terms accompanying, (viz. *metal*, *lump*, and *melted*,) and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for ſo one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and ſuitable to it. THEOBALD.

[2] ——*if you give him not* John Drum's entertainment,] But, what is the meaning of *John Drum's entertainment?* Lafeu ſeveral times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Chriſtian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude, (printed in 1601,) called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*: Or, *The Comedy of Paſquil and Catharine*. In this, Jack Drum is a ſervant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. And there is another old piece (publiſhed in 1627) called, *Apollo ſhroving*, in which I find theſe expreſſions:

" *Thuriger.* Thou lozel, hath Slug infected you?

" Why do you give ſuch kind *entertainment* to that cobweb?

" *Scopas.* It ſhall have *Tom Drum's entertainment:* a flap with a fox-tail."

But both theſe pieces are, perhaps too late in time, to come to the aſſiſtance of our author: ſo we muſt look a little higher. What is ſaid here to Bertram is to this effect: " My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into ſo near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't caſhier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed." I will now ſubjoin a quotation from Holinſhed, (of whoſe books Shakſpeare was a moſt diligent reader) which will pretty well aſcertain Drum's

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *LORD.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[3]

BER. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *LORD.* A pox on't let it go; 'tis but a drum.

PAR. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo

hiſtory. This chronologer, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Sarſefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter or any other officer, durſt not, for both his eares, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is,* to hale a man in by the heade, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders. THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has uſed this expreſſion in the ſame manner that our author has done; ſo that there is no reaſon to ſuſpect the word *John* in the text to be a miſprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we ſhall be forced to give you right *John* Drum's entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that compoſed the book we ſhould preſent, hath—ſnatched it from us at the very inſtant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. MALONE.

Again, in Taylor's *Laugh and be fat*, 78:

"And whither now is Monsr Odcome come
"Who on his owne backe-ſide receiv'd his pay?
"Not like the *Entertainmt of Jacke Drum*,
"Who was beſt welcome when he went away."

Again, in *Manners and Cuſtoms of all Nations*, by Ed. Aſton, 1611, 4to. p. 280: "——ſome others on the contrarie part, give them *John Drum's intertainmt* reviling and beating them away from their houſes," &c. REED.

[3] ——*in any hand.*] The uſual phraſe is—*at any hand*, but *in any hand* will do. It is uſed in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456.—"he muſt be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand.*" Again, p. 508, 553, 546. STEEVENS.

loſt!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[4]

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and gô on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pre-

[4] —— *I would have that drum or another, or* hic jacet.] i. e. *Here lies*;—the uſual beginning of epitaphs. I would (ſays Parolles) recover either the drum I have loſt, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt.* Malone.

ſently pen down my dilemmas,[5] encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip,[6] will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.[7]—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he

[5] —— *I will preſently pen down my* dilemmas,] By this word, Parolles is made to inſinuate that he had ſeveral ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have found the word thus uſed in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

I think, that by penning down his *dilemmas*, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one ſide, and the probable obſtructions he was to meet with, on the other. M. MASON.

[6] —— poſſibility *of* thy *ſoldierſhip*,] *I will ſubſcribe* (ſays Bertram) *to the* poſſibility *of* your *ſoldierſhip*. His doubts being now raiſed, he ſuppreſſes that he ſhould not be ſo willing to vouch for its *probability*. STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that ſoldierſhip can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." MALONE.

[7] Par. *I love not many* words.

1 Lord. *No more than a fiſh loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaſter's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) ought in ſtrict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwiſe, having made it a triſyllable:

"Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* live."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt emboſs'd him,[8] you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him.[9] He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

1 *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

[8] ——*we have almoſt* emboſs'd *him,*] To *emboſs* a deer is to incloſe him in a wood. Milton uſes the ſame word:

" Like that ſelf-begotten bird
" In the Arabian woods *imboſt,*
" Which no ſecond knows or third." JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakſpeare was unacquainted with this word in the ſenſe which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboſcare,* Ital. to encloſe in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd.* STEEVENS.

" To know when a ſtag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* ſay) you ſhall ſee him *imboſt,* that is, *foaming* and *ſlavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth," &c. TOLLET.

[9] ——*ere we* caſe *him.*] That is, before we ſtrip him naked. JOHNSON.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you.[2] [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,[3]
Tokens and letters which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.[4]

[2] —— *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the *ſecond* lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the *firſt* lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole courſe of the dialogue ſhows this to have been a miſtake. See p. 297. "1. *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines" &c. Malone.

[3] —— *we have i'the wind,*] To have *one in the wind,* is enumerated as a proverbial ſaying by Ray, p. 261. Reed.

[4] *But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by diſcovering herſelf to the count. Warburton.

Wid. Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And, what to your ſworn counſel [5] I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhow'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny [6]
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,[7]
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds

[5] —— *to your* ſworn counſel—] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of ſecreſy. Johnson.

[6] *Now his* important *blood will nought deny*—] *Important* here, and elſewhere, is *importunate*. Johnson.

So, Spenſer in *The Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vi. ſt. 29:
"And with *important* outrage him aſſailed."
Important, from the Fr. *Emportant*. Tyrwhitt.

[7] —— *the* county *wears*,] i. e. the count. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, we have "the *county* Paris." Steevens.

In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,[8]
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſéver,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;[9]
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *after* this,] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*
And lawful meaning in a lawful *act*;] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus:

And lawful meaning in a wicked *act*;

The ſenſe of the two lines is this: It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, becauſe the

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

1 LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1 SOLD. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 LORD. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle conludes thus: *Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact*, i. e. Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the ſame ſenſe:

Unlawful *meaning in a lawful act.* JOHNSON.

Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them ſin: yet on his part it was a ſinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The firſt line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the huſband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, becauſe he intended to commit adultery. The ſecond line relates to Helena; whoſe *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as ſhe intended to reclaim her huſband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reaſon already given. The ſubſequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *ſinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, becauſe he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* ſinned: not the wife, becauſe both her intention and action were innocent; not the huſband, becauſe he did not *accompliſh* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.

1 *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1 *Sol.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1 *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment.[2] Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe:[3] chough's language,[4] gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door.

[2] ——*ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* Johnson.

[3] ——*ſo we ſeem to know, is to know,* &c.] I think the meaning is,—Our ſeeming to know what we ſpeak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpoſe immediately; to diſcover our deſign to him. *To know,* in the laſt inſtance, ſignifies *to make known.* Sir Thomas Hanmer very plauſibly reads—to *ſhow* ſtraight our purpoſe. Malone.

The ſenſe of this paſſage with the context I take to be this,—We muſt each fancy a jargon for himſelf, without aiming to be underſtood by one another, for provided we appear to underſtand, that will be ſufficient for the ſucceſs of our project. Henley.

[4] ——*chough's language,*] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" ——I myſelf could make
" A *chough of as deep chat.*" Steevens.

I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it: They will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the inſtance?[4] Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,[5] if you prattle me into theſe perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

[4] —— *the* inſtance?] The *proof.* Johnson.

[5] ——*of Bajazet's* mule,] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.* Malone.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may ſtand. In one of our old Turkiſh hiſtories, there is a pompous deſcription of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. Steevens.

Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue mentioned by Maitland, in one of his deſpatches to Secretary Cecil: "I think yow have hard the apologue off the Philoſopher who for th' emperor's pleſure tooke upon him to make a *Moyle* ſpeak: In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the *Moyle*, the Philoſopher, or Eamperor may dye before the tyme be fully ronne out." *Haynes's Collection*, 369. Parolles probably means, he muſt buy a tongue which has ſtill to learn the uſe of ſpeech, that he may run himſelf into no more difficulties by his loquacity. Reed.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtripp'd.

1 *Lord.* Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel———

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1 *Lord.* You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 Lord. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know you are the Muſkos' regiment.
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boſkos vauvado:*——
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.

1 Lord. *Oſcorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhow,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta.*——
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.
[*Exit, with* Parolles *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rouſillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em[6] that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, ſir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Inform* 'em—] Old copy—Inform *on.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

BER. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;[7]
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

DIA. She then was honeſt.

BER. So ſhould you be.

DIA. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

BER. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her;[8] but I love thee

[7] *You are no maiden, but a* monument:
——*for you are* cold *and* ſtern;] Our author had here probably in his thoughts ſome of the *ſtern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furniſhed by the rude ſculptors of his own time. He has again the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline:*

" And be her ſenſe but as a *monument,*
" Thus *in a chapel lying.*" MALONE.

I believe, the epithet *ſtern*, refers only to the ſeverity often impreſſed by death on features which, in their animated ſtate, were of a placid turn. STEEVENS.

[8] *No more of that!*
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her;] *Againſt his vows*, I believe, means—

By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,[9]
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,[2]
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

againſt his determined reſolution never to cohabit with Helena; and this *vow*, or *reſolution*, he had very ſtrongly expreſſed in his letter to the counteſs. Steevens.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webſter, 1612:

" Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*,—
" My *vow* is fix'd." Malone.

[9] *What is not holy, that we ſwear not by*,] The ſenſe is,—We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity. The tenor of the reaſoning contained in the following lines perfectly correſponds with this: If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to ſeduce you to your ruin? No, ſurely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs to love and honour, when at the ſame time we give the ſtrongeſt proof of our diſbelief in him, by purſuing a courſe which we know will offend and diſhonour him. Heath.

[2] *If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes*,] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill at a loſs. Johnson.

To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him:[3] Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recover: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſéver.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch affairs,[4]
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

[3] *To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love*, &c.] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* him whom ſhe *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To ſwear* to *him*. There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him.

JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom I proteſt to love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge.

MALONE.

[4] *I ſee, that men* make hopes *in ſuch* affairs,] The four folio editions read:

——*make* rope's *in ſuch a* ſcarre.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *ſcarre* in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631; but do not readily perceive how it can ſuit the purpoſe of the preſent ſpeaker:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,
"Look'd never but aſcance, through a ſmall creeke,
"Or little cranny of the fretted *ſcarre:*
"There have I ſometimes liv'd," &c.

Again;

"Where is the villain's body?——
"Marry, even heaved over the *ſcarr*, and ſent a ſwimming," &c.

Again:

"Run up to the top of the dreadful *ſcarre*."

Again:

"I ſtood upon the top of the high *ſcarre*,"

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ray ſays, that a *ſcarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of *Scarborough*.

STEEVENS.

I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch a ſcene,
That we'll forſake ourſelves.] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making profeſſions of love, and *acting* their aſſumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we ſhall be betrayed by our paſſions to yield to their deſires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter,—that's the *ſcene* that I would ſee," &c. Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——It ſhall be ſo my care
"To have you royally appointed, as if
"The *ſcene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I ſee, that men make ropes *in ſuch a* ſcarre, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—*make* hopes *in ſuch* affairs; and all the ſubſequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the ſame time an eaſy ſenſe, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted paſſage in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſuggeſted to me [ſcene,] the emendation now introduced. In the fifth Act Fenton deſcribes to the hoſt his ſcheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed
"Wherein fat Falſtaff had [r. hath] a mighty *ſcare*,
"Muſt Slender take her," &c.

It is manifeſt from the correſponding lines in the folio, that *ſcare* was printed by miſtake for *ſcene*; for in the folio the paſſage runs—

"——fat Falſtaff
"Hath a great *ſcene*." MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its diſſimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but alſo from the aukwardneſs of his language, where the *literal* reſemblance is moſt, like the words, rejected. *In ſuch affairs*, is a phraſe too vague for Shakſpeare, when a determined point, to which the preceding converſation had been gradually narrowing, was in queſtion; and to MAKE *hopes*, is as uncouth an expreſſion as can well be imagined.

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
Mine houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.

Nor is Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition, of *ſcene* for *ſcarre*, a whit more in point; for, firſt, *ſcarre*, in every part of England where rocks abound, is well known to ſignify *the detached protruſion of a large rock*; whereas *ſcare* is *terror* or *affright*. Nor was *ſcare*, in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, a miſtake for *ſcene*, but an intentional change of ideas; *ſcare* implying only *Falſtaff's terror*, but *ſcene* including the ſpectator's entertainment. On the ſuppoſal that *make hopes* is the true reading, *in ſuch a ſcarre*, may be taken figuratively for *in ſuch an extremity*, i. e. in ſo deſperate a ſituation.
HENLEY.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end.——
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:[5]
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

[5] ——*Since Frenchmen are ſo* braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:] *Braid* ſignifies *crafty* or *deceitful.* So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:
"Dian roſe with all her maids,
"Bluſhing thus at love his *braids.*"
Chaucer uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe; but as the paſſage where it occurs in his *Troilus and Creſſida* is conteſted, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that Bned is an Anglo-Saxon word, ſignifying *fraus, aſtus.* Again, in Tho. Drant's *Tranſlation of Horace's Epiſtles*, where its import is not very clear:
"Profeſſing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade.*"
In *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 1336, *Braid* ſeems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk.* There is nothing to anſwer it in the French, except *tantoſt.* STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.*[6] He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

[6] 1 *Lord.*] The latter editors have with great liberality beſtowed lordſhip upon theſe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. It is true that *captain* E. in a former ſcene is called *lord* E. but the ſubordination in which they ſeem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converſe, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakſpeare have been uſed to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. JOHNSON.

Theſe two perſonages may be ſuppoſed to be two young French Lords ſerving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the firſt ſcene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E. and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed theſe characters. In the liſt of actors prefixed to the firſt folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Eccleſtone, to whom theſe inſignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, theſe performers firſt repreſented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confuſion of the old copy. In the firſt ſcene of this act, one of theſe captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;[7] ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.[8]

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us,[9] to be

[7] —— till *they attain to their abhorr'd ends*;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the miſchief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. Steevens.

[8] —— *in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.*] That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhows that this is the meaning. Johnson.

[9] *Is it not* meant damnable *in us*,] I once thought that we ought to read—*Is it not* moſt *damnable*; but no change is neceſſary. Adjectives are often uſed as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
" And *damnable* ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: " —and as thou draweſt, ſwear *horrible*—."

trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company[2] anatomiz'd; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgements,[3] wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.[4]

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him *ſound.*"

Again, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman:*

" I'll beat thee *damnable.*" Malone.

Mr. M. Maſon wiſhes to read—*mean* and damnable. Steevens.

[2] ——his *company*—] i. e. his *companion.* It is ſo uſed in *King Henry V.* Malone.

[3] ——*he might take a meaſure of his own judgements,*] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. Bertram, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition. Johnson.

[4] ——*wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this* counterfeit.] Parolles is the perſon whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit,* beſides its ordinary ſignification,—[a perſon pretending to be what he is not,] ſignified alſo in our author's time a falſe coin, and a picture. The word *ſet* ſhows that it is here uſed in the firſt and the laſt of theſe ſenſes. Malone.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Serv. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night deſpatched ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of deſpatch, effected many nicer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?—— Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;[5] he

[5] ——*bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himſelf a *pattern*. Johnson.

It appears from Minſheu that *module* and *model* were ſynonymous.

has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.[6]

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long.[9] How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'the ſtocks: And what think you he hath confeſſed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

In *K. Richard II.* *model* ſignifies a thing faſhioned after an archetype:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"The *model* of our chaſte loves, his young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uſes the word here in the ſame ſenſe:—Bring forth this counterfeit *repreſentation* of a ſoldier. Malone.

[6] ——*a double-meaning propheſier.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"That palter with us in a *double ſenſe*,
"And keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
"But break it to our hope." Steevens.

[7] ——*in uſurping his* ſpurs *ſo long.*] The puniſhment of a *recreant*, or coward, was to have his ſpurs hacked off. Malone.

I believe theſe words allude only to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight*. I am yet to learn, that the ſame mode was practiſed in diſgracing daſtards of inferior rank. Steevens.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.[8]

BER. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *LORD.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1 *SOLD.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

PAR. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1 SOLD. *Boſko chimurcho.*

2 LORD. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *SOLD.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

PAR. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. *Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

PAR. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *SOLD.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

PAR. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

BER. All's one to him.[9] What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

[8] *Re-enter Soldiers, with* Parolles.] See an account of the examination of one of Henry the Eighth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may poſſibly have ſuggeſted this of Parolles) in *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594. ſig. C. iii. RITSON.

[9] *All's one to him.*] In the old copy theſe words are given by

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick[8] of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[9] in the nature he delivers it.[2]

miſtake to Parolles. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

It will be better to give theſe words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram. Ritson.

[8] ——*that had the whole* theorick—] i. e. *theory*. So, in Montaigne's Eſſaies, tranſlated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you muſt ſeek who ſhall put it in practice." Malone.

In 1597 was publiſhed "*Theorique* and Practiſe of Warre, written by Don Philip Prince of Caſtil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Tranſlated out of the Caſtilian tonge in Engliſhe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight." 4to. Reed.

[9] ——I con *him no thanks for't,*] To *con thanks* exactly anſwers the French *ſcavoir gré*. To *con* is to know. I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication*, &c.

"——I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"*I con* maſter Churms *thanks* for this."

Again, in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life:* "He would not truſt you with it, I *con* him *thanks* for it." Steevens.

[2] ——*in the nature he delivers it.*] He has ſaid truly that our numbers are about five or ſix thouſand; but having deſcribed them as "weak and unſerviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. Malone.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour,[3] I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks,[4] leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Rather, perhaps, becauſe his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpoſe. Steevens.

[3] —— *if I were to* live *this preſent hour*, &c.] I do not underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves) we ſhould read:—if I were to live *but* this preſent hour. Steevens.

Perhaps he meant to ſay—if I were to *die* this preſent hour. But fear may be ſuppoſed to occaſion the miſtake, as poor frighted Scrub cries: "Spare all I have, and take my *life*." Tollet.

[4] —— *off their* caſſocks,] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm ſays:—"He will never come within the ſight of a *caſſock* or a muſquetreſt again." Something of the ſame kind likewiſe appears to have been part of the dreſs of ruſticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, erroneouſly attributed to Shakſpeare:

"Within my cloſet there does hang a *caſſock*,
"Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a ſhepherd's."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"—————I will not ſtick to wear
"A blue *caſſock*."

On this occaſion a woman is the ſpeaker.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,[5] and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible, with well-weighing ſums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories:[6] Demand them ſingly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the ſheriff's fool[7] with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him, nay.[8]

[Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

So again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:—"Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to ſee a lady in her milk-houſe with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *caſſock of moccado?*"

In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again ſpoken of as part of a ſoldier's dreſs:

"Here, ſir, receive this military *caſſock*, it has ſeen ſervice."

"——This military *caſſock* has, I fear, ſome military hangbys." Steevens.

[5] —— *my* conditions,] i. e. my diſpoſition and character. See Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 8. Malone.

[6] —— *intergatories:*] i. e. *interrogatories*. Reed.

[7] —— *the* ſheriff's fool——] We are not to ſuppoſe that this was a *fool* kept by the *ſheriff* for his diverſion. The cuſtody of all *ideots*, &c. poſſeſſed of landed property, belonged to the King, who was intitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with neceſſaries. This prerogative, when there was a large eſtate in the caſe, was generally granted to ſome court-favourite, or other perſon who made ſuit for and had intereſt enough to obtain it,

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[9]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

which was called *begging a fool.* But where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits, by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably, as dogs or cats. Ritson.

8 —— *a dumb* innocent, *that could not say him, nay.*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish register of Charlewood in Surrey:— "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." Whalley.

Doll Common, in *The Alchemist*, being asked for her opinion of the *Widow Pliant*, observes that she is—"a good dull *innocent*." Again, in *I Would and I Would Not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

"I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
"That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
"And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,
"And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
"Weare a pide coate, a cockes combe, and a bell,
"And think it did become me passing well."

Mr. Douce observes to me, that the term—*innocent*, was originally French.

See also note on Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, new edition of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. VIII. p. 24.

Steevens.

9 —— *though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day:— καὶ μεταξὺ λέγοντος, ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους κεραμὶς ἐπιπέσουσα, οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτου κινήσαντος, ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτόν. See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your lordſhip[9] anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 Sold. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*[2]—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one

[9] ——*your* lordſhip—] The old copy has *Lord.* In the Mſs. of our author's age they ſcarcely ever wrote *Lordſhip* at full length. Malone.

[2] Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhyme that correſponds to *gold.* Johnson.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.

*The count's a fool, and full of gold*en ſtore—or *ore*;

and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verſes. Steevens.

May we not ſuppoſe the former part of the letter to have been proſe, as the concluding words are? The ſonnet intervenes.

The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly proſe, partly verſe. Malone.

count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;[3]
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

[3] *Half won, is match well made*; match, *and well make it*;] This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very ſlight alteration: *Half won is match well made*; watch, *and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won*; *watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are miſplaced, and ſhould be read thus:

Half won is match well made; *watch, and well make it*;
When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay ———

That is, take his money, and leave him to himſelf. When the players had loſt the ſecond line, they tried to make a connection out of the reſt. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read;

Half won is match well made, match an' we'll *make it.*

i. e. if we mean to make any match of it at all. Steevens.

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well." M. Mason.

The verſes having been deſigned by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithleſs*,

And ſay, a ſoldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs:[4]
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES

he admoniſhes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the ſum for which ſhe ſhall ſtipulate be previouſly paid her:—*Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.* HENLEY.

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain ſecure. MALONE.

[4] *Men are to* mell *with, boys are* not *to kiſs:*] The meaning of the word *mell*, from *meler*, French, is obvious.
So, in *Ane very Excellent and Delectabill Treatiſe, intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603:

" But he na huſband is to mee;
" Then how could we twa diſagree
" That never had na *melling*."

" Na *melling*, miſtreſs? will you then
" Deny the mariage of that man?"

Again in *The Corpus Chriſti Play*, acted at Coventry. MSS. *Cott. Veſp.* VIII. p. 122:

" A fayr yonge qwene herby doth dwelle,
" Both frech and gay upon to loke,
" And a tall man with her doth *melle*,
" The way into hyr chawmer ryght evyn he toke."

The argument of this piece is *The Woman taken in Adultery.*
STEEVENS.

Men are to mell with, boys are not *to kiſs:*] Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—*boys are* but *to kiſs*. I do not ſee any need of change, nor do I believe that any oppoſition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiſs*. Parolles wiſhes to recommend himſelf to Diana, and for that purpoſe adviſes her to grant her favours to *men*, and not to *boys*. He himſelf calls his letter " An advertiſement to Diana to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle *boy*."

To *mell* is uſed by our author's contemporaries in the ſenſe of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed

Ber. He ſhall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks,[5] we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.[6]

1 *Sold.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter;[7]

to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 1:

"With holy father fits not with ſuch things to *mell*."

MALONE.

[5] —— *by* the *general's looks*,] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, and the miſprint probably aroſe from y^e^ in the MS. being taken for y^r^.

MALONE.

[6] —— *let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.*] Smith might have had this abject ſentiment of Parolles in his memory, when he put the following words into the mouth of Lycon, in *Phædra and Hippolytus*:

"O, chain me, whip me, let me be the ſcorn
"Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds;
"Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched!"

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *an egg out of a cloiſter*;] I know not that *cloiſter*, though it may etymologically ſignify *any thing ſhut*, is uſed by our author

for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end,[7] to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill.[8]

otherwiſe than for a *monaſtery*, and therefore I cannot gueſs whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* Johnson.

Robbing the ſpital, is a common phraſe, of the like import. M. Mason.

[7] —— *at a place there call'd Mile-end,*] See a note on *King Henry IV*, P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. Malone.

[8] —— *he's a cat ſtill.*] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. Johnson.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[9] he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?[a]

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the ſame neſt; not altogether

Bertram has no ſuch meaning. In a ſpeech or two before, he declares his averſion to a cat, and now only continues in the ſame opinion, and ſays he hates Parolles as much as he hates a *cat*. The other explanation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the *cat*, which always lights on its legs, for Parolles is now in a fair way to be totally diſconcerted. Steevens.

I am ſtill of my former opinion. The ſpeech was applied by King James to Coke, with reſpect to his ſubtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could ſtill, like a cat, light upon his legs. Johnson.

The count had ſaid, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his averſion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next liſt of falſhoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—ſtill more and more the object of my averſion than he was. As Parolles proceeds ſtill further, one of the Frenchmen obſerves, that the ſingularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat ſtill;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a miſapprehenſion. Malone.

[9] ——*for a* quart d'ecu—] The fourth part of the ſmaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money. Malone.

[a] *Why does he aſk him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on ſuch occaſions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. Johnson.

ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition[3] of that laſcivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

[*Aſide.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1 *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

[3] —— *to beguile the ſuppoſition*—] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deſerves well*.
JOHNSON.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Lords, *&c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles;[4] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you,[5] miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

[4] *His grace is at* Marſeilles; &c.] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marſeilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three ſyllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the laſt ſcene of this Act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

[5] *Nor* you,] Old copy—Nor *your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

As it hath fated her to be my motive[5]
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night![6] ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty[7]
Go with your impoſitions,[8] I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp.[9] We muſt away;

[5] ——*my* motive—] *Motive* for aſſiſtant. Warburton.

Rather for *mover*. So, in the laſt Act of this play:

" ——all impediments in fancy's courſe
" Are *motives* of more fancy." Malone.

[6] *When* ſaucy *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night!] *Saucy* may very properly ſignify *luxurious*, and by conſequence *laſcivious*. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" ——as to remit
" Their *ſaucy* ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image
" In ſtamps that are forbid." Malone.

[7] ——*death and honeſty*—] i. e. an honeſt death. So in another of our author's plays, we have " death and honour" for *honourable death*. Steevens.

[8] ——*your* impoſitions,] i. e. your commands. Malone.

An *impoſition* is a taſk impoſed. The term is ſtill current in Univerſities. Steevens.

[9] *But* with the word, *the time will bring on ſummer*, &c.] *With the word*, i. e. in an inſtant of time. Warburton.

The meaning of this obſervation is, that as *briars* have *ſweetneſs* with their *prickles*, ſo ſhall theſe *troubles* be recompenſed with *joy*. Johnson.

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:[9]

I would read:

Yet I 'fray you

But with the word: the time will bring, &c.

And then the ſenſe will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *ſuffer*; for a ſhort time will bring on the ſeaſon of happineſs and delight." BLACKSTONE.

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a deſigned apoſiopeſis, a break ought to follow it, thus:

Hel. *Yet, I pray you:*——

The ſenſe appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any ſervice that ſhould expoſe you to ſuch an alternative, or indeed, to any laſting inconvenience; *But with the word*, i. e. But on the contrary, you ſhall no ſooner have delivered what you will have to teſtify on my account, than the irkſomeneſs of the ſervice will be over, and every pleaſant circumſtance to reſult from it, will inſtantaneouſly appear. HENLEY.

[9] *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us:*] The word *revives* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

——*and time* revyes us:

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten.

WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the ſoundeſt. I never remember to have ſeen the word *revye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a ſhift, without much effort, *the time* invites *us?* JOHNSON.

To *vye* and *revye* were terms at ſeveral ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "I'll either win ſomething or loſe ſomething, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleaſure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes firſt." Again: "——ſo they *vie* and *revie* till ſome ten ſhillings be on the ſtake," &c. Again; "This fleſheth the Conie, and the ſweetneſs of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, however, *revyes* is not the true reading. Shakſpeare might have written—*time* reviles *us*, i. e. reproaches us for waſting it. Yet, —*time* revives *us* may mean, it *rouſes* us. So, in another play of our author:

"——I would *revive* the ſoldiers' hearts,

"Becauſe I found them ever as myſelf." STEEVENS.

All's well that ends well:[2] ſtill the fine's[3] the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

LAF. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[4] your daughter-in-law

Time *revives* us, ſeems to refer to the happy and ſpeedy termination of their embarraſſments. She had juſt before ſaid:
" With the word, the time will bring on ſummer."
HENLEY.

[2] *All's well that ends well:*] So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*
" The *end is crown* of every work well done."
All's well that ends well, is one of Camden's proverbial ſentences.
MALONE.

[3] —— *the* fine's —] i. e. the end. So, in *The London Prodigal,* 1605:
" Nature hath done the laſt for me, and there's the *fine.*"
MALONE.

[4] —— *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Parolles is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays, " Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themſelves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed." Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a fantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth:*
" —— Has he familiarly
" Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; or ſaid your doublet
" Was not exactly frenchified? ——"

had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

And Jonſon's *Devil is an Aſs*:

" Carmen and chimney-ſweepers are got into the *yellow ſtarch*." This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which ſhe was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakſpeare alludes: but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented itſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different alluſion—*Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" I muſt have *ſaffron* to colour the warden pyes."

WARBURTON.

This play was probably written ſeveral years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury.—The plain meaning of the paſſage ſeems to be:—" Whoſe evil qualities are of ſo deep a dye, as to be ſufficient to corrupt the moſt innocent, and to render them of the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf." MALONE.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, publiſhed in 1595, ſpeaks of ſtarch of various colours:

" ——The one arch or piller wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *ſtartch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to waſh and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will ſtand ſtiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this ſtartch they make of divers ſubſtances, ſometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: ſometimes of rootes, and ſometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like."

In *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, a maſque by Middleton, *the five ſtarches* are perſonified, and introduced conteſting for ſuperiority. Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

" What price bears wheat and *ſaffron*, that your band's ſo ſtiff and *yellow*?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*,

Sparrow Sc

MARSEILLES.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

From an Ancient French Print.

B L

Count. I would, I had not known him![4] it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallad, or, rather the herb of grace.[5]

Laf. They are not ſallad-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.[6]

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

1606: " —— have taken an order to wear *yellow* garters, points, and ſhoe-tyings, and 'tis thought *yellow* will grow a cuſtom."

" It has been long uſed at London."

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear ſhirts ſtained with *ſaffron*. Steevens.

See a note on *Albumazar*. Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VII. p. 156, edit. 1780. Reed.

[4] *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. Johnson.

[5] —— *herb of grace.*] i. e. rue. So, in *Hamlet:* " there's *rue* for you—we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." Steevens.

[6] —— *in* graſs.] The old copy, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *ſallad* in the preceding ſpeech was alſo ſupplied by him. Malone.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.[6]

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

[6] —— *I would give his wife my* bauble, *ſir, to do her ſervice.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to ſignify any thing of ſmall value, has a preciſe and determinable meaning. It is, in ſhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a repreſentation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint reſemblance of it may be found in the frontiſpiece of L. de Guernier to *King Lear*, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:

" ——if a *fool*, we muſt bear his *bauble*."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: " The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London:"

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

" She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*."

In the Stultifera Navis, 1497, are ſeveral repreſentations of this inſtrument, as well as in *Cocke's Lorel's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's *Herbal:* " In the hollowneſs of the ſaid flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two ſmall crooked hayres, ſomewhat great at the end, faſhioned like a *fool's bable*." An ancient proverb, in Ray's collection, points out the materials of which theſe *baubles* were made: " If every fool ſhould wear a *bable*, fewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. Steevens.

The word *bauble* is here uſed in two ſenſes. The Clown had another *bauble* beſides that which the editor alludes to. M. Mason.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the ſoldiers " take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the ſpeaker's mace. Blackstone.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name;[7] but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.[8]

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince,[9] ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter[2] thou talk'ſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire;[3] and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the

[7] —— *an Engliſh* name;] The old copy reads *maine*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Maine, or *head of hair*, agrees better with the context than *name*. *His* hair was *thick*. HENLEY.

[8] —— *his phiſnomy is more* hotter *in France, than there.*] This is intolerable nonſenſe. The ſtupid editors, becauſe the devil was talked of, thought no quality would ſuit him but *hotter*. We ſhould read, more *honour'd*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eſtimation than the Engliſh do, who are generally white and fair. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

[9] *The* black prince,] Biſhop Hall, in his *Satires*, B. V. Sat. ii. has given the ſame name to Pluto: "So the *black prince* is broken looſe againe," &c. HOLT WHITE.

[2] —— *to* ſuggeſt *thee from thy maſter*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*ſeduce*, but without authority. To *ſuggeſt* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted*,
"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower." STEEVENS.

[3] *I am a woodland fellow, ſir*, &c.] Shakſpeare is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious traſh. And it is obſervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

world,[3] let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.[4]

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.[5]

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.[6]

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's

[3] ——*But*, ſure, *he is the prince of the world*,] I think we ſhould read—*But* ſince *he is*, &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. Steevens.

[4] ——*the* flowery way,——*and the* great fire.] The ſame impious ſtuff occurs again in *Macbeth*: "—the *primroſe way* to the *everlaſting bonfire*." Steevens.

[5] ——*unhappy*.] i. e. *miſchievouſly waggiſh*, *unlucky*. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
"I ſhould judge now *unhappily*." Steevens.

[6] *So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no* pace, *but runs where he will.*] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in the family? Tyrwhitt.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk; ſo we ſay of a man meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horſe who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. Johnson.

death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: [6] ſo, belike, is that.

[7] Laf. *A ſcar nobly got*, &c.] This ſpeech in the ſecond folio and the modern editions is given to the counteſs, and perhaps

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd[7] face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.[8] [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

rightly. It is more probable that ſhe ſhould have ſpoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the ſpeeches of the counteſs *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; ſo that the miſtake was very eaſy. Malone.

I do not diſcover the improbability of this commendation from Lafeu, who is at preſent anxious to marry his own daughter to Bertram. Steevens.

[7] ——*carbonado'd*—] i. e. ſcotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. Steevens.

The word is again uſed in *King Lear.* Kent ſays to the Steward—

"I'll *carbonado* your ſhanks for you." Malone.

[8] ——*feathers, which*——*nod at every man.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——a blue promontory,
"With trees upon't, that *nod unto the world*——." Steevens.

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.[9]

This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

[9] *Enter a gentle* Aſtringer.] Perhaps *a gentle ſtranger*, i. e. a ſtranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. The error of this conjecture, (which I have learned, ſince our firſt edition made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) ſhould teach diffidence to thoſe who conceive the words which they do not underſtand, to be corruptions. An *oſtringer* or *aſtringer* is a falconer, and ſuch a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diverſion. So, in *Hamlet:*

" We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers.*"

A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer.* The word is derived from *oſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk; and thus, ſays Cowell in his *Law Dictionary:* " We uſually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *auſtringer.*" Again, in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: " Now bicauſe I ſpoke of *oſtregiers*, ye ſhall underſtand that they ben called *oſtregiers* that keep goſshauks or tercels," &c. I learn from Blount's *Antient Tenures*, that a " goſshawk is in our records termed by the ſeveral names *Oſtercum*, *Hoſtricum*, *Eſtricum*, *Aſturcum*, and *Auſturcum*," and all from the French *Auſtour.* STEEVENS.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, ſir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time ſeem ſo advérſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.[9]

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We muſt to horſe again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Our means will make us means.*] Shakſpeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, ſometimes ſo as to obſcure his meaning. Helena ſays, *they will follow with ſuch ſpeed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *The inner Court of the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

PAR. Good monſieur Lavatch,[2] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.[3]

[2] —— *Lavatch,*] This is an undoubted and perhaps irremediable corruption of ſome French word. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's* moat, &c.] In former editions:—*but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's* mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.* I believe the poet wrote—*in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown in the very next ſpeech replies—"I will henceforth eat no *fiſh* of fortune's buttering;" and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, "That hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is *muddied* withal." And again—"Pray you, ſir, uſe the *carp* as you may," &c. In all which places, it is obvious a moat or a pond is the alluſion. Beſides, Parolles ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſhed with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when Parolles is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafeu, "Foh! pr'ythee ſtand away; a paper from fortune's *cloſeſtool*, to give to a nobleman!" WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Alchemiſt:*

"*Subtle.* ——Come along ſir,
"I muſt now ſhew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*
"*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
"*Sub.* All.
"Only the fumigation ſomewhat ſtrong." FARMER.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrong as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[4]

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.[5] Pr'ythee, get thee further.

By the whimſical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her diſpleaſure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the ſame phraſe:

" —— but *Fortune's mood*
" Varies again."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" When *fortune*, in her ſhift and change of *mood*,
" Spurns down her late belov'd."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" *Fortune* is merry,
" And in this *mood* will give us any thing."

Mood is again uſed for *reſentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello:* " You are but now caſt in his *mood*, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice."

Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

" —— This brain-ſick man,
" That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without neceſſity, by the ſubſequent editors. All the expreſſions enumerated by him,—" I will eat no *fiſh*,"—" he hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure," &c.—agree ſufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the diſpleaſure of fortune, the clown to render him ridiculous, ſuppoſes him to have actually fallen into a *fiſhpond*.

MALONE.

Though Mr. Malone defends the old reading, I have retained Dr. Warburton's emendation, which, in my opinion, is one of the luckieſt ever produced. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *allow the wind.*] i. e. ſtand to the leeward of me.

STEEVENS.

[5] *Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat,[6] (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs

humour or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the *ſtinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice, deſcribe her as Heſiod did the fury Triſtitia:

Τῆς ἐκ ῥίνων μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which Longinus juſtly obſerves, that, inſtead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very naſty one. Cicero cautions well againſt it, in his book *de Orat.* "*Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſturcus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader.

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's recollection muſt have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant. Otherwiſe, he could not have ventured to countenance him on the ſcore of delicacy; his offenſive metaphors and alluſions being undoubtedly more frequent than thoſe of all his dramatick predeceſſors or contemporaries. Steevens.

[6] *Here is a* pur *of fortune's, ſir, or* of *fortune's cat,*] We ſhould read—*or fortune's cat*; and indeed I believe there is an error in the former part of the ſentence, and that we ought to read—*Here is a* puſs *of fortune's*, inſtead of *pur*. M. Mason.

in my ſmiles of comfort,[5] and leave him to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?[6] There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word.[7]

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[8]—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

[5] ——*I do pity his diſtreſs in my* ſmiles *of comfort*,] We ſhould read,—*ſimilies* of comfort, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, I teſtify my pity for his diſtreſs, by encouraging him with a gracious ſmile. The old reading may ſtand. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton's propoſed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *ſimilies*, *comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*under* her?] *Her*, which is not in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſave your word.*] i. e. you need not aſk;—here it is. MALONE.

[8] *You beg more than* one word *then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and ſignifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unneceſſarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat;[9] go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Counteſs's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, *Guards, &c.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem[2] Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,

[9] ——*you ſhall eat*;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falſtaff, and ſeems to be the character which Shakſpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve. Johnson.

[2] ——*eſteem*—] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *eſtate*; in his own he lets it ſtand and explains it by *worth* or *eſtate*. But *eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before. Johnson.

As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.[3]

Count. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;[4]
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,——
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey

Meaning that his eſteem was leſſened in its value by Bertram's miſconduct; ſince a perſon who was honoured with it could be ſo ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnſon's explanation is very unnatural. M. Mason.

[3] —— *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:* "That thruſted *home*," &c. Malone.

[4] —— blaze *of youth*;] The old copy reads—*blade.* Steevens.

"*Blade* of youth" is the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. Johnson.

This very probable emendation was firſt propoſed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced theſe two paſſages in ſupport of it:

"——I do know
"When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
"Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*," &c. *Hamlet.*

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. Malone.

In *Hamlet* we have alſo "*flaming youth*," and in the preſent comedy "the quick *fire* of youth." I read, therefore, without heſitation,—*blaze.* Steevens.

Of richeſt eyes;[5] whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him hither;——
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition:[6]—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my liege.
[*Exit* Gentleman.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

[5] *Of* richeſt *eyes*;] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having ſeen the greateſt number of fair women, might be ſaid to be the *richeſt* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you Like it*: "——to have ſeen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Steevens.

[6] ——*the firſt view ſhall kill*
All repetition:] *The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt.* Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on other ſuch occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. Johnson.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters
ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of ſeaſon,[7]
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,[8]
Dear ſovereign pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them:[9] You remember
The daughter of this lord?

[7] *I am not a day of ſeaſon,*] That is, of *uninterrupted rain:* one of thoſe *wet days* that uſually happen about the vernal equinox. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
"*Seaſoning* the earth with ſhowers."

The word is ſtill uſed in the ſame ſenſe in Virginia, in which government, and eſpecially on the eaſtern ſhore of it, where the deſcendants of the firſt ſettlers have been leſs mixed with later emigrants, many expreſſions of Shakſpeare's time are ſtill current. Henley.

[8] *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames,* are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare has *high-fantaſtical* in *Twelfth Night.* Steevens.

[9] *The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time,* &c.] This idea ſeems to have been caught from the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia:* "The ſummons of *Time* had ſo creepingly ſtolne upon him, that hee had heard ſcarcely the *noiſe of his feet.*" Steevens.

Ber. Admiringly,
My liege: At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful pérſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave;
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.[2]

[2] *Our own love waking*, &c.] Theſe two lines I ſhould be glad to call *an interpolation of a player*. They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themſelves. I believe the author made two couplets to the ſame purpoſe; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and ſo they happened to be both preſerved.

For *ſleep* I think we ſhould read *ſlept*. *Love cries* to ſee what was done while hatred *ſlept*, and ſuffered miſchief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill *continues* to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping; and ſo the preſent reading may ſtand. Johnson.

Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe![3]

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,

I cannot comprehend this paſſage as it ſtands, and have no doubt but we ſhould read—

Our old *love waking*, &c.
Extinctus amabitur idem.

Our own love, can mean nothing but our *ſelf-love*, which would not be ſenſe in this place; but *our old love waking*, means our former affection being revived. M. Mason.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation, *being revived*; nor indeed is it neceſſary to his emendation. It is clear from the ſubſequent line that *waking* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. Hate *ſleeps* at eaſe, unmoleſted by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itſelf for not having been ſufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps;" crying, "that's good that's gone." Malone.

[3] *Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!] I have ventured againſt the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Counteſs's name to theſe two lines. The king appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram: but if Bertram ſhould make a bad huſband the ſecond time, why ſhould it give the king ſuch mortal pangs? A fond and diſappointed mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a day: and from her the wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. Theobald.

The laſt that e'er I took her leave[4] at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that[5] by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,[6]
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd:[7] but when I had ſubſcrib'd

[4] *The laſt that e'er* I *took her leave*—] The laſt time that I ſaw her, when ſhe was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—*that e'er* ſhe *took*, &c. Malone.

[5] *I* bade *her, if her fortunes ever ſtood*
Neceſſitied to help, that—] Our author here, as in many other places, ſeems to have forgotten in the cloſe of the ſentence how he began to conſtruct it. See p. 189, n. 9. The meaning however is clear, and I do not ſuſpect any corruption. Malone.

[6] *In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,*] Bertram ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. Johnson.

[7] —— *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood ingag'd:] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads—engaged. Steevens.

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[8]
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers,[9] and by what rough enforcement

The plain meaning is, when ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, ſhe thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.

Ingag'd, may be intended in the ſame ſenſe with the reading propoſed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakſpeare in another place uſes *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. TYRWHITT.

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right. *Gaged* is uſed by other writers, as well as by Shakſpeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Paſtoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

" Not that the earth did *gage*
" Unto the huſbandman
" Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged, in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

[8] *Plutus himſelf,*
That knows the tinct *and* multiplying *medicine,*] Plutus, the grand alchemiſt, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon baſe metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a ſmall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large maſs of baſe metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold, or uſe any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of tranſmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *Then*, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers,] i. e. confeſs the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourſelf. EDWARDS.

You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman,—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[2]—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was.
[*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

The true meaning of this expreſſion is, *If you know that* your faculties are ſo ſound, as *that you have the proper conſciouſneſs of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. Johnson.

[2] *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.] The *proofs which I have already had* are ſufficient to ſhow that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear*. Johnson.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf.[3] I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

King. [Reads.]—*Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant it me, O king; in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.[4]

[3] *Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort,* &c.] Who hath miſſed the opportunity of preſenting it in perſon to your majeſty, either at Marſeilles, or on the road from thence to Rouſillon, in conſequence of having been four or five removes behind you. Malone.

Removes are *journies* or *poſt-ſtages.* Johnson.

[4] *I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll* him: *for this, I'll none of him.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*him.* Either reading is capable of explanation.

The meaning of the earlieſt copy ſeems to be this: I'll buy me a new ſon-in-law, &c. and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

as a dead man.—The ſecond reading, as Dr. Percy ſuggeſts, may imply: I'll buy me a ſon-in-law as they buy a horſe in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honeſtly by him, and aſcertain my title to him. In a play called *The famous Hiſtory of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, is an alluſion to this cuſtom:

" *Gov.* I will be anſwerable to thee for thy *horſes.*

" *Stuk.* Doſt thou keep a *tole-booth?* zounds, doſt thou make a *horſe-courſer* of me?"

Again, in *Hudibras*, p. 11. C. 1:

" —— a roan gelding
" Where, when, by whom, and what y'were ſold for
" And in the open market *toll'd* for."

Alluding (as Dr. Grey obſerves) to the two ſtatutes relating to the ſale of horſes, 2 and 3 *Phil. and Mary*, and 31 *Eliz.* c. 12. and publickly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the ſale of ſuch as were ſtolen, and to preſerve the property to the right owner.

The previous mention of a *Fair*, ſeems to juſtify the reading I have adopted from the ſecond folio. Steevens.

The paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll;
For this, I'll none of him.

That is, " I'll buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him." M. Mason.

The meaning, I think, is, " I will purchaſe a ſon-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthleſs fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it.*" To *toll* a perſon *out of a fair* was a phraſe of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: " At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an eſcheator of the ſame city, that had arreſted a clothier that was outlawed, and had ſeized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And *toll for this* may however mean—and I will ſell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horſe, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the ſale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former expoſition.

The following paſſage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. may be adduced in ſupport of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this paſſage: " Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall *ring for thee.*"

Here Falſtaff certainly means to ſpeak equivocally; and one of his ſenſes is, " I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends ſhall ring thy funeral knell." Malone.

To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you,[5]
And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

[4] *I wonder, ſir, ſince wives,* &c.] This paſſage is thus read in the firſt folio:

I wonder, ſir, ſir, *wives are monſters to you,*
And that you fly them, as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.——

Which may be corrected thus:

I wonder, ſir, ſince *wives are monſters,* &c.

The editors have made it—*wives are* ſo monſtrous *to you,* and in the next line—*ſwear to them,* inſtead of—*ſwear them lordſhip.* Though the latter phraſe be a little obſcure, it ſhould not have been turned out of the text without notice. I ſuppoſe *lordſhip* is put for that *protection* which the huſband in the marriage ceremony promiſes to the wife. Tyrwhitt.

As, I believe, here ſignifies *as ſoon as.* Malone.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whoſe emendation I have placed in the text. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſecond folio reads:

I wonder, ſir, wives are ſuch *monſters to you*——.

Steevens.

Wid. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe,[5] without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know theſe women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To* Bertram.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

[5] ——*ſhall* ceaſe,] i. e. deceaſe, die. So, in *King Lear:* "Fall and *ceaſe*." The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in p. 358 of the preſent comedy. Steevens.

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.[6]

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity,[7]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:[8]
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,

[6] —— *a common* gameſter *to the camp.*] The following paſſage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, will ſufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term—*gameſter*, when applied to a female:

" 'Tis to me wondrous how you ſhould ſpare the day
" From amorous clips, much leſs the general ſeaſon
" When all the world's a *gameſter.*"

Again, in *Pericles*, Lyſimachus aſks Marina—

" Were you a *gameſter* at five or at ſeven?"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— daughters of the *game.*" Steevens.

[7] *Whoſe high reſpect, and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value.* So, in *K. Lear:*

" No leſs in ſpace, *validity*, and pleaſure."

Again in *Twelfth-Night:*

" Of what *validity* and pitch ſoever." Steevens.

[8] ——*'tis* it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit.* The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed inſtead of *it.* Hence probably the miſtake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his.* Malone.

Or, *he bluſhes, and 'tis* fit. Henley.

Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,[9]
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,[2]
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd;[3]
Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:[4]
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,

[9] *Methought, you ſaid,*] The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. Blackstone.

[2] *He's* quoted *for a moſt perfidious ſlave,*] *Quoted* has the ſame ſenſe as *noted*, or *obſerved*.
So, in *Hamlet:*
" I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgement
" I had not *quoted* him." Steevens.

[3] —— *deboſh'd*;] See a note on *The Tempeſt*, Act III. ſc. ii. Vol. III. p. 95. Steevens.

[4] *Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:*] Here the modern editors read:
Which nature ſickens with:——
a moſt licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We ſhould read, as here printed:
Whoſe *nature ſickens*, but *to ſpeak* a *truth:*
i. e. *only* to ſpeak a truth. Tyrwhitt.

As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy;[5] and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dian. I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me.[6] I pray you yet,

[5] ——*all impediments in fancy's courſe*
Are motives of more fancy; &c.] *Every thing that obſtructs love is an occaſion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her ſolicitation concurring with her faſhionable appearance*, ſhe got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, ſignifies rather *meanly pretty*. Johnson.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The ſenſe will then be this—*Her ſolicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her *being to be had* as we ſay at preſent. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe. So, in *King John:*

" ——ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in *As you Like it:*

" Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances.
" Trifles, ſuch as we preſent *modern* friends with."

Again, in the preſent comedy, p. 252: " ——to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs."

Mr. M. Maſon ſays, that *modern grace* means, *with a tolerable degree of beauty*. He queſtions alſo the inſufficiency of the inſtances brought in ſupport of my explanation, but adduces none in defence of his own. Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon's laſt interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 68, n. 9; and p. 252, n. 9. I think with Mr. Steevens, that *modern* here, as almoſt every where in Shakſpeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not ſuppoſe that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gameſter, though he has ſtyled her ſo in a former paſſage. Malone.

[6] *May juſtly* diet *me.*] *May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*, as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, ſhe means, " May juſtly make me faſt, by depriving me (as Deſdemona ſays) of the rites for which I love you." Malone.

(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, but, ſirrah, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath

Mr. Collins's interpretation is juſt. The alluſion may be to the management of hawks, who were half *ſtarved* till they became tractable. Thus, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——I'll watch him,
" Till he be *dieted* to my requeſt."

" To *faſt*, like one who takes *diet*," is a compariſon that occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Steevens.

been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how?[6]

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, ſir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion[7] is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty; I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I

[6] ——*he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the King's next ſpeech:

But how, *how, I pray you?*

This ſuits better with the King's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. Malone.

Surely, all transfer of theſe words is needleſs. *Hamlet* addreſſes ſuch another flippant interrogatory to himſelf: "The mouſe-trap. *Marry, how?* Tropically." Steevens.

[7] —— *companion*—] i. e. fellow. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Why, rude *companion*, whatſoe'er thou be,
"I know thee not." Steevens.

know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;[8] therefore ſtand aſide.—
This ring, you ſay was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.—
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

[8] ——*But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;] *Too fine*, too full of fineſſe; too artful. A French expreſſion—*trop fine*.

So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated Parallel: "We may rate this one ſecret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000l. in preſent money." Malone.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.[9]

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd;[2]
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

[9] ——*cuſtomer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello:*
"I marry her!—what?—a *cuſtomer!*" Steevens.

[2] *He knows himſelf*, &c.] The dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the King and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her huſband, her mother, and the King. Johnson.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorciſt [3]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

HEL. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,

[3] ——*exorciſt*—] This word is uſed, not very properly, for *enchanter.* JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſt*, to imply a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not in the uſual ſenſe of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Cæſar* ſays—

" Thou, like an *exorciſt*, haſt conjur'd up
" My mortified ſpirit."

And in the Second Part of *Henry VI.* where Bolingbroke is about to raiſe a ſpirit, he aſks of Eleanor,

" Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our *exorciſms?*"

M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minſheu in his DICT. 1617: " An *Exorciſt*, or *Conjurer.*"—So alſo, " To *conjure* or *exorciſe* a ſpirit."

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

" The *Conjurer* ſeemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Divell to ſay or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne ſerved, in lieu or ſtead of blood or other gift offered unto him, eſpecially of his or her ſoule:—And both theſe differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, becauſe the former two have perſonal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." MALONE.

And are[3] *by me with child*, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*To* Parolles.] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Flouriſh.*

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:[4]
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won*,

[3] *And* are—] The old copy reads—And *is*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. Malone.

[4] *The* king's a beggar, *now the play is done:*] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the ſubject of a ballad, and, as it ſhould ſeem from

That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;[5]
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

the following lines in *King Richard II.* of ſome popular interlude alſo:

" Our *ſcene* is altered from a ſerious thing,
" And now chang'd to *the beggar and the king.*"

MALONE.

[5] *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us. JOHNSON.

This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW.*

* TAMING OF THE SHREW.] We have hitherto ſuppoſed Shakſpeare the authour of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely diſputable. I will give my opinion, and the reaſons on which it is founded. I ſuppoſe then the preſent play not *originally* the work of Shakſpeare, but reſtored by him to the ſtage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and ſome other occaſional improvements; eſpecially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *beſt* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worſt*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly ſpurious; and without doubt, *ſuppoſing* it to have been written by Shakſpeare, it muſt have been one of his earlieſt productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the liſt of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and poſſibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, where I ſuſpect an alluſion to the old play: "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us ſo perfect, that *now* every one can rule a ſhrew in our countrey, ſave he that hath hir."——I am aware a *modern* linguiſt may object that the word *book* does not at preſent ſeem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* ſo: Goſſon, in his *Schoole of Abuſe, containing a pleaſaunt Invective againſt Poets, Pipers, Players, Jeſters, and ſuch like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo proſe *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worceſter, that he had ſeen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is ſuch an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's liſt: "A pleaſant conceited hiſtory, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—ſundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his ſervants." Which ſeems to have been republiſhed by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakſpeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.——Nor let this ſeem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reaſon to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till ſome years after his death; but he merely revived it on his ſtage as a *manager*.

In ſupport of what I have ſaid relative to this play, let me only obſerve further at preſent, that the author of *Hamlet* ſpeaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptiſta; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptiſta to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the teſtimony of Sir Aſton Cockayn. I knew Sir Aſton was much acquainted with the writers immediately ſubſequent to Shakſpeare; and I was not inclined to diſpute his autho-

rity: but how was I ſurpriſed, when I found that Cockayn aſcribes nothing more to Shakſpeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a ſlip of Mr. Capell's memory.

FARMER.

The following is Sir Aſton's Epigram:

To Mr. Clement Fisher, of Wincot.

" Shakſpeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
" That fox'd a beggar ſo (by chance was found
" Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
" To make him to believe he was a lord:
" But you affirm (and in it ſeem moſt eager)
" 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
" Bid Norton brew ſuch ale as Shakſpeare fancies
" Did put *Kit Sly* into ſuch lordly trances:
" And let us meet there (for a fit of gladneſs)
" And drink ourſelves merry in ſober ſadneſs."

Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.

In ſpite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgement, I own I cannot concur with him on the preſent occaſion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakſpeare was not its author. I think his hand is viſible in almoſt every ſcene, though perhaps not ſo evidently as in thoſe which paſs between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: " Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie, called, *The Taymynge of a Shrowe*." It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this diſcovery at all diſpoſe me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the concluſion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occa-

ſionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous to examine the whole ſtructure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing-croſs, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comick ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwards, mayſter of her Majeſties revels." Among theſe tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's ſtory-book was the immediate ſource from which Shakſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumſtances almoſt tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perſpicuous annaliſt, who flouriſhed about the year 1580, ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory, &c. at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS repreſented.

A Lord.
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken tinker.*
Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other ſervants attending on the Lord.
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *ſon to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew*; Bianca, *her ſiſter*, *Widow.* } *Daughters to* Baptiſta.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapſter.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, &c.

PERSONS repreſented.

Alphonſus, *a merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his ſon*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *ſervant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *ſervant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a merchant who perſonates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

SCENE, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* SLY.

SLY. I'll pheeſe you,[a] in faith.

HOST. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

[a] *I'll pheeſe you,*] To *pheeſe* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to: "To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589:

"Your pride ſerves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the firſt book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*."

—— *Italis longe* disjungimur *oris*.

Again, *ibid:*

"*Feaze* away the droane bees," &c. STEEVENS.

Slr. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:[3] Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[4] let the world ſlide:[5] *Seſſa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?[6]

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In *The Chances*, Antonio ſays of Don John, "I felt him in my ſmall guts; I am ſure he has *feaz'd* me."

M. Mason.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the ſame ſignification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baſte one." Malone.

[3] ——*no* rogues:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. Johnson.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears from the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marſton's *Malecontent*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. Steevens.

[4] ——*paucas pallabris*;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet.

Theobald.

This is a burleſque on Hieronymo, which Theobald ſpeaks of in a following note: "What new device have they deviſed now? *Pocas pallabras.*" In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes uſe of the ſame words. Again, they appear in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. Steevens.

[5] ——*let the world ſlide:*] This expreſſion is proverbial. It is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"——will you go drink,
"And *let the world ſlide*, uncle?" Steevens.

[6] ——*you have* burſt?] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays, that "John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marſhal's men."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda:*

"God ſave you, ſir, you have *burſt* your ſhin."

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, ſays Jeronimy;—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[7]

Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Plutarch's *Apophthegms*, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *braſt* and to *burſt* have the ſame meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:

"If you forſake our father, for ſorrow he will *braſt*."

In the ſame piece, *burſt* is uſed when it ſuited the rhyme. Again, in the old morality of *Every Man:*

"Though thou weep till thy hart to-*braſt*." STEEVENS.

Burſt is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the North of England. See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII. p. 375. REED.

[7] —— *Go by*, ſays *Jeronimy*;—*Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] The old copy reads—go by S Jeronimie—. STEEVENS.

All the editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to ſwear by. But the poet had no ſuch intentions. The paſſage has particular humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a piece of ſtage hiſtory to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old play, called *Hieronymo*; or *The Spaniſh Tragedy:* which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakſpeare's time: and a paſſage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorouſly alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the king for juſtice; but the courtiers, who did not deſire his wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience:

"*Hiero.* Juſtice! O! juſtice to Hieronymo.
"*Lor.* Back;——ſeeſt thou not the king is buſy?
"*Hiero.* O, is he ſo?
"*King.* Who is he, that interrupts our buſineſs?
"*Hiero.* Not I:—Hieronymo, beware; *go by, go by.*"

So Sly here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hoſteſs, cries to her in effect, "Don't be troubleſome, don't interrupt me, *go by*;" and to fix the ſatire in his alluſion, pleaſantly calls her Jeronimo. THEOBALD.

The firſt part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronymo*. STEEVENS.

I believe the true reading is—Go by, *ſays* Jeronimo, and that the *s* was the beginning of the word *ſays*, which, by miſtake, the printers did not complete. The quotation from the old play proves that it is Jeronimo himſelf that ſays, *Go by*. M. MASON.

I have not ſcrupled to place Mr. M. Maſon's judicious correction in the text. STEEVENS.

Host. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the thirdborough.[8] [*Exit.*

Surely Sly, who in a preceding ſpeech is made to ſay *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to miſquote a paſſage from the ſame play in which that ſcrap of Spaniſh is found, viz. *The Spaniſh Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a ſaint in form.—The ſimilitude, however ſlight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be ſuppoſed the occaſion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to addreſs the Hoſteſs by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Piſtol, and many other of Shakſpeare's low characters, quote ſcraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two paſſages in *The Spaniſh Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald, and this other:

"What outcry calls me from my *naked bed?*"

Sly's making Jeronimy a ſaint is ſurely not more extravagant than his exhorting his Hoſteſs to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herſelf; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the ſame purpoſe; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addreſſes himſelf.

In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he aſſumes the madman, utters the ſame words that are here put in the mouth of the tinker: "Humph; go to thy *cold* bed, and *warm* thee." MALONE.

[8] —— *I muſt go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads:

—— *I muſt go fetch the* headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *borough*, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had paſs'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to gueſs at the poet's conceit. What an inſipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hoſteſs? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticiſm, and even that is loſt. The Hoſteſs would ſay, that ſhe'd fetch a *conſtable:* and this officer ſhe calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his anſwer to her. Who does not perceive at a ſingle glance, ſome conceit ſtarted by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term ſufficiently explained by the gloſſaries: and in our ſtatute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it uſed to ſignify a *conſtable.*

THEOBALD.

In the Perſonæ Dramatis to Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-conſtable*, the *petty-conſtable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as diſtinct characters. It is difficult to ſay preciſely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls aſleep.*[9]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with Huntſmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboſs'd,[2]

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil conſtitution of this country, to be co-extenſive with that of the conſtable. Sir J. Hawkins.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the ſame with that of *Conſtable*, except in places where there are both, in which caſe the former is little more than the conſtable's aſſiſtant. The *headborough*, *petty conſtable*, and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonſon in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the ſame officer under ſo many different names. In a book intitled *The Conſtable's Guide*, &c. 1771, it is ſaid that "there are in ſeveral counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our conſtables; as in *Warwickſhire* a *thirdborough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. Ritson.

[9] ——*falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play, already mentioned, begins thus:

"*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*
"*Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
"And empty your drunken panch ſomewhere elſe,
"For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit* Tapſter.
"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *ſeſe you* anone:
"Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
"I doe drink it of mine own inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
"Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
"Heigh ho, here's good warme lying. [*He falls aſleepe.*
"*Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"
Steevens.

[2] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is* emboſs'd,] Here, ſays Pope, *brach* ſignifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

That the latter of theſe criticks is right, will appear from the uſe of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv :—" Here it muſt be known of ſome men that can ſkill of hunting, whether that we miſtake not our terms, for then are we utterly aſhamed as ye wott well.—And I am ſo cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember ſhe is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph ſeems to be, " I am ſo little ſkilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgement goes no further, than juſt to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was uſed in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakſpeare himſelf has made it a dog of a particular ſpecies:

" Maſtiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,
" Hound or ſpaniel, *brach* or lym."

King Lear, Act III. ſc. v.

But it is manifeſt from the paſſage of *More* juſt cited, that it was ſometimes applied in a general ſenſe, and may therefore be ſo underſtood in the paſſage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" *A.* Is that your brother?
" *E.* Yes, have you loſt your memory?
" *A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow.
" *Y.* O this is a ſweet *brach*."

Scornful Lady, Act I. ſc. i. T. WARTON.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old ſong:

" *Cow Crumbock* is a very good cow."

Brach however appears to have been a particular ſort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines:

" Four greyhounds & ſix *Bratches*,
" For hare, fox, and wild-cattes."

Merriman ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a *female* of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

It ſeems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Gloſſary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. Ulitius, p. 163, obſerves, that bitches have a ſuperior ſagacity of noſe:—" fœminis [canibus] ſagacitatis pluri-

Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good?

mum ineſſe, uſus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickneſs of ſcent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is ſometimes applied to males. Our anceſtors hunted much with the large ſouthern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the ſcent, as *Markham* informs us. To this cuſtom Shakſpeare ſeems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this diſcriminates *brach*, from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occaſion, the *brache* hunts truly by the ſcent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every ſide:

" For as the dogs purſue the ſilly doe,
" The *brache* behind, the hounds on every ſide;
" So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."
Phaer's *Legend of Owen Glendower*. TOLLET.

The word is certainly uſed by Chapman in his *Gentleman Uſher*, a comedy, 1606, as ſynonymous to *bitch*: " *Venus*, your *brach* there, runs ſo proud, &c." So alſo our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: " I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh." The ſtructure of the paſſage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this, [*And* couple, &c.] added to the circumſtance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwell'd*.—Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntſmen; but the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Emboſs'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. A dog alſo when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground) will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*: from the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illuſtration from the following paſſage in the old comedy, intitled, *The Shoemakers Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1600, ſignat. C:

" —— Beate every brake, the game's not farre,
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:
" Beſides, the miller's boy told me even now,
" He ſaw him take ſoyle, and he hallowed him,
" Affirming him ſo *emboſs'd*." T. WARTON.

At the hedge' corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Mr. T. Warton's firſt explanation may be juſt. Lyly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it:

"*Pet.* There was a boy leaſh'd on the ſingle, becauſe when he was *imboſs'd* he took ſoyle.

"*Li.* What's that?

"*Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, becauſe, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water." Steevens.

From the Spaniſh, *des embocar*, to caſt out of the mouth. We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"———— the boar of Theſſaly
"Was never ſo *emboſs'd.*" Malone.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboſs'd* means *ſwelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe?* What has the *imboſſing* of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound?* "*Imboſſed* ſores" occur in *As you Like it*; and in the Firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falſtaff "*imboſs'd* raſcal." Ritson.

[3] —— *how Silver* made it good—] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make.*"
Steevens.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he ſays he is —, ſay, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.[4]
This do, and do it kindly,[5] gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.[6]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* Sly. *A trumpet ſounds.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.

[4] *And, when he ſays he is* ——, *ſay, that he dreams,*
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.] I rather think (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakſpeare wrote:
And when he ſays he's poor, *ſay that he dreams.*
The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. Steevens.

If any thing ſhould be inſerted, it may be done thus:
And when he ſays he's Sly, *ſay that he dreams.*
The likeneſs in writing of *Sly* and *ſay* produced the omiſſion. Johnson.

This is hardly right; for how ſhould the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly?* Steevens.

Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. Blackstone.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is obſervable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any ſupplemental word. In *The Tempeſt* a ſimilar blank is found, which Shakſpeare there alſo certainly intended:—"I ſhould know that voice; it ſhould be ——; but he is drown'd, and theſe are devils." Malone.

[5] *This do, and do it* kindly,] *Kindly*, means naturally. M. Mason.

[6] —— *modeſty.*] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. Johnson.

Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.[7]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.[8]

[7] *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:
" *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*
" Now, ſirs, what ſtore of plaies have you?
" *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,
" Or a commoditie, or what you will.
" *The other.* A comedie thou ſhouldſt ſay, ſouns thou'lt ſhame us all.
" *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?
" *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew:*
" 'Tis a good leſſon for us my L. for us that are maried men, &c."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to accept our duty.*] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſehold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late ducheſs,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512.

" Rewards to Playars.

" Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion ſomme xxxiij s. iiij d. Which ys apoynted to be paid to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiij s. iiij d." STEEVENS.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto[9] that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.

[9] *I think, 'twas* Soto—] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*, in which comedy there is the character of *Soto*, who is a farmer's ſon, and a very facetious ſerving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here ſpoken; but the firſt folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of *Soto* with applauſe. THEOBALD.

As the old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why ſhould we diſplace it? *Sincklo* is a name elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare. In one of the parts of *King Henry VI. Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foreſters.

With this obſervation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Women Pleaſed*, is a *farmer's eldeſt ſon*, but *he does not wooe any gentlewoman*; ſo that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.

Again, at the concluſion of the Second Part of *King Henry IV:* "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto 1600. TYRWHITT.

If *Soto* were the character alluded to, the compliment would be to the perſon who played the part, not to the author. M. MASON.

Sincklo or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the ſame company with Shakſpeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was alſo a performer in the entertainment entitled *The SevenDeadlie Sinns*. MALONE.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.[a]

[a] —— *in the world.*] Here follows another inſertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. Theſe words are not in the folio, 1623. I have therefore degraded them, as we have no proof that the firſt ſketch of the piece was written by Shakſpeare:

" *San.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a diſhclout to make cleane your ſhooes, and Ile ſpeak for the properties.* [*Exit Player.*

" My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a little vinegre to make our diuell rore.†"

The *ſhoulder of mutton* might indeed be neceſſary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakſpeare form'd it; neither was it yet determined what comedy ſhould be repreſented. Steevens.

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouſe, is every implement neceſſary to the exhibition. Johnson.

† —— *a little* vinegre *to make our* diuell rore.] When the acting the myſteries of the Old and New Teſtament was in vogue, at the repreſentation of the myſtery of the Paſſion, Judas and the devil made a part: And the devil, wherever he came, was always to ſuffer ſome diſgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Paſſion being that, of all the myſteries, which was moſt frequently repreſented, vinegar became at length the ſtanding implement to torment the devil; and was uſed for this purpoſe even after the myſteries ceaſed, and the moralities came in vogue; where the devil continued to have a conſiderable part.—The mention of it here, was to ridicule ſo abſurd a circumſtance in theſe old farces.

Warburton.

All that Dr. Warburton has ſaid relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no ſuch circumſtances in any myſteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the *Cheſter* and *Coventry* collections are preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Veſpaſian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, ſome entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the acts. Between the diviſions of one of the *Cheſter Myſteries*, I met with this marginal direction: *Here the Boy and Pig*; and perhaps the devil in the intervals of this firſt comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*, might

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,[2]
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a cuſtom obſerved in ſome of our ancient puppet-ſhews, might beat his wife with a ſhoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer ſays:

"I have (purpoſelie) omitted and left out ſome fond and frivolous jeſtures, digreſſing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might ſeeme more tedious unto the wiſe, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of ſome vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were ſhowed upon the ſtage in their graced deformities: nevertheleſſe now to be mixtured in print with ſuch matter of worth, it would prove a great diſgrace," &c.

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, uſed for other purpoſes. I meet with the following ſtage direction in the old play of *Cambyſes*, (by T. Preſton,) when one of the characters is ſuppoſed to die from the wounds he had juſt received:—*Here let a ſmall bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I ſuppoſe to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly uſed, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient Tragedy, or rather Morality, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* ſays:

"I knew I would make him ſoon change his note,
"I will make him ſing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat."
"Here *Satan* ſhall *cry and roar*."

Again, a little after.

"Here he *roareth and crieth*."

Of the kind of wit current through theſe productions, a better ſpecimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
"*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.
"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe
"The humble bees ſtinging ſhould never me grieve.
"*Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot ſpare,
"But aſke what thou wilt beſides, and I will it prepare.
"*Sinne.* Then your noſe I would have to ſtop my tayle behind,
"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:
"And if it be too little to make thereof a caſe,
"Then I would be ſo bold to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen ſat a ſpectatreſs in the earlier part of her reign. Steevens.

[2] ——*take them to the* buttery,] Mr. Pope had probably theſe words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following paſſage of his preface: "—the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage; they were led into the *buttery* by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he ſeems not to have obſerved, that the players here introduced are *ſtrollers*; and there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licenſed by King James, were treated in this manner. Malone.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue,[3] and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhow her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteemed him
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:[4]

[3] *With* ſoft low *tongue,*] So, in *King Lear:*
" ——— Her voice was ever *ſoft,*
" Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman."
MALONE.

[4] *Who, for* twice *ſeven years,* &c.] In former editions:
Who for this *ſeven years hath eſteemed him*
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.
I have ventured to alter a word here, againſt the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I ſhall be juſtified in it by two ſubſequent paſſages. That the poet deſigned the tinker's ſuppoſed lunacy ſhould be of fourteen years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident upon two parallel paſſages in the play to that purpoſe. THEOBALD.

The remark is juſt, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unneceſſary by thoſe who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctneſs. Both Falſtaff and Orlando forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

In both theſe paſſages the term mentioned is *fifteen,* not *fourteen,* years. The ſervants may well be ſuppoſed to forget the preciſe

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion[5] will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpite enforce a watry eye.
See this deſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.——
[*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

period dictated to them by their maſter, or, as is the cuſtom of ſuch perſons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

——*hath eſteemed* him—] This is an error of the preſs.—We ſhould read *himſelf*, inſtead of *him*. M. MASON.

Him is uſed inſtead of *himſelf*, as *you* is uſed for *yourſelves* in *Macbeth:*

" Acquaint *you* with the perfect ſpy o'the time—."

i. e. acquaint *yourſelves*.

Again, in *Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, by Chapman, 1595:

" Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,
" The ſence wherewith he feeles *him* deified."

STEEVENS.

[5] *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" The tears live in an *onion* that ſhould water this ſorrow."

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.[6]

SLY *is diſcovered*[7] *in a rich night gown, with Attendants; ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dreſs'd like a Servant.*

SLY. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.[8]

1 *SERV.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

[6] *A Bedchamber*, &c.] From the original ſtage-direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and the other perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repreſentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is—" *Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this ſcene—" *The Preſenters* above *ſpeak.*" See the Account of our old Theatres, Vol. II. MALONE.

[7] *Sly is diſcovered*, &c.] Thus in the original play:

" *Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with* Slie *aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the muſick plaieng.*

" *One.* So, ſirha, now go call my lord;
" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
" *Another.* Set thou ſome wine upon the boord,
" And then Ile go fetch my lord preſently. [*Exit.*

" *Enter the Lord and his men.*

" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then ſound the muſicke, and Ile wake him ſtrait,
" And ſee you doe as earſt I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he ſleeps ſoundly,) my lord.
" *Slie.* Tapſter, give's a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Heere's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—Ieſus, what fine apparell have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you, I will fetch them ſtraight.

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Slr. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Slr. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath;[9]

" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtands readie cuppled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." Steevens.

[8] ——*ſmall ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: " For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*;" I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmall beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the ſame books, though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. Steevens.

It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. ii. that *ſingle beer* and *ſmall beer* were ſynonymous terms. Malone.

[9] —— *of* Burton-heath; ——*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of* Wincot,] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Glouceſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old

by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught:[3] Here's——

enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

Burton Dorſet is a village in Warwickſhire. RITSON.

There is likewiſe a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton* Haſtings.

Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addreſſed to Mr. Clement Fiſher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickſhire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotſwold games, lived. MALONE.

[3] —— *I am not* beſtraught:] I once thought that if our poet did not deſign to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read—*diſtraught*, i. e. *diſtracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O, if I wake, ſhall I not be *diſtraught*," &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *beſtraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by Warner, 1602, I meet with the word as ſpelt by Shakſpeare:

" Now teares had drowned further ſpeech, till ſhe as one
beſtrought
" Did crie," &c.

Again, in the old Song, beginning, " When griping grief," &c. No. 53. *Paradyſe of dainty Deuiſes*, edit. 1576:

" *Be-ſtraughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

" Well near *beſtraught*, upſtart his heare for dread."

STEEVENS.

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;

Beſtraught ſeems to have been ſynonymous to *diſtraught* or diſtracted. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "*Beſtract*, a Lat. diſtractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." Malone.

Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhow thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?

[Servants *preſent an ewer, baſon, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,[3]
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Serv.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[4]

[3] —— *leet,*] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. Johnson.

And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:] The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordſhip, before the ſteward of the leet. See Kitchen *On Courts*, 4th edit. 1663. "The reſidue of the matters of the charge which enſue," ſays that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21, "are enquirable and *preſentable*, and are alſo puniſhable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-ſeventh: "Alſo if tiplers ſell by CUPS *and diſhes, or meaſures ſealed, or* not ſealed, *is inquirable.*" See alſo *Characteriſmi, or Lenton's Leaſures*, 12mo. 1631: "He [an informer] transforms himſelfe into ſeveral ſhapes, to avoid ſuſpicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the ſight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their ſale by *ſealed quarts*, ſpoyles his market." Malone.

[4] —— *John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece*, was a *fat hart*. *Graiſſe*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them ſlew a hart of *graece*,"

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of King Henry VII. among other diſhes were "capons *of high Greece.*"

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man:* or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. Steevens.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' th' Green. Blackstone.

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.[5]

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with Attendants.*[6]

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

The addition ſeems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf *of the Green.*"

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot, againſt Clement Perkes *o' the hill.*"—The emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was alſo ſuggeſted in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[5] In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following ſpeeches, from the old play, 1607. I have already obſerved that it is by no means probable, that this former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakſpeare, and have therefore removed them from the text:

"*Sly.* By the maſs, I think I am a lord indeed:
"What is thy name?
"Man. *Sim*, an it pleaſe your honour.
"Sly. *Sim?* that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon*, or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot." Steevens.

[6] *Enter the* Page, *&c.*] Thus in the original play:

"*Enter the Boy in woman's attire.*
"Slie. *Sim*, is this ſhe?
"*Lord.* I, my lord.
"*Slie.* Maſſe 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?
"*Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchſafe

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

" To looke on me, and leave theſe frantike fits!
" Or were I now but halfe ſo eloquent
" To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
" I know your honour then would pittie me.
" *Slie.* Harke you, miſtreſſe; will you eat a peece of bread?
" Come, ſit downe on my knee: *Sim*, drinke to her, *Sim*;
" For ſhe and I will go to bed anon.
" *Lord.* May it pleaſe you, your honour's plaiers be come
" To offer your honour a plaie.
" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave! be they my plaiers?
" *Lord.* I my lord.
" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?
" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.
" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*
" *Lord.* Even when it pleaſe your honour; they be readie.
" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.
" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus.
[*Exit Boy.*
" *Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim*, ſtand by me,
" And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.
" *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?
" *Sound trumpets.*
" *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*" STEEVENS.

Sly. Madam wife,[7] they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept
Above ſome fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.[8]

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpite of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,

[7] *Madam wife,*] Mr. Pope gives likewiſe the following prefix to this ſpeech from the elder play:
"*Sly.* Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her." Madam, &c. Steevens.

[8] —— *come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again,—*Sim, drink to her.* Steevens.

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?[9]

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger. [*They ſit down.*

9 *Is not a* commonty *a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It* is not a *commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themſelves uſe the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,[2]
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious[3] ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.[4]

[2] —— for *fruitful Lombardy*,] Mr. Theobald reads *from*. The former editions, inſtead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *ingenious*—] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* ſtudies, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

Thus, in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:—"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* ſpirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildneſs."

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"—— deal *ingenioufly*, ſweet lady." REED.

[4] *Piſa, renowned for grave citizens*, &c.] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Vincentio his ſon,[5] brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,[6]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy[7]

Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which ſhould begin a new ſentence, *Vincentio his ſon*, is the ſame as *Vincentio's ſon*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has propoſed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakſpeare in other places expreſſes the genitive caſe in the ſame improper manner. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II. ſc. i: "*Mars his* ideot." And *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iii: "The *Count his* gallies." TYRWHITT.

Vincentio, *come of the Bentivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not ſure that it is right. Our author might have written:

Vincentio's ſon, *come of the Bentivolii.*

If that be the true reading, this line ſhould be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the caſe in the original copy, which adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now propoſed:

Vincentio's ſon, *come of the Bentivolii,*
Vincentio's ſon brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, &c. MALONE.

[5] *Vincentio* his *ſon*,] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. STEEVENS.

Vincentio's is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. Mr. Pope, I ſuppoſe, not perceiving this, unneceſſarily reads—Vincentio *his* ſon, which has been too haſtily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Could I have read the line, as a verſe, without Mr. Pope's emendation, I would not have admitted it. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to* ſerve *all hopes conceiv'd*,] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

[7] *Virtue, and that part of philoſophy*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards uſed in this ſcene, and in the ſame manner, by Tranio:

"For who ſhall bear your part, &c.
"Keep houſe and *ply* his book?" M. MASON.

Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*,[8] gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,[9]
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick[2] with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſy uſe, to quicken you;[3]
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,

So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

" O ye children, let your time be well ſpent,
" *Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*, 1566: " I feare he *applyes* his ſtudy ſo, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke." MALONE.

[8] *Mi perdonate*,] Old copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[9] —— *Ariſtotle's* checks,] are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and reſtrain the indulgence of the paſſions. MALONE.

Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

[2] Talk *logick*—] Old copy—*Balk*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] —— *to* quicken *you*;] i. e. *animate*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" *Quicken* a rock, and make you dance canary." STEEVENS.

Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand aſide.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortenſio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, ſir, [*To* Bap.] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.

Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maids' mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat![3] 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange?[4]
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

[3] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is uſed in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakſpeare's:)

" *Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
" To ſee that proud, pert *peat*, our youngeſt ſiſter," &c.

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Tho. Lodge; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" And God ſend every *pretty peate*,
" Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*," &c.

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it ſignifies *darling*.

" He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſo ſtrange?*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men [5]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewell. Katharina you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts [6] are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; [7] our cake's

[5] ——*cunning men,*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing, learned,* as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. Johnson.

[6] ——*your* gifts—] *Gifts* for *endowments.* Malone.

So, before in this comedy:

" —— a woman's *gift,*
" To rain a ſhower of commanded tears." Steevens.

[7] —— Their *love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out;*] I cannot conceive whoſe love Gremio can mean by the words *their love,* as they had been talking of no love but that which they themſelves felt for Bianca. We muſt therefore read, *our* love, inſtead of *their.* M. Mason.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing y^r^ ſtood for either *their* or *your.* The editor of the third

dough on both ſides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.[8]

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,[9] it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio! though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

folio and ſome modern editors, with, I think, leſs probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it muſt mean—the good will of Baptiſta and Bianca towards us. Malone.

[8] —— *I will* wiſh *him to her father.*] i. e. I will *recommend* him. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*

" To *wiſh* him wreſtle with affection." Reed.

[9] —— *upon* advice,] i. e. on conſideration, or reflection. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" How ſhall I dote on her, with more *advice*,
" That thus, without *advice*, begin to love her!"

Steevens.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![9] He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring.[2] How ſay you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, ſir, tell me,—Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

[9] *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expreſſion. It is uſed in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or diſtributed, though its original meaning was the proviſion given away at the doors of great men's houſes. Steevens.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion, which may ſerve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man* be his *fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! Malone.

[2] ——*He that runs faſteſt, gets the* ring.] An alluſion to the ſport of running at the ring. Douce.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[3] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,[4]—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[5]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents:
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly[6] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[7] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

[3] —— *is not* rated—] Is not driven out by chiding. Malone.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——'tis to be chid,
" As we *rate* boys." Steevens.

[4] *If love have* touch'd *you, nought remains but ſo,*] The next line from Terence ſhows that we ſhould read:

If Love hath toyl'd *you,*——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eſt, habet,* of the ſame author. Warburton.

It is a common expreſſion at this day to ſay, when a bailiff has arreſted a man, that he has *touched* him on the ſhoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a tranſlation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. Thus, in *As you Like it*, Roſalind ſays to Orlando: " Cupid hath *clapt* him on the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole." M. Mason.

[5] *Redime,* &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. Johnson.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced alſo in Decker's *Bellman's Night-Walk*, &c. It may be added, that *captus eſt, habet*, is not in the ſame play which furniſhed the quotation. Steevens.

[6] ——*longly*—] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. Steevens.

[7] —— *daughter of Agenor*—] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. Steevens.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd[7] with ſuitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

[7] ——*ſhe* ſhall *not be annoy'd*—] Old copy—ſhe *will* not. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Luc. Baſta;[8] content thee; for I have it full.[9]
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port,[2] and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Piſa.[3]—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio.
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to achieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

[8] *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. This expreſſion occurs in *The Mad Lover*, and *The Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our ſtratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. So, in *Othello:*
" I have it, *'tis engender'd* ——." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *port*,] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
" How much I have diſabled mine eſtate
" By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling *port*
" Than my faint means would grant continuance." REED.

[3] —— *or* mean *man of Piſa.*] The old copy, regardleſs of metre, reads—*meaner*. STEEVENS.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

BION. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your clothes?
Or you ſtol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUC. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcried:[2]
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

BION. I, ſir? ne'er a whit.

LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

BION. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!

TRA. So would I,[3] 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.

[2] —— *and fear I was deſcried:*] i. e. I fear I was obſerv'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—*I* am *deſcried*; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[3] *So* would *I*,] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—
I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter[4] Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty.[5]
[*Exeunt.*[6]

1 SERV. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

SLY. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!*

[4] ——your *maſter*—] Old copy—*you* maſter. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] ——*good and weighty.*] The diviſion for the ſecond act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[6] *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Preſenters above ſpeak."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raiſed at the back of the ſtage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They ſit and mark.* MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Hortenſio's *Houſe.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?[6]

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here,[7] ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir, that I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;[8]
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa,* and ſing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

[6] ——*has* rebus'd *your worſhip?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a falſe print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

[7] *Knock you here,*] Grumio's pretenſions to wit have a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*; and this circumſtance makes it the more probable that theſe two plays were written at no great diſtance of time from each other. MALONE.

[8] —— wring *it*;] Here ſeems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

Gru. Help, maſters,[9] help! my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.[2]—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to

9 *Help*, maſters,] The old copy reads—*here*; and in ſeveral other places in this play *miſtreſs*, inſtead of *maſters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the Mſs. of our author's age *M* was the common abbreviation of *Maſter* and *Miſtreſs*. Hence the miſtake. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:
" What ho, M. [Maſter] Lorenzo, and M. [Miſtreſs] Lorenzo." Malone.

2 ——*what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been juſt ſpeaking Italian to Hortenſio, which Grumio miſtakes for the other language. Steevens.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read—*Nay, 'tis no matter what* be leges *in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir.*—That is, " 'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cauſe," &c. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this paſſage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little abſent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not poſſibly miſtake it for Latin. M. Mason.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Maſon for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on ſome future occaſion, though at the preſent

leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for aught I ſee,) two and thirty,—a pip out?[3]
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?[4]
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.

moment it will not operate ſo forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumſtance, becauſe his Italians neceſſarily ſpeak Engliſh throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial ſentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or ſuit the meaſure of his verſe, he gives us in its room, "*Sir* Vincentio," and "*Sir* Lucentio." Steevens.

[3] —— *a* pip *out?*] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope, Malone.

[4] —— knock me *ſoundly?*] Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraſeology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello:*

"I pray *talk me* of Caſſio."

It occurs again, and more improperly, in heroic tranſlation:

"—— upon advantage ſpide,
"Did wound *me* Molphey on the leg," &c.

Arthur Golding's *Ovid*, B. V. p. 66. b.
Steevens.

And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes further than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,[5]
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,[6])
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,[7]

[5] *Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a* few,] *In a few,* means the ſame as *in ſhort, in few* words. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

" In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire," &c.

STEEVENS.

[6] (*As wealth is* burthen *of my wooing* dance,)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

[7] *Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thouſand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections.

As old as Sibyl, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,

" 39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was ſo deceived by the luſtre and orientneſs of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, ſcarfes, laces, gold ſpangles, and other gaudy devices, that he was raviſhed overnight, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized. But next morning by light viewing of her before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up, ſhe was ſuch a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would ſay that he had married himſelf to a ſtinking houſe of office, painted over, and ſet out with fine garments: and ſo for grief conſumed away in melancholy, and at laſt poyſoned himſelf. *Gomeſius, lib. 3. de Sal. Gen. cap.* 22." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her:

" *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
" And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit,
" Which was the lotheſt wighte
" That ever man caſte on his eye:
" Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
" Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir viſage.
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:
" Hir necke is ſhorte, hir ſhulders courbe,
" That might a mans luſte diſtourbe:
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng ſmall,
" And ſhortly to deſcrive hir all,
" She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll ſacke:" &c.——
" Though ſhe be the *fouleſte* of all," &c.

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Diſcourſe to *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough[8]
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[9] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes:[2] why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)[3]

[8] ——*were ſhe as rough*—] The old copy reads—*were ſhe* is *as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] ——*aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in ſize the tag of a point.

So, in *Jeronimo*, 1605:

" And all thoſe ſtars that gaze upon her face,
" Are *aglets* on her ſleeve-pins and her train."

STEEVENS.

An *aglet-baby* was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French hiſtorian:—" portant meme ſur les *aiguillettes* [points] des petites *tetes* de mort." MALONE.

[2] ——*as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes:*] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: " O ſtumbling jade! the ſpavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diſeaſes* ſtop thee!" MALONE.

[3] ——(*and that is* faults *enough*,)] And that one is itſelf a hoſt of faults. The editor of the ſecond folio, who has been copied by all the ſubſequent editors, unneceſſarily reads—*and that is* fault *enough*. MALONE.

Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd,[4] and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[5] I'll tell you

[4] ——*ſhrewd,*] here means, having the qualities of a *ſhrew.* The adjective is now uſed only in the ſenſe of *acute, intelligent.* MALONE.

I believe *ſhrewd* only ſignifies *bitter, ſevere.* So, in *As you Like it,* ſc. ult:

" That have endur'd *ſhrewd* days and nights with us."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*an he begin once, he'll rail in his* rope-tricks.] This is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you,* &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him[6] but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat:[7] You know him not, ſir.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally ſignified abuſive language, without any determinate idea; ſuch language as parrots are taught to ſpeak. So, in *Hudibras:*

" Could tell what ſubt'leſt parrots mean,
" That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;
" What member 'tis of whom they talk,
" When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk."

The following paſſage in Wilſon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, ſhews that this was the meaning of the term: " Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and deſirous to ſpeak like a fine learned man, having juſt occaſion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, ſaid after this wiſe in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumciſion of my damnacion, I will ſo corrupte thee that all vacation knaves ſhall take ill ſample by thee." This the author in the margin calls " *rope-ripe* chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611: " Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

[6] ——ſtand *him*—] i. e. withſtand, reſiſt him. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat:*] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. In the *Caſtell of Laboure*, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, is the following line: " That was as *blereyed* as a cat."

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this alluſion of Grumio:

" Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
" A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."

The firſt is in *Ray's Collection*, the ſecond in *Kelly's*. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep[6] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:[7]
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;[8]—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Katharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick,[9] to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,

[6] ——*in Baptiſta's* keep—] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. Steevens.

[8] *And her withholds*, &c.] It ſtood thus:

And her withholds from me.
Other more ſuitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

[9] *Therefore this* order *hath Baptiſta* ta'en;] To *take order* is to *take meaſures*. So, in *Othello:*

" Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." Steevens.

[9] *Well* ſeen *in muſick*,] *Seen* is verſed, practiſed. So, in a very ancient comedy called *The longer thou Liveſt the more Fool thou art:*

" Sum would have you *ſeen* in ſtories,
" Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
" Sum will move you to reade Scripture.
" Marry, I would have you *ſeene* in cardes and diſe."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

" Well *ſeene* in every ſcience that mote bee."

Steevens.

Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguiſed, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand;[2]
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

[2] ——*at any hand*;] i. e. at all events. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——let him fetch off his drum, *in any hand.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] *To whom they go.*] The old copy reads—*To whom they go* to. STEEVENS.

Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for fair Bianca:[2]
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me[3] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

[2] ——*for fair Bianca:*] The old copy redundantly reads—"for *the* fair Bianca." Steevens.

[3] ——*help* me—] The old copy reads—help *one*. Steevens. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon:[4]
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.

Gre. O, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clang?[5]

[4] —— *old* Antonio's *ſon:*] The old copy reads—*Butonio's* ſon. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] —— *and trumpets'* clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed adjectively, as in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

" ——an iſland ſalt and bare,
" The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews *clang.*"
T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is miſtaken. *Clang*, as a ſubſtantive, is uſed in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this houſe."

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,[6]
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh! tuſh! fear boys with bugs.[7]

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aſide.*

Gre. Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.

Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner. [*Aſide.*

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

" ——hear you the *clang*
" Of Scythian trumpets?"——

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" The trumpets *clang*, and roaring noiſe of drums."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" Hath not the *clang* of harſh Armenian troops," &c.

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

" Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boyſtus ſounde and ſhryll
" Of trumpetes *clang* the ſtalles was not accuſtomed to fill."

The Trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet beſtowed on thoſe inſtruments. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſo great a blow to* the ear,] The old copy reads—to *hear*. Steevens.

This aukward phraſe could never come from Shakſpeare. He wrote, without queſtion,

——*ſo great a blow to* th' ear. Warburton.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. Malone.

So, in *K. John:*

" Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
" But *buffets* better than a fiſt of France." Steevens.

[7] ——*with* bugs.] i. e. with *bug-bears*.
So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——are become
" The mortal *bugs* o' the field." Steevens.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aſide to* TRANIO.] he you mean?[8]

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*

[8] *He that has the two fair daughters:* &c.] In the old copy, this ſpeech is given to *Biondello.* STEEVENS.

It ſhould rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. The following paſſages might be written thus;

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*

Gre. *Hark you, ſir; you mean not her* too. TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding ſpeech is right. Biondello adds to what his maſter had ſaid, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to aſcertain more preciſely the perſon for whom he had enquired; and then addreſſes Tranio; "is't he you mean?"

——*You mean not her* to—] I believe, an abrupt ſentence was intended; or perhaps Shakſpeare might have written—her to *woo.* Tranio in his anſwer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his conſent, and the daughter for herſelf. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my firſt ſuppoſition. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.

Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.

Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?

Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me among the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,[9]—
Achieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon,[2]

9 ——*this* feat,] The old copy reads—this *ſeek*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe.

2 *Pleaſe ye we may* contrive *this afternoon*,] Mr. Theobald aſks *what they were to contrive?* and then ſays, *a fooliſh corruption poſſeſſes the place*, and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project* but to *ſpend*, and *wear out*. As in this paſſage of Spenſer:

" Three ages ſuch as mortal men *contrive*."

Fairy Queen, B. XI. ch. ix. Warburton.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out*, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. Johnson.

So, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:

" In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
" Full many a year," &c.

And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,[2]—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.[3]

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

Contrive, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *as* adverſaries *do* in law,] By *adverſaries in law*, I believe, our author means not ſuitors, but *barriſters*, who, however warm in their oppoſition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendſhip in private, than perhaps thoſe of any other of the liberal profeſſions. Their *clients* ſeldom "eat and drink with their adverſaries as friends." MALONE.

[3] —— Fellows, *let's begone.*] *Fellows* means *fellow-ſervants*. Grumio and Biondello addreſs each other, and alſo the diſguiſed Lucentio. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

BIAN. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,[4]
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds,[5]—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee,[6] tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou lieſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

BIAN. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.[7]

[4] —— *nor* wrong *yourſelf,*] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a ſiſter. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "Maſter Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

[5] —— *but for theſe other* gawds,] The old copy reads—*theſe other* goods. STEEVENS.

This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a word, that I am ſatisfied our author wrote *gawds,* (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of. THEOBALD.

[6] —— *I charge* thee,] *Thee,* which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] —— *to keep you* fair.] I wiſh to read—*to keep you* fine. But either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?——
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding[8] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.

Bap. What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.

Kath. Will you not ſuffer me?[9] Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[2]

[8] ——*hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour. Johnson.

[9] *Will you not ſuffer me?*] The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c. The compoſitor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[2] *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at preſent, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of thoſe animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phraſe came to be applied

Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a muſician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhow myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Therefore (ſays Beatrice,) I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell." MALONE.

That women who refuſed to bear children, ſhould, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-ſtrings, might have been conſidered as an act of poſthumous retribution. STEEVENS.

I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*Preſenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

BAP. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.[3]

[3] Baccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] We muſt read, *Bacealare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, preſumptuous man! the word is uſed ſcornfully upon any one that would aſſume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
" Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

" *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe,
" Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages:* and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.——

Neighbour,[4] this is a gift[5] very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,[6] [*Preſenting* Lucentio,] that hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

"Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you muſt ſtand apart:
"You love me beſt, I trow, myſtreſſe Mary."

Again, in John *Lyly's Midas*, 1592: "The maſculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, *Backare*." Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: "——yet wreſted he ſo his effeminate bande to the ſiege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme ſounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare, Baccare*." Steevens.

[4] *Neighbour,*] The old copy has—*neighbours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[5] *I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.——*
Neighbour, this is a gift—] The old copy gives the paſſage as follows:

I doubt it not, ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift—. Steevens.

This nonſenſe may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, ſir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addreſſing himſelf to Baptiſta. Warburton.

[6] *I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,*] Our modern editors had been long content with the following ſophiſticated reading: ——*free leave give to this young ſcholar,*——. Steevens.

This is an injudicious correction of the firſt folio, which reads—*freely give unto* this young ſcholar. We ſhould read, I believe—

I *freely give unto* you *this young ſcholar,*
That hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning
In Greek, &c. Tyrwhitt.

If this emendation wanted any ſupport, it might be had in the

Bap. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*To* Tranio.] methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:[6]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name?[7] of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

preceding part of this ſcene, where Petruchio, preſenting Hortenſio to Baptiſta, uſes almoſt the ſame form of words:

" And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
" *I* do *preſent you* with a man of mine,
" Cunning in muſick," &c.

Free leave give, &c. was the abſurd correction of the editor of the third folio. Malone.

[6] —— *this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her ſiſters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. Percy.

[7] Lucentio *is your name?*] How ſhould Baptiſta know this? Perhaps a line is loſt, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes they converſe privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action muſt ſtand ſtill; for there is no ſpeech interpoſed between that of Tranio and this of Baptiſta. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. Malone.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well:[8] you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you [*To* Hor.] the lute, and you [*To* Luc.] the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* Hortensio, Lucentio, *and* Biondello.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.

Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,

[8] *I know him well:*] It appears in a ſubſequent part of this play, that Baptiſta was not *perſonally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptiſta having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptiſta expreſſes no ſurpriſe at his not being the ſame man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he ſuppoſes him an impoſtor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, muſt mean, "I know well who he is." Baptiſta uſes the ſame words before, ſpeaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his ſake"—where they muſt have the ſame meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is ſuppoſed to have died before the commencement of this play.

Some of the modern editors point the paſſage before us thus:

A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well.——

but it is not ſo pointed in the old copy, and the regulation ſeems unneceſſary, the very ſame words having been before uſed with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "We *know him* for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him." Malone.

And every day I cannot come to woo.[9]
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,[2]—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

9 *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio:*

" And I cannot come every day to wooe."

It appears alſo from a quotation in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled *The Woer:*

" Iche pray you good mother tell our young dame
" Whence I am come, and what is my name;
" *I cannot come a woing every day.*" Steevens.

2 ——*Ill aſſure her* of
Her widowhood,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood. The reading of the old copy is harſh to our ears, but it might have been the phraſeology of the time. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*on* her widowhood. In the old copies *on* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded, through the printers' inattention. Steevens.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,[3]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fiddler,

[3] ——*her* frets,] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. Johnson.

And—twangling Jack;[3] with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had[4] ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, *and* Hortensio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:[5]

[3] *And*—twangling Jack;] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the preciſe meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Raſtell:

" ——ye wene I were ſome hafter,
" Or ellys ſome *jangelynge jacke* of the vale." Steevens.

To *twangle* is a provincial expreſſion, and ſignifies to flouriſh capriciouſly on an inſtrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular compoſition. Henley.

Twangling Jack is, *mean, paltry* lutaniſt. Malone.

I do not ſee with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means " paltry *lutaniſt*," though it may " paltry *muſician*." Douce.

[4] ——*ſhe had*—] In the old copy theſe words are accidentally tranſpoſed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[5] *As morning roſes newly* waſh'd with dew:] Milton has honoured this image by adopting it in his *Allegro:*

" And freſh-blown roſes *waſh'd in dew*." Steevens.

Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate;[6] for that's your name, I hear.

[6] *Good-morrow, Kate*; &c.] Thus in the original play:
" *Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate.*
" *Kate.* You jeaſt I am ſure; is ſhe yours already?
" *Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'ſt me wel.
" *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you ſo?
" *Feran.* My mind, ſweet *Kate*, doth ſay I am the man,
" Muſt wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
" *Kate.* Was ever ſeene ſo groſſe an aſſe as this?
" *Feran.* I, to ſtand ſo long and never get a kiſſe.
" *Kate.* Hands off, I ſay, and get you from this place;
" Or I will ſet my ten commandements in your face.
" *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they ſay thou art a ſhrew,
" And I like thee better, for I would have thee ſo.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, ſir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will ſerve, if the other faile.
" *Alſon.* How now, *Ferando?* what [ſays] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, ſir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* 'Tis for your ſkin then, but not to be your wife.
" *Alſon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,
" To him that I have choſen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow ſhalt be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainſicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turnes aſide and ſpeaks.
" But yet I will conſent and marry him,

Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard
of hearing;[7]
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain
Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;
But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd
you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-ſtool.[8]

" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide,)
" And match him too, or elſe his manhood's good.
" *Alfon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee well,
" And will with wealth and eaſe maintaine thy ſtate.
" Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next ſhall be our wedding-day.
" *Feran.* Why ſo, did I not tel thee I ſhould be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.
" Provide yourſelves againſt our marriage day,
" For I muſt hie me to my country houſe
" In haſte, to ſee proviſion may be made
" To entertaine my *Kate* when ſhe doth come," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *Well have you* heard, *but ſomething* hard *of hearing*;] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old Engliſh books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

[8] *A joint-ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion:
" Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch jade, ſir,[9] as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.[2]

Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

See Ray's *Collection.* It is likewiſe repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear.* Steevens.

[9] *No ſuch* jade, ſir,] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—no ſuch *jack.* However there is authority for *jade* in a male ſenſe. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, *Piſton* ſays of *Baſiliſco*, "He juſt like a *knight!* He'll *juſt* like a *jade.*" Farmer.

So, before, p. 438: "I know *he'll* prove a *jade,*" Malone.

[2] *Ay, for a turtle*; as *he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better—

Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a *hawk.* Johnson.

This kind of expreſſion likewiſe ſeems to have been proverbial. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"——haſt no more ſkill,
"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" Steevens.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails;[3] and ſo farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*

Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.

Kath. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[4]

[3] *Yours, if you talk of* tails;] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—"Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale*." Our author is very fond of uſing words of ſimilar ſounds in different ſenſes.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. Malone.

[4] ——*a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:
"That he will pull the *craven* from his neſt."
Steevens.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.

Kath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour,

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhow it me.

Kath. Had I a glaſs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Craven was a term alſo applied to thoſe who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the conſequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See note on *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore.* Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 10. edit. 1780. Reed.

Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.[5]

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.[6]

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

[5] *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενος ἐπίτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. Tyrwhitt.

[6] Pet. *Am I not wiſe?*
Kath. *Yes; keep you warm.*] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*
"——your houſe has been kept *warm*, ſir.
"I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are *wiſe* too."
Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing:*
"——that if he has *wit* enough to keep himſelf *warm*."
Steevens.

And, will you, nill you,[7] I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate[8]
Conformable, as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAP. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How ſpeed you with
My daughter?

PET. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

KATH. Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhow'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;

[7] —— nill *you*,] So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"*Will* you or *nill* you, you muſt yet go in."

Again, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:

"Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I*, it muſt be done."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a wild* cat *to a Kate*—] The firſt folio reads—

—— *a wild* Kate *to a Kate*, &c.

The ſecond folio—

—— *a wild* Kat *to a Kate*, &c. STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio with ſome probability reads—*from a wild* Kat (meaning certainly *cat*.) So before: "But will you woo this *wild cat?*" MALONE.

A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel;[9]
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt Kate!—

9 ——*a ſecond* Griſſel; *&c.*] So, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l:

" I will become as mild and dutiful
" As ever *Griſſel* was unto her lord,
" And for my conſtancy as *Lucrece* was."

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called " The plaie of *Patient Griſſel.*" Bocaccio was the firſt known writer of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale.* STEEVENS.

The ſtory of *Griſel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compoſitions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vied ſo faſt,[2] proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,[3]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch[4] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

[2] —— *kiſs on kiſs*
She vied *ſo faſt*,] *Vye and revye* were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, "time *revyes* us," which has been unneceſſarily altered. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

It appears from a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, that to *vie* was one of the terms uſed at the game of *Gleek*—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it;"—"nor I."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

"All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,
"For every ſilver hair upon my head,
"A piece of gold." STEEVENS.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the faſhionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. "Let us play at Primero then. A. What ſhall we play for? S. One ſhilling ſtake and three reſt.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, ſir, I hould it, and *revye* it."

To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

[3] ——*'tis a world to ſee*,] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians as well as dramatic writers. So, in *Holinſhed*, Vol. I. p. 209: "*It is a world to ſee* how many ſtrange heartes," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *A* meacock *wretch*—] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1604:

"A woman's well holp up with ſuch a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"They are like my huſband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"As ſtout as a ſtockfiſh, as meek as a *meacock*."

STEEVENS.

To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, ſunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Katharine, *ſeverally.*

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.[5]

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.[6]

[5] —— in *the match.*] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints,[7]

" The fire of love in youthful blood,
" Like what is kindled in bruſh-wood,
" But for the moment burns: ——
" But when crept into aged veins,
" It ſlowly burns, and long remains;
" It glows, and with a ſullen heat,
" Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;
" And though the flame be not ſo great,
" Yet is the heat as ſtrong." JOHNSON.

So alſo, in *A Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:

" My old dry wood ſhall make a luſty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hiſſing in the chimney-corner."

The thought, however, might originate from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

" Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,
" O heavenly ſoule, in humane ſhape contain'd!
" Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the braveſt fire,
" When yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend."

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *counterpoints,*] So, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

" Then I will have rich *counterpoints* and muſk."

Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counterpanes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,[8]
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter[9] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:

Counterpoint is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch-work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely coſtly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the inſurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they deſtroyed a coverlet, worth a thouſand marks. MALONE.

[8] —— tents, *and canopies,*] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-ſtitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtick riches. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect, the furniture of ſome kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillon*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[9] *Pewter*——] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland," &c. that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This houſehold-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides [2] an argoſy,[3]
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,[4]

[2] Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!*
My land amounts not *to ſo much in all:*
That ſhe ſhall have; *beſides*—] Though all copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. Gremio is ſtartled at the high ſettlement Tranio propoſes: ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats per annum. My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. Warburton.

Gremio only ſays, his whole eſtate in land doth not indeed amount to two thouſand ducats a year, but ſhe ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above; which argoſy muſt be underſtood to be of very great value from his ſubjoining:

What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy? Heath.

[3] *That ſhe ſhall have*; *beſides an argoſy*,] She ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above. Heath.

[4] ——*two* galliaſſes,] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of

And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied.[5]

Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On ſunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the ſunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;

the nature of a ſhip and a galley. So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

" —— to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are ſure to build *galliaſſes*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was ſaid to be *out-vied*. So, in Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: " They draw a card, and the barnacle *vies*, and the countryman *vies* upon him," &c.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

" Thou canſt not finde out wayes enow to ſpend it;
" They will *out-vie* thy pleaſures." STEEVENS.

Sirrah, young gameſter,[6] your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[7]

[6] *Sirrah, young* gameſter,] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the laſt note. Malone.

Gameſter, in the preſent inſtance, has no reference to gaming, and only ſignifies—a wag, a frolickſome character. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands." Steevens.

[7] *Yet I have faced it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So, Skelton:

" Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
" And ſo outface him with *a card of ten.*

And, Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd:*

" —— a *Hart of ten*
" I trow he be."

i. e. an extraordinary good one. Warburton.

A hart of ten has no reference to *cards*, but is an expreſſion taken from *The Laws of the Foreſt*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is paſt ſix years old, he is generally called *a hart of ten.* See *Foreſt Laws*, 4to. 1598.

Again, in the ſixth ſcene of *The Sad Shepherd:*

" —— a great large deer!
" *Rob.* What head?
" *John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expreſſion is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

" I may be out-fac'd with a *card of ten.*"

Mr. Malone is of opinion that the phraſe was " applied to thoſe perſons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident aſſertion."

As we are on the ſubject of cards, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dreſſes. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn:*

" When ſhe is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,
" Some may be *coats*, as in the cards."

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.[6]
[*Exit.*

Again, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"She had in her hand the ace of harts and a *coat-card*. She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat*; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up ſtarted a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1621:

"You have been at *noddy*, I ſee.

"Ay, and the firſt *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.

"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.

"Then thou muſt needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*if I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the concluſion of an act, I ſuſpect that the poet deſign'd a rhyming couplet. Inſtead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child ſhall *get* a ſire."

After this, the former editors add,

"*Sly*. Sim, when will the fool come again?*

"*Sim*. Anon, my lord.

"*Sly*. Give us ſome more drink here; where's the tapſter? Here, Sim, eat ſome of theſe things.

"*Sim*. I do, my lord.

"*Sly*. Here, Sim, I drink to thee."

Theſe ſpeeches of the preſenters, (as they are called,) are not in the folio. Mr. Pope, as in ſome former inſtances, introduced them from the old ſpurious play of the ſame name; and therefore we may eaſily account for their want of connection with the preſent comedy. I have degraded them as uſual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, might be meant *Sander* the ſervant to *Ferando* (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakſpeare) or *Ferando* himſelf.

* ——*when will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* ſhould be omitted, and that Sly aſks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phraſe it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is[8]
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

It appears however from the following paſſage in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, edit. 1660, that it was the conſtant office of the Fool to preſerve the ſtage from vacancy:

"79. When Stage-plays were in uſe, there was in every place one that was called the *Foole*; as the Proverb ſaies, *like a Fool in a Play*. At the Red Bull Play-houſe it did chance that the *Clown* or the *Fool*, being in the attireing houſe, was ſuddenly called upon the ſtage, for it was empty. He ſuddenly going, forgot his Fooles-cap. One of the players had his boy take it, and put it on his head as he was ſpeaking. No ſuch matter (ſaies the Boy) there's no manners nor wit in that, nor wiſdom neither; and my maſter needs no cap, for he is known to be a Fool without it, as well as with it." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*this is*—] Probably our author wrote—this *lady* is, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

We ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:
But, wrangling pedant, know *this* lady *is*. RITSON.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar[9] in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* Bianca.—Hortensio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[2]

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

[9] ——*no* breeching *ſcholar*—] i. e. no ſchool-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1598:

"Whoſe looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."

Again, in *The Hog has loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"——he went to fetch whips, I think, and, not reſpecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1618:

"If I had had a ſon of fourteen that had ſerved me ſo, I would have *breech'd* him." Steevens.

[2] ——*pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces. Johnson.

Bian. Let's hear:— [Hortensio *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not; *hic eſt Sigeia tellus,* I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not;—*regia,* preſume not;—*celſa ſenis,* deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule,[3] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.[4]

Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides
Was Ajax,[5]—call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,

[3] *Pedaſcule,*] He ſhould have ſaid, *Didaſcale,* but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule,* in imitation of it, from *pedant.* Warburton.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* Steevens.

[4] *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven verſes that follow, have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. Theobald.

[5] ——*for, ſure, Æacides,* &c.] This is only ſaid to deceive Hortenſio who is ſuppoſed to liſten. The pedigree of *Ajax,* however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis,* Book XIII:

" —— The higheſt Jove of all
" Acknowledgeth this *Æacus,* and dooth his ſonne him call.
" Thus am I *Ajax* third from Jove," Steevens.

I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters,[5] take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To* Lucentio.] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,[6]
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.[7]

[5] *Good* maſters,] Old copy—*maſter.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] —— but *I be deceiv'd,*] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs.* Malone.

[7] *To* change *true rules for* odd *inventions.*] The old copy reads—*To* charge *true rules for* old *inventions:* The former emendation was

Enter a Servant.[8]

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone. [*Exeunt* Bianca *and* Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

made by the editor of the ſecond folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald. *Old*, however may be right. I believe, an oppoſition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put inſtead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote

To change new *rules for old inventions.*

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.

Malone.

[8] *Enter a* Servant.] The old copy reads—*Enter a* Meſſenger—who, at the beginning of his ſpeech is called—*Nicke*. Ritson.

Meaning, I ſuppoſe, *Nicholas Tooley*. See Mr. Malone's *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*. Steevens.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

BAP. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio ſhould be married,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?

KATH. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen;[8]
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;[9]

[8] ——*full of* ſpleen;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

So, in the Firſt Part of *Henry IV:*

" A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a *ſpleen.*"

M. MASON.

[9] *Make friends, invite,* yes, *and proclaim the banns;*] Mr. Malone reads:

Make friends, invite them, &c. STEEVENS.

Them is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect in the metre, reads, with leſs probability in my opinion—

Make friends, invite, yes, *and proclaim,* &c. MALONE.

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Katharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. 'Would, Katharine had never ſeen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca, *and Others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,[2]
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.[3]

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter! news, old news,[4] and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, ſir.

[2] ——*vex a ſaint,*] The old copy redundantly reads—vex a *very* ſaint. Steevens.

[3] ——*of* thy *impatient humour.*] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[4] ——*old news,*] Theſe words were added by Mr. Rowe, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have been already ſpoken, *old laughing—old utis*, &c. are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See note on *Henry IV.* Part II. Act II. ſc. iv. Steevens.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs; with two broken points:[4] His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the

[4] ——*a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced*; *an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs*; *with* two broken points:] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs*. Johnson.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of the doublet.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. Steevens.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. Tollet.

——*that have been* candle-caſes,] That is, I ſuppoſe, boots long left off, and after having been converted into caſes to hold the ends of candles, returning to their firſt office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-caſe* in any other places, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Caſe is Alter'd, How?*—"I write upon caſes, neither knife-caſes, pin-caſes, nor *candle-caſes*."

And again, in *How to chooſe a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"A bow-caſe, a cap-caſe, a comb-caſe, a lute-caſe, a fiddle-caſe, and a *candle-caſe*." Steevens.

lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of wind-galls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives,[6] ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſway'd in the back,[7] and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er-legg'd before,[8] and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[9] which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

[6] ——*infected with the* faſhions,——*paſt cure of the* fives,] *Faſhions.* So called in the Weſt of England, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

Fives. So called in the Weſt: *vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the French; a diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles. GREY.

Shakſpeare is not the only writer who uſes *faſhions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

" *Shad.* What ſhall we learn by travel?

" *Andel. Faſhions.*

" *Shad.* That's a *beaſtly diſeaſe.*"

Again, in *The New Ordinary*, by Brome:

" My old beaſt is infected with the *faſhions*, faſhion-ſick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: " *Faſhions* was then counted a diſeaſe, and *horſes* died of it." STEEVENS.

[7] ——ſway'd *in the back*,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[8] ——ne'er *legg'd before*,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—" which, being reſtrain'd, to keep him from *ſtumbling*,"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horſe. MALONE.

[9] ——*crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in *The World toſſed at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley:

" Come, my well-lined ſoldier (with valour,

" Not *velure*) keep me warm."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——an old hat,

" Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, ſir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock[9] on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather:[2] a

9 ——*ſtock*—] i. e. ſtocking. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—it [his leg] does indifferent well in a flame-coloured *ſtock*."

STEEVENS.

2 ——*an old hat, and* The humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was ſome ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the kingdom was overrun with theſe doggrel compoſitions, and he ſeems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick ſay, "Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntneſs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Pandarus in his diſtreſs having repeated a very ſtupid ſtanza from an old ballad, ſays, with the higheſt humour, "There never was a truer rhyme; let's caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it."

WARBURTON.

I have ſome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been ſome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, deſcribing "an indigent and diſcontented ſoldat," ſays, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a ſword or rapier, that perhaps being ſomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for faſhion-ſake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but ſome fantaſtical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's Epigrams, 1598, may alſo add ſupport to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnaſh a bricke,
"Or ſome *pied colours* in my bonnet *ſticke*."

A *fancy*, however, meant alſo a love-ſong or ſonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "I muſt now fall from

monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." If the word was uſed here in this ſenſe, the meaning is, that the lackey had ſtuck forty ballads together, and made ſomething like a feather out of them.

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have ſtrengthened his ſuppoſition by obſerving, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of thoſe ſhort poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falſtaff, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV:* " —— ſung thoſe tunes which he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſwore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty Fancies* a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known *Hundred ſundrie Flowers bounde up in one ſmall Poeſie.—A Paradiſe of dainty Deviſes.—The Arbor of amorous Conceits.—The Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions.—The Foreſt of Hiſtories.—The Ordinary of Humors*, &c. Chance, at ſome future period, may eſtabliſh as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty ſhort poems, would, properly managed, furniſh no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humouriſt's ſervant. STEEVENS.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.[3]

PET. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

BAP. You are welcome, ſir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.

PET. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.

[3] *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*] Thus, in the original play:
" *Enter* Ferando, *baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.*
" *Feran.* Good morrow, father: *Polidor* well met,
" You wonder, I know, that I have ſtaide ſo long.
" *Alſon.* Yea, marry ſonne: we were almoſt perſuaded
" That we ſhould ſcarce have had our bridegroome heere:
" But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
" *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you ſhould have ſaide;
" For when my wife and I are married once,
" Shee's ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fall out,
" Sheele pull my coſtly ſutes over mine ears,
" And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I;
" For we ſhall live like lambes and lions ſure:
" Nor lambes to lions never were ſo tame,
" If once they lie within the lions pawes,
" As *Kate* to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, let's to church preſently.
" *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attired: for ſhame,
" Come to my chamber, and there ſuite thyſelfe,
" Of twenty ſutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, *Polidor*, I have as many ſutes
" Fantaſtike made to fit my humour ſo,
" As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought
" As was the maſſie robe that late adorn'd
" The ſtately legat of the *Perſian* king,
" And this from them I have made choiſe to weare.
" *Alſon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'ſt unto the church with us,
" To put ſome other ſute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world," &c. STEEVENS.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eyeſore to our ſolemn feſtival.

Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs;[4]
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.

Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

[4] —— *to digreſs*;] To deviate from my promiſe. JOHNSON.

When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

TRA. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

TRA. But, ſir, to her love[5] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted[6] to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

[5] Tra. *But, ſir,* to her *love*—] Mr. Theobald reads—*our* love. STEEVENS.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The firſt folio reads—*But, ſir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, ſhould be thus corrected:

But ſir, to her *love concerneth us to add*
Her father's liking.——

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

The nominative caſe to the verb *concerneth* is here underſtood. A ſimilar licence may be found in *Coriolanus:*

" *Remains* that in the official marks inveſted,
" You anon do meet the ſenate."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" The beauty that is borne here in the face
" The bearer knows not, but *commends* itſelf
" To others' eyes." MALONE.

[6] *As* I *before imparted*—] *I,* which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio; but with his uſual inaccuracy was inſerted in the wrong place. MALONE.

The ſecond folio reads:

As before I imparted, &c.

As this paſſage is now pointed, where is the inaccuracy of it? or, if there be any, might it not have happened through the careleſſneſs of the compoſitor? STEEVENS.

And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.[7]

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

[7] *As willingly*, &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Katharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he aroſe again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health,* quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm:—Quaff'd off the muſcadel,[8]

[8] ——*Quaff'd off the* muſcadel,] It appears from this paſſage, and the following one in *The Hiſtory of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

" *Enter a Maid ſtrewing flowers, and a ſerving-man perfuming the door.*
" *Maid.* Strew, ſtrew.
" *Man.* The *muſcadine* ſtays for the bride at church.
" The prieſt and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
" To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

" ——and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occaſion is called a " *knitting cup.*"

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

" Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup.*"

There was likewiſe a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

" Bring ſweet carnations, and *ſops in wine,*
" Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenſer.

And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other reaſon,—

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*

" Were the roſemary branches dipp'd, and all
" The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
" Were theſe two arms encompaſs'd with the hands
" Of bachelors to lead me to the church," &c.

Again, in the *Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Houſehold:* Article—" For the Marriage of a Princeſs."—" Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *ſoppe*, and to bee borne to the eſtates; and to take a *ſoppe* and drinke," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, ſet to muſick by Morley, 1606:

" *Sops in wine*, ſpice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The faſhion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and perſons preſent, was very anciently a conſtant ceremony; and, as appears from this paſſage, not aboliſhed in our author's age. We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Wincheſter cathedral, 1554: " The trumpetts ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned untill maſſe was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *ſopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

I inſert the following quotation merely to ſhow that the cuſtom remained in Shakſpeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter, the day of February, 1612, we are told by one who aſſiſted at the ceremonial: " —In concluſion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and ſeconded with congratulation of the lords there preſent, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the proſperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and anſwered by the princeſs) After which were ſerved up by ſix or ſeven barons ſo many bowles filled with wafers, ſo much of that work was conſummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This cuſtom is of very high antiquity; for it ſubſiſted among our Gothick anceſtors.—" *Ingreſſus domum convivalem ſponſus cum pronubo ſuo, ſumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in ſignum conſtantiæ, virtutis, defenſionis et tutelæ*, propinat *ſponſæ & ſimul morgennaticam* [dotalitium

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.[9]
I, ſeeing this,[2] came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

ob virginitatem] *promittit, quod ipſa grato animo recolens, pari ratione & modo, paulo poſt mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingreſſa,* poculum, *uti noſtrates vocant,* uxorium leviter delibans, *amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & ſubjectionem promittit.*" Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum vetuſto,* p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

[9] *And* kiſs'd *her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,*
That, at the parting, all the church *did echo.*] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs,* that this was alſo part of the marriage ceremonial:

" The *kiſſe thou gav'ſt me in the church,* here take."
STEEVENS.

This alſo is a very ancient cuſtom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. " Surgant ambo, ſponſus et ſponſa, et accipiat ſponſus pacem a ſacerdote, et ferat ſponſæ, *oſculans eam,* et neminem alium, nec ipſe, nec ipſa." *Manuale Sarum,* Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69.
MALONE.

[2] I, *ſeeing this,*] The old copy has,—*And* I ſeeing—. *And* was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.[3]

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.[4]

Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes.[5]

[3] *Let me entreat you.*] At the end of this ſpeech, as well as of the next but one, a ſyllable is wanting to complete the meaſure. I have no doubt of our poet's having written—in both inſtances—
Let me entreat you ſtay. Steevens.

[4] ——*my* horſes.] Old copy—*horſe*. Steevens.

[5] ——*the oats have eaten the horſes.*] There is ſtill a ludicrous expreſſion uſed when horſes have ſtaid ſo long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *that their heads are too big for the ſtable-door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſſed, as follows, in the original play:

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate, *and* Alfonſo *and* Polidor, *and* Emilia, *and* Aurelius *and* Phylema.

" *Feran.* Father, farewel; my *Kate* and I muſt home:

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till[4] I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,

" Sirrha, go make ready my horſe preſently.
" *Alſon.* Your horſe! what ſon, I hope you do but jeſt;
" I am ſure you wil not go ſo ſuddainely.
" *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am reſolv'd to ſtay;
" And not to travel on my wedding day.
" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home:
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſadled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns you ſlave, ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go.
" San. *The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*
" *For his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*
" *Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him ſtrait.
" *San.* Shall I give them another pecke of lavender?
" *Feran.* Out ſlave, and bring them preſently to the dore.
" *Alſon.* Why ſon, I hope at leaſt youle dine with us.
" *San.* I pray you, maſter, lets ſtay til dinner be done.
" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit* Sander.
" Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as wel as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,
" Deſpite of you Ile tarry with them ſtill.
" *Feran.* I *Kate* ſo thou ſhalt, but at ſome other time:
" When as thy ſiſters here ſhall be eſpousd,
" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,
" In better ſort then now we can provide;
" For heere I promiſe thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, *Kate*, ſtand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou ſhalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;
" It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, ſince you will be gone.
" *Alſon.* So mad a couple did I never ſee," &c. Steevens.

[4] ——nor *till*—] Old copy—*not* till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,[5]
My horſe, my ox, my aſs,[6] my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;

[5] *My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,*] This defective verſe might be completed by reading, with Hanmer—

She is *my houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn*;

or,

My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn, my ſtable—. Steevens.

[6] —— *my* houſe,——*my* ox, *my* aſs,] Alluding to the tenth commandment: "—thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's *houſe*,——nor his *ox*, nor his *aſs*,—" Ritson.

Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

LUC. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

BIAN. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

TRA. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

BAP. She ſhall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo ray'd?[5] was ever man ſo

[5] ——*was ever man ſo* ray'd?] That is, was ever man ſo mark'd with laſhes. JOHNSON.

weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot,[6] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.[7]

It rather means *bewray'd*, i. e. made dirty. So, Spenſer ſpeaking of a fountain:

" Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding heart,
" And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*."

Again, B. III. c. viii. ſt. 32:

" Who whiles the piteous lady up did riſe,
" Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy ſoil." TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600: " Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a little pot, and ſoon hot,*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. It is introduced in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606:

" ——Though I be but a *little pot*, I ſhall be as *ſoon hot* as another." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*fire, fire; caſt on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts in theſe words:

" Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
" Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
" Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis.[8]

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool![9] I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is

[8] ——*winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* myſelf, *fellow Curtis.* &c.] "*Winter,* ſays Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beaſt*; for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf,* fellow *Curtis.*——Away, you three-inch fool, replies *Curtis, I am no beaſt.*" Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf,* and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt,* and *Curtis, fellow*; ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word, "let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio,* after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered,* "What ſays my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero.*—"All of a houſe, replies *Onion,* but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnaſſus,* we have a curious paſſage, which ſhows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakſpeare; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden ſpouts—very illiterate.* "Few of the univerſity (ſays Kempe) pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer *Ovid,* and that writer *Metamorphoſis:*—why here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down." Farmer.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See Ray's *Collection.* Steevens.

[9] *Away, you* three-inch *fool!*] i. e. with a ſkull three inches thick; a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks.

Warburton.

This contemptuous expreſſion alludes to Grumio's diminutive ſize. He has already mentioned it himſelf:—"Now, were not I a *little pot*—." His anſwer likewiſe, "—and ſo *long* am I, at the leaſt,"—ſhows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that theſe words allude to the *thickneſs* of Grumio's *ſkull.* Malone.

a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.[2] But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand,) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

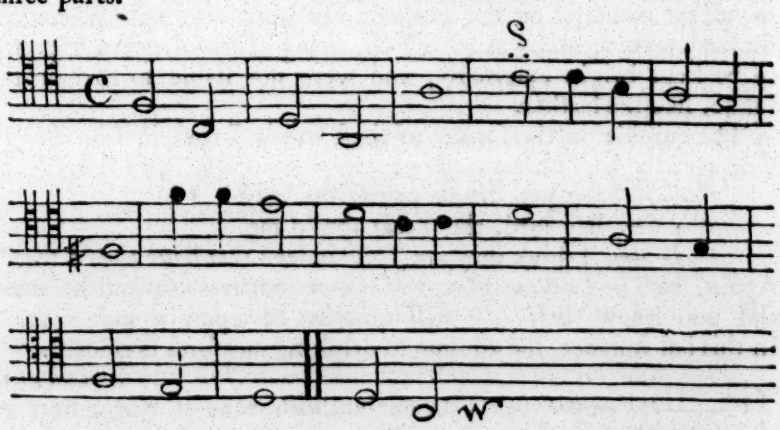
Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*[3] and as much news as thou wilt.[4]

[2] —*why*, thy *horn is a foot*; *and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald ſays, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[4] ——*as* thou wilt.] Old copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings,[5] and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[6] the carpets laid,[7] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?[8]

[5] —— their *white ſtockings,*] The old copy reads—*the* white—. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[6] —— *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without,*] i. e. are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confeſs I know not. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning ſeems to be this: "Are the men who are waiting without the houſe to receive my maſter, dreſs'd; and the maids, who are waiting within, dreſs'd too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide, like the leather.

The quibble on the former of theſe words I find in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Tourner, 1611:

"——have you drunk yourſelves mad?

"1 *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

"*D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "I owe money to ſeveral hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this laſt inſtance, the alluſion to drinking meaſures is evident. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

[8] —— *I pray* thee, *news?*] I believe the author wrote—*I pray*, thy *news*. MALONE.

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is [9] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both on one horſe? [2]

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd; [3] how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before; [4]

9 *This* is—] Old copy—*This* 'tis—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

2 ——on *one horſe?*] The old copy reads—*of* one horſe? STEEVENS.

3 ——*bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled; bemired. STEEVENS.

4 ——*how he ſwore*; *how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before*;] Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *King Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

how I cried; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt;[4] how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly combed, their blue coats bruſhed,[5] and their garters of an indifferent knit:[6]

[4] ——*was* burſt;] i. e. broken. So, in the firſt ſcene of this play: "You will not pay for the glaſſes you have *burſt?*" Steevens.

[5] ——*their* blue coats *bruſh'd,*] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E. 3: "—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *ſerving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." Again, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2: "Not a *ſerving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not becauſe it is the livery of charity, but leſt he ſhould be thought a retainer to their enemy." Reed.

[6] ——*garters of an* indifferent *knit:*] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows: indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. Johnson.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet:*

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye."

i. e. an impartial one. Steevens.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant *parti-coloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*. Thus Speed, (*Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, "—the face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent.*"

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in

let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready:[7] How near is our maſter?

a branched velvet jerkin,—red ſilk ſtockings, and *parti-coloured garters.*" MALONE.

[7] *All things* is *ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character. MALONE.

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Katharina.[8]

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door,[9]

[8] *Enter* Petruchio, &c.] Thus the original play:

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate.

" *Ferand.* Now welcome *Kate.* Wheres theſe villaines,
" Heere? what, not ſupper yet upon the boord!
" Nor table ſpread, nor nothing done at all!
" Where's that villaine that I ſent before?
" *San.* Now, adſum, ſir.
" *Feran.* Come hither you villaine; Ile cut your noſe
" You rogue: help me off with my bootes: wil't pleaſe
" You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote: pull eaſily I ſay: yet againe?
[*He beats them all. They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*
" Sowns, burnt and ſcorch't! who dreſt this meate?
" *Will.* Forſooth, *John Cooke.*
[*He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.*
" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me ſuch meate?
" Out of my ſight, I ſay, and bear it hence.
" Come, *Kate*, wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, ſir?
" *San.* I, forſooth. [*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.

" *Manent ſerving men, and eate up all the meate.*

" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conſcience my maſter's madde ſince he was married.
" *Will.* I laſt what a box he gave *Sander*
" For pulling off his bootes.

" *Enter* Ferando *again.*

" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.
" *Feran.* Did you ſo, you damned villaine?
[*He beates them all out again.*
" This humour muſt I hold me to a while,
" To bridle and holde back my head-ſtrong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, eaſe, and want of ſleepe:
" Nor ſleep nor meate ſhall ſhe enjoy to-night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:

To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[2]
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.

" Were ſhe as ſtubborne, or as full of ſtrength
" As was the Thracian horſe Alcides tamde,
" That king *Egeus* fed with fleſh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre." [*Exit.*
STEEVENS.

9 ——*at* door,] *Door* is here, and in other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

2 ——*no* link *to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, ſays—" This cozenage is uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dung-hills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoake of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

Where is the life that late I led[3]— [Sings.
Where are thoſe——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud![4]

Re-enter Servants, *with ſupper.*

Why, when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,[5] [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

[3] *Where*, &c.] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol elſewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book intituled, "*A gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a ſong to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*" RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly ſuited to Petruchio's preſent ſituation: for it appears to have been deſcriptive of the ſtate of a lover who had newly reſigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handeful of pleaſant delites, containing ſundrie new ſonets*, &c. by Clement Robinſon, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the *lover late at libertie*, and now complaineth himſelfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led:*

"The life that erſt thou led'ſt, my friend,
"Was pleaſant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

[4] *Soud, ſoud*, &c.] That is, *ſweet, ſweet. Soot*, and ſometimes *ſooth*, is *ſweet*. So, in Milton, *to ſing ſoothly*, is to ſing ſweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"He'll hang handſome young men for the *ſoote* ſinne of love." STEEVENS.

Theſe words ſeem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or ſome kind of ejaculation, for which it is not neceſſary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expreſs the noiſe made by a perſon heated and fatigued. MALONE.

[5] *It was the friar of orders grey*,] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being of the

Out, out, you rogue![6] you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:[7]—
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh,[8] and welcome heartily:—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*

moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once demonſtrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truely venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[6] *Out*, out, *you rogue!*] The ſecond word was inſerted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the ſame line, the compoſitor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

[7] *And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:*] This couſin Ferdinand, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

[8] *Come, Kate, and* waſh,] It was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was retourned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting the water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company) when dinner is

You whoreſon villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*

You heedleſs joltheads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Kath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

ended,) to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh."

That it was the practice to waſh the hands immediately before ſupper, as well as before dinner, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our *ſupper* brought up very orderly, and ſhe brought me *water to waſhe my handes*. And after I had waſhed, I ſat downe, and ſhe alſo; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." Malone.

As our anceſtors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them muſt be greaſy, we cannot wonder at ſuch repeated ablutions. Steevens.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Curtis.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,[9]

[9] ——*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleaſures,
"At random flies, and wots not where he is."

For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,[2]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,[3]
That bate,[4] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not;
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[5]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,

Again, in *The Booke of Haukyng*, bl. l. no date:

" —ye ſhall ſay your hauke is *full-gorg'd*, and not cropped."

The *lure* was only a thing ſtuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *to* man *my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

[3] —— watch *her*, *as we* watch *theſe kites*,] Thus in the ſame book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*: " And then the ſame night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."

Again, in *The Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: " We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildneſs." STEEVENS.

[4] *That* bate,] i. e. flutter. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" *Bated* like eagles having lately bath'd." STEEVENS.

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it ſwoops upon its prey. Minſheu ſuppoſes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to deſcend. MALONE.

[5] —— *amid this hurly*, *I* intend,] *Intend* is ſometimes uſed by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, ſo uſed here. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
" *Intending* deep ſuſpicion." MALONE.

And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity, to ſhow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[6]

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that Bianca[7]
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

[6] *Scene II. Padua,* &c.] This ſcene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I cannot pretend to gueſs, has in his editions made the *firſt* of the *fifth* act: in doing which, he has ſhown the very power and force of criticiſm. The conſequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable abſurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not poſſibly have committed. For, in the firſt place, by this ſhuffling the ſcenes out of their true poſition, we find Hortenſio, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptiſta's to Petruchio's country-houſe; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him firſt forming the reſolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-ſchool to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, called ὕστερον πρότερον; but this is an abuſe of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's authority. Again, by this miſ-placing, the Pedant makes his firſt entrance, and quits the ſtage with Tranio in order to go and dreſs himſelf like Vincentio, whom he was to perſonate: but his ſecond *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipped like Vincentio. If ſuch a critic be fit to publiſh a ſtage-writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his ſagacity. I have replaced the ſcenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*that Bianca*—] The old copy redundantly reads—that *miſtreſs* Bianca. STEEVENS.

Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry![7] Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none[8] in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpiteful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;

[7] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[8] *Lov'd* none—] Old copy—Lov'd *me*—. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.[9]

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though ſhe would entreat:
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewell, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* Hortensio.—Lucentio *and* Bianca *advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

[9] *That I have fondly flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads—*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.[9]

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-ſchool.

Bian. The taming-ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.[2]

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel[3] coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

[9] *Ay, and he'll tame her,* &c.] Thus in the original play:
" ——he means to tame his wife ere long.
" *Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.
" *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.
" *Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?
" *Aurel.* I; and *Ferando* is the maiſter of the ſchoole."
Steevens.

[2] ——charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
Steevens.

[3] *An ancient* angel—] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle.* Johnson.

It is true that the word *enghle,* which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer,* Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is ſometimes uſed by Ben Jonſon. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at preſent, as Biondello confeſſes his ignorance of the quality of the perſon who is afterwards perſuaded to repreſent the father of Lucentio. The preciſe meaning of it is not aſcertained in Jonſon, neither is the word to be found in any of the original

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[4]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.[5]

copies of Shakſpeare. I have alſo reaſon to ſuppoſe that the true import of the word *enghle* is ſuch as can have no connection with this paſſage, and will not bear explanation.

Angel primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is inapplicable to the paſſage before us. So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Sad Shepherd:*

" ——the dear good *angel* of the ſpring,
" The nightingale——."

And Chapman, in his tranſlation of *Homer*, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*. See particularly B. xxiv.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old uſurer is indeed called

" —— old *angel* of gold."

It is poſſible, however, that inſtead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whoſe buſineſs it was to negociate money. He is afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and profeſſes himſelf to be one who has bills of exchange about him.

STEEVENS.

4 *Maſter, a* mercatantè, *or a* pedant,] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings."

STEEVENS.

Mercatantè,] So, Spenſer, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen:*

" Sleeves dependant Albanesè wiſe."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

——*pedant,*] *Charon*, the ſage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, deſcribes a *pedant*, as ſynonymous to a *houſehold ſchoolmaſter*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See *Charon on Wiſdom*, 4to. 1640. Lennard's *Tranſlation*, p. 158. REED.

5 —— ſurely *like a father.*] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.[6]

[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome,
Travel you far on, or are you at the furtheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the furtheſt for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, ſir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua;[7] Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſurly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addreſſed by Tranio to the pedant, in ſupport of the emendation:

" 'Tis well; and hold your own in any caſe,
" With ſuch *auſterity* as *longeth* to a *father*." Malone.

[6] *Take* in *your love, and then let me alone.*] The old copies exhibit this line as follows, disjoining it from its predeceſſors.

Par. *Take* me *your love, and then let me alone.* Steevens.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[7] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua*, &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" —— if any Syracuſan born
" Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies." Steevens.

(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.[8]

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—

[8] *Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.*] This line has been already uſed by Lucentio. See Act I. ſc. i. Ritson.

My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance [8] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, ſir, to clothe you as becomes you.[9]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.[2]

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:

[8] *To paſs* aſſurance—] *To paſs aſſurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*." MALONE.

[9] *Go with me, ſir, &c.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the word—*ſir*. STEEVENS.

Go with me, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from Arioſto, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewiſe he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the ſame play our author likewiſe found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.

[2] *Enter* Katharina *and* Grumio.] Thus the original play:

"*Enter* Sander *and his miſtris.*

"*San.* Come, miſtris.

"*Kate. Sander*, I prethee helpe me to ſome meat;
"I am ſo faint that I can ſcarcely ſtand.

"*San.* I marry miſtris: but you know my maiſter
"Has given me a charge that you muſt eat nothing,
"But that which he himſelf giveth you.

What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

" *Kate.* Why man, thy maſter needs never know it.
" *San.* You ſay true, indeed. Why looke you, miſtris;
" What ſay you to a pece of bieffe and muſtard now?
" *Kate.* Why, I ſay, 'tis excellent meat; canſt thou helpe me to ſome?
" *San.* I, I could helpe you to ſome, but that I doubt
" The muſtard is too chollerick for you.
" But what ſay you to a ſheepes head and garlicke?
" *Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.
" *San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath ſtincke; and then my maſter will courſe me for letting you eate it. But what ſay you to a fat capon?
" *Kate.* That's meat for a king; ſweete *Sander* help me to ſome of it.
" *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we muſt not meddle with the king's meate.
" *Kate.* Out villaine! doſt thou mocke me?
" Take that for thy ſawſineſſe. [*She beates him.*
" *San.* Sounes are you ſo light-fingred, with a murrin;
" Ile keepe you faſting for it theſe two daies.
" *Kate.* I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the fleſh off
" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.
" *San.* Here comes my maſter now: heele courſe you.
" *Enter* Ferando *with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and* Polidor *with him.*
" *Feran.* See here, *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee:
" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
" Go, ſirha, take it away againe, you ſhall be
" Thankful for the next you have.
" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.
" *Feran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, ſirha, and take it hence, I ſay.
" *San.* Yes, ſir, Ile carrie it hence: Maſter, let hir
" Have none; for ſhe can fight, as hungry as ſhe is.
" *Pol.* I pray you, ſir, let it ſtand; for ile eat
" Some with her myſelfe.
" *Feran.* Wel, ſirha, ſet it downe againe.
" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keepe it for your own diet, for ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:
" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
" Thou ſhalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou liſt,
" For I will home againe unto my father's houſe.
" *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:

Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gre. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:[3]—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

" I know your ſtomacke is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canſt not eat:
" And I will go unto your father's houſe.
" Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;
" And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I ſhall lovingly agree."

The circumſtance of *Ferando* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the ſame manner. Steevens.

[3] *I fear, it is too* cholerick *a meat:*] So before:

" And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it;
" For it engenders *choler*."

The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

Though I have not diſplaced the oldeſt reading, that of the ſecond folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preſerves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from φλεγμων, might anciently have been a word in phyſical uſe, ſignifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at preſent. Steevens.

Kath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.[4]

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, *with a diſh of meat*; *and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort?[5]

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

[4] *Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glaſs of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is ſaid, "But note here, that the firſt diet is not only in avoiding ſuperfluity of meats, and ſurfeits of drinks, but alſo in eſchewing ſuch as are moſt obnoxious, and leaſt agreeable with our happy temperate ſtate; as for a cholerick man to abſtain from all ſalt, *ſcorched*, *dry meats*, from *muſtard*, and ſuch like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roaſted mutton. Reed.

[5] ——*What, ſweeting, all* amort?] This Galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguiled:*

"Why how now, Sophos, all *amort?*"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"What all *amort!* What's the matter?" Steevens.

That is, all ſunk and diſpirited. Malone.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof:[6]——
Here, take away this diſh.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.—
[*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;[7]

[6] *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof:*] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it *ſorted* not." *Bacon.* Johnson.

[7] ——*farthingales, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to tranſpoſe the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. Johnson.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, Act II. ſc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings," &c.

With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.[8]—

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*with his* ruffling *treaſure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *ruſtling*, I think, without neceſſity. Our author has indeed in another play,—" *Prouder* than *ruſtling* in unpaid for ſilk;" but *ruffling* is ſometimes uſed in *nearly* the ſame ſenſe. Thus, in *K. Lear:*

" —— the high winds
" Do ſorely *ruffle.*"

There clearly the idea of noiſe as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time ſignified a *noiſy* and turbulent ſwaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred ſenſe to dreſs. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

" And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
" That *ruffles* it with ſuch a troop of ladies,
" As ſtrangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: " There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotouſly given, that having lately ſold a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new ſute*, ſaying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houſes on my backe?"

Boyle ſpeaks of the *ruffling* of ſilk, and *ruffled* is uſed by ſo late an author as Addiſon in the ſenſe of *plaited*; in which laſt ſignification perhaps the word *ruffling* ſhould be underſtood here. Petruchio has juſt before told Catharine that ſhe " ſhould revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the ſenſe of plaited, ſeems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be underſtood either in this ſenſe, or that firſt ſuggeſted, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one from Lyly's *Euphues, and his England*, 1580: " Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with roabes?"

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

" With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the ſky."

MALONE.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;[2]

Enter Haberdaſher.[3]

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

[2] *Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments*;] In our poet's time, women's gowns were uſually made by men. So, in the Epiſtle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1580: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad ſtomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too ſhort, with a fair guard; if too long, with a falſe gathering." Malone.

[3] *Enter Haberdaſher.*] Thus in the original play:

"*San.* Maſter, the haberdaſher has brought my miſtris home hir cap here.

"*Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: what have you there?

"*Haber.* A velvet cap, ſir, and it pleaſe you.

"*Feran.* Who ſpoke for it? Didſt thou, *Kate?*

"*Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, ſirha, give me the cap; ile ſee if it will fit me. [*She ſets it on her head.*

"*Feran.* O monſtrous! why it becomes thee not.

"Let me ſee it, *Kate:* here, ſirha, take it hence;

"This cap is out of faſhion quite.

"*Kate,* The faſhion is good inough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

"*Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,

"To have thee put on ſuch a curtald cap:

"Sirha, begone with it.

"*Enter the* Taylor, *with a gowne.*

"*San.* Here is the Taylor too with my miſtris gowne.

"*Feran.* Let me ſee it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?

"Sounes, thou vilaine, thou haſt ſpoil'd the gowne.

"*Taylor.* Why, ſir, I made it as your man gave me direction;

"You may read the note here.

"*Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: Taylor, read the note.

"*Taylor.* Item, a faire round compaſs'd cape.

"*San.* I, that's true.

"*Taylor.* And a large truncke ſleeve.

"*San.* That's a lie maiſter; I ſaid two truncke ſleeves.

"*Feran.* Well, ſir, go forward.

"*Taylor.* Item, a looſe-bodied gowne.

"*San.* Maiſter, if ever I ſaid looſe bodies gowne,

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;[4]

" Sew me in a ſeame, and beat me to death
" With a bottom of browne thred.
" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.
" *San.* I ſay the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou ſayeſt it.
" *Tay.* Nay, nay, ne'er be ſo hot, ſirha, for I feare you not.
" *San.* Dooſt thou heare, Tailor? thou haſt braved many men:
" Brave not me. Th'aſt fac'd many men.
" *Taylor.* Wel, ſir.
" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.
" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the faſhion of it wel inough;
" Heere's more adoe than needes; I'le have it, I;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:
" I thinke I ſhall have nothing, by your will.
" *Feran.* Go, I ſay, and take it up for your maiſter's uſe!
" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:
" Souns, take up my miſtris gowne to his maiſter's uſe!
" *Feran.* Well, ſir, what's your conceit of it?
" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my miſtris gowne to his maiſter's uſe!
" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
" *Taylor.* I thanke you, ſir. [*Exit* Tailer.
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go ſee thy father's houſe,
" Even in theſe honeſt meane abiliments;
" Our purſes ſhall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To ſhrowd our bodies from the winter rage;
" And that's inough, what ſhould we care for more?
" Thy ſiſters, *Kate*, to-morrow muſt be wed,
" And I have promiſed them thou ſhould'ſt be there:
" The morning is well up; let's haſte away;
" It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already paſt two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in the towne.
" *Feran.* I ſay 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
" *Kate.* I ſay 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
" *Feran.* It ſhall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
" Come backe againe; we will not goe to day:
" Nothing but croſſing me ſtil?
" Ile have you ſay as I doe, ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*" STEEVENS.

[4] ——*on a* porringer;] The ſame thought occurs in *King Henry VIII:* " ——rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

A velvet diſh;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*

Kath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;[5]
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin,[6] a bauble, a ſilken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

[5] *Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak*, &c.] Shakſpeare has here copied nature with great ſkill. Petruchio, by frightening, ſtarving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the ſhrew: when on her being croſſed, in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[6] *A cuſtard*-coffin,] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pie or cuſtard. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

" —— if you ſpend
" The red-deer pies in your houſe, or ſell them forth, ſir,
" Caſt ſo, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

" And *coffin'd in cruſt* 'till now ſhe was hoary."

STEEVENS.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer[6] in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Again, in a receipt to bake lampreys. *MS. Book of Cookery.* Temp. Hen. 6:

"——and then cover the *coffyn*, but ſave a litell hole to blow into the *coffyn*, with thy mouth, a gode blaſt; and ſodenly ſtoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryſe up the *coffyn* that it falle nott down." Douce.

[7] ——*cenſer*—] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. Johnson.

In *K. Henry VI.* Part II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *cenſer*." Malone.

I learn from an ancient print, that theſe *cenſers* reſembled in ſhape our modern *braſieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and ſtood on feet. They not only ſerved to ſweeten a barber's ſhop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. See note on *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act V. ſc. iv. Steevens.

Kath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! Thou lieſt, thou thread,
Thou thimble,[8]
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete[9] thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt faced many things.[2]

[8] ——— *thou* thread,
Thou thimble,] We ſhould only read:
O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt, thou thimble.
He calls him afterwards—a ſkein of *thread.* Ritson.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. Johnson.

[9] —— *be*-mete —] i. e. be-meaſure thee. Steevens.

[2] —— faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV:*
" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With ſome fine colour." Steevens.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt braved many men;[3] brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:[4] *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. *Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown:*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown,[5] ſew me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a ſmall compaſs'd cape*;[6]

[3] —— braved *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. Steevens.

[4] —— *but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:*] This ſcene appears to have been borrowed from a ſtory of Sir Philip Caulthrop, and John Drakes, a ſilly ſhoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. Douce.

[5] —— looſe-bodied *gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body's* gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in *The Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." Steevens.

See Dodſley's *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 479, edit. 1780. Reed.

[6] —— *a ſmall* compaſs'd cape;] A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round*. Johnson.

Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, a circular bow window is called a—*compaſſed* window.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1565, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or

GRU. I confeſs the cape.

TAI. *With a trunk ſleeve*;——

GRU. I confeſs two ſleeves.

TAI. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i'the bill, ſir; error i'the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhoud'ſt know it.

GRU. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill,[7] give me thy mete-yard,[8] and ſpare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

PET. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i'the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

PET. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Regiſter of Mr. Henſlowe, proprietor of the Roſe theatre, (a manuſcript of which an account has been given in Vol. II: "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvis." MALONE.

[7] —— *take thou the* bill,] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *thy* mete-*yard*,] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. So, in *The Miſeries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"Be not a bar between us, or my ſword
"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:— [*Aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter.
[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:

Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.
[*Exeunt.*[8]

SCENE IV.[9]

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe;[2] Pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived,[3]
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.[4]

[8] *Exeunt.*] After this exeunt, the characters before whom the play is ſuppoſed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original ſo often mentioned in the former notes.

"*Lord.* Who's within there?

"*Enter Servants.*

"Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

"*Serv.* It ſhall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence." [*They bear off* Sly. Steevens.

[9] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the ſcene, and the proportion of each act to the reſt, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. Johnson.

[2] Sir, *this is the houſe*;] The old copy has—*Sirs.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[3] ——but *I be deceived,*] *But,* in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies, *without, unleſs.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"*But* being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land." Steevens.

[4] *We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no pro-

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any caſe, with ſuch
Auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.[5]

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;

priety ſpeak this, either in his aſſumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a ſequel of what he was before ſaying. Theobald.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

"Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

"A pottle of elixir at the *Pegaſus*,
"Bravely carous'd, is more reſtorative."

The *Pegaſus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumſtance, became a popular ſign. Steevens.

[5] *Enter* Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.] and (according to the old copy) *Pedant, booted and bareheaded.* Ritson.

I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing[4]
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,[5]
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,[6]

[4] *Me ſhall you find* moſt *ready and* moſt *willing*—] The repeated word *moſt*, is not in the old copy, but was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. Steevens.

[5] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compaſſion than the reaſon of things, was not *curious* to condeſcend to performe ſo good an office," Again, p. 890: "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." Steevens.

[6] *And* paſs *my daughter a ſufficient dower,*] To *paſs* is, in this place, ſynonymous to *aſſure* or *convey*; as it ſometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchaſe deed, that the granter has power to bargain, ſell, &c. "and thereby to *paſs* and convey" the premiſes to the grantee. Ritson.

The match is fully made, and all is done:[8]
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affied;[9] and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.[2]

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:[3]
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—

[8] *The match is* fully *made, and all is done:*] The word—*fully* (to complete the verſe) was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who might have juſtified his emendation by a foregoing paſſage in this comedy:

"Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not *fully made.*" Steevens.

[9] *We be* affied;] i. e. betrothed. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"For daring to *affy* a mighty lord
"Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king." Steevens.

[2] *And,* happily, *we might be interrupted.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

And haply then *we might be interrupted.* Steevens.

Happily, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather ſurpriſing, that an editor ſhould be guilty of ſo groſs a corruption of his author's language, for the ſake of *modernizing his orthography*. Tyrwhitt.

[3] —— *an it like you,* ſir:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart![9]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.[2]
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we'll better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* Tranio, Pedant, *and* Baptista.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[3] of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

[9] Luc. *I pray*, &c.] In the old copy this line is by miſtake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] *Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.*] Here the old copy adds—*Enter Peter.* Ritson.

——*get thee gone.*] It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myſelf of the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Steevens.

[3] ——*or* moral—] i. e. the ſecret purpoſe. See Vol. IV. p. 491. Malone.

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except[4] they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: Take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:*[5] to the church;[6]—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſley to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her.
[*Exit.*[7]

[4] *I cannot tell*; except—] The firſt folio reads *expect.* MALONE.

Except is the reading of the ſecond folio. *Expect*, ſays Mr. Malone, means—wait the event. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:*] It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that theſe are the words which commonly were put on books where an excluſive right had been granted for printing them. REED.

[6] ——*to the church*;] i. e. go to the church, &c. TYRWHITT.

[7] *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again, and the ſcene continues thus:

SCENE V.

A publick Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.

" *Slie.* Sim, muſt they be married now?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Enter* Ferando, *and* Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.
" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horſes forth, and bring them to the backe-gate preſently.
" *San.* I wil, ſir, I warrant you. [*Exit* Sander.
" *Feran.* Come, *Kate:* the moone ſhines cleere to-night, methinkes.
" *Kate.* The moone; why huſband you are deceiv'd; it is the ſun.
" *Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it ſhal be the moone ere we come at your fathers.
" *Kate.* Why Ile ſay as you ſay; it is the moone.
" *Feran. Ieſus*, ſave the glorious moone!
" *Kate. Ieſus*, ſave the glorious moone!
" *Feran.* I am glad, *Kate*, your ſtomacke is come downe;
" I know it well thou knowſt it is the ſun,
" But I did trie to ſee if thou wouldſt ſpeake,
" And croſſe me now as thou haſt done before:
" And truſt me, *Kate*, hadſt thou not namde the moone,
" We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
" But ſoft, who's this that's comming here?
" *Enter the Duke of* Ceſtus *alone.*
" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Ceſtus am I come,
" And left my princely court, and noble traine,
" To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe
" To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes.
" But ſtay; here's ſome it may be travels thither:
" Good ſir, can you direct me the way to *Athens?*
[Ferando *ſpeaks to the old man.*

His ſpeech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in page 532. STEEVENS.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Kath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!

Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.[8]

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.[9]

Kath. Then, God be bleſs'd, it is the bleſſed ſun:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.

[8] *I know it is.*] The old copy redundantly reads—I know it is *the moon*. Steevens.

The humour of this ſcene bears a very ſtriking reſemblance to what Monſ. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Perſian proverb, "If the King ſaith at noonday it is night, you are to behold the moon and the ſtars." *Hiſtory of the Mogul Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 45. Douce.

[9] —— *it* is *the bleſſed ſun:*] For *is* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be ſo,[9] for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; what company is coming here?[2]

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate,[3] and tell me truly too,

[9] *And ſo it ſhall be* ſo,] A modern editor very plauſibly reads—*And ſo it ſhall be*, Sir. MALONE.

Read:

And ſo it ſhall be ſtill, *for Katharine.* RITSON.

[2] *But ſoft*; what *company is coming here?*] The pronoun—*what*, which is wanting in the old copy, I have inſerted by the advice of Mr. Ritſon, whoſe punctuation and ſupplement are countenanced by the correſponding paſſage in the elder play:

"But ſoft; who's this that's coming here?"

See p. 530. STEEVENS.

[3] *Tell me, ſweet Kate,*] In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two ſpeeches in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of Shakſpeare, though the reſt of that play is far inferior:

"Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
"More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
"Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
"Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth——
"——Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman——
"*Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtalline,
"Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
"As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
"Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
"And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
"Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
"Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
"Unhabitable as the burning zone,
"With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face." POPE.

Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman [4] of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode? [5]
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow! [6]

An attentive reader will perceive in this ſpeech ſeveral words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakſpeare. Such, I believe, are, *ſardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and eſpecially *unhabitable*; our poet generally uſing *inhabitable* in its room, as in *Richard II:*

" Or any other ground *inhabitable.*"

Theſe inſtances may ſerve as ſome ſlight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakſpeare: but I have ſince obſerved that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *unhabitable.*

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *to make* a *woman*—] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] —— where *is thy abode?*] Inſtead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither.* Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;*
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!] This is borrowed from Golding's Tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, Book IV. edit. 1587, p. 56:

" —— right happie folke are they
" By whome thou camſt into this world; right happie is (I ſay)

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:[6]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,[7]—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

" Thy mother and thy ſiſter too (if anie be:) good hap
" That woman had that was thy nurſe, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
" But far above all other far, more bliſſe than theſe is ſhee
" Whome thou thy wife and bed-fellow vouchſafeſt for to bee."

I ſhould add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the ſixth Book of the *Odyſſey*, 154, &c.

Τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνητοι· μάλα πού &c.
Κεῖνος δ' αὖ περὶ κῆρὶ μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Ος κέ σ' ἐϋδνοισι βρίσας οἴκονδ' ἀγάγηται. Steevens.

[6] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:*] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks. Blackstone.

[7] ——*miſtreſs,*] is here uſed as a triſyllable. Steevens.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other ſide.*

BION. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

LUC. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

BION. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.[8]

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

GRE. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

PET. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

VIN. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

[8] —— *and then come back to my* maſter *as ſoon as I can.*] The editions all agree in reading *miſtreſs*; but what miſtreſs was Biondello to come back to? he muſt certainly mean—"Nay, faith, ſir, I muſt ſee you in the church; and then for fear I ſhould be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at preſent perſonates you, and whom therefore I at preſent acknowledge for my *maſter*." THEOBALD.

Probably an M was only written in the MS. See p. 425.

The ſame miſtake has happened again in this ſcene: "Didſt thou never ſee thy *miſtreſs'* father, Vincentio?" The preſent emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves rightly, that by "maſter" Biondello means his pretended maſter, Tranio. MALONE.

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa,[9] and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* Vincen.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

[9] ——*from* Piſa,] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*; but it ſhould rather be *from Piſa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Piſa*, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. Tyrwhitt.

I ſuſpect we ſhould read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himſelf came, and which he would naturally name, ſuppoſing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Piſa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different ſcenes, inſtead of *Milan*. Malone.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father, Vincentio?[2]

Bion. What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo, indeed? [*Beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

[2] ——*thy* maſter's *father, Vincentio?*] Old copy—thy *miſtreſs'* father. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Re-enter Pedant *below*; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

TRA. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

VIN. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![3]—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

TRA. How now! what's the matter?

BAP. What, is the man lunatick?

TRA. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhow you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father? O, villain! he is a ſailmaker in Bergamo.[4]

[3] —— *a copatain-hat!*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gaſcoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

" A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemiſh block."

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

" With high *copt* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt."

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter " on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

" Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[4] —— *a ſailmaker in Bergamo.*] Chapman has a parallel paſſage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

" —— he draws the thread of his deſcent from Leda's diſtaff, when 'tis well known his grandſire cried coney-ſkins in Sparta."

STEEVENS.

Bap. You, miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer:[5] [*Enter one with an* Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd[6] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

[5] *Call forth an officer:* &c.] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again:

" *Slie.* I ſay weele have no ſending to priſon.
" *Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jeſt.
" *Slie.* I tell thee *Sim*, weele have no ſending
" To priſon, that's flat: why *Sim*, am not I don *Chriſto Vari?*
" Therefore, I ſay, they ſhall not goe to priſon.
" *Lord.* No more they ſhall not, my lord:
" They be runne away.
" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim?* that's well:
" Then gis ſome more drinke, and let them play againe.
" *Lord.* Here, my lord." Steevens.

[6] ——*coney-catch'd*—] i. e. deceived, cheated. Steevens.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abus'd:—
O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Bion. O, we are ſpoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweeteſt ſon?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant *run out.*[7]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne.[8]

[7] —— *run out.*] The old copy ſays—*as faſt as may be.* Ritson.

[8] *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. Tyrwhitt.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *ſuppoſes*." Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far," &c. It appears likewiſe from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, that *ſuppoſes* was a game of ſome kind. "After *ſuppoſes*, and ſuch ordinary ſports, were paſt, they fell to

Gre. Here's packing,[8] with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear ſir? [*To* Lucentio.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

prattle," &c. Again, in Drayton's Epiſtle from *K. John* to *Matilda:*

" And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and *ſuppoſes.*"

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive.* So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17202, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*"

Again, in the 10th pageant of *The Coventry Plays*, in the Britiſh Muſeum, MS. Cott. Veſp. D. VIII:

" Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
" If I chyde, ſhe wolde clowte my cote,
" *Blere mine ey*, and pyke out a mote." Steevens.

The ingenious editor's explanation of *blear the eye*, is ſtrongly ſupported by Milton, *Comus*, v. 155:

" Spells———
" Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illuſion."

Holt White.

[8] *Here's* packing,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. So, in *K. Lear:*

" Snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." Steevens.

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Gre. My cake is dough:[9] But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

Petruchio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Kath. No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*

9 *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion which alſo occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife:*

" Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*"

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609:

" Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as mine." Steevens.

It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried. Malone.

Rather when any diſappointment was ſuſtained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howell in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Lewis the Fourteenth, ſays—" The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulleſt thing of this kind that any ſtory can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year ſince ſhe was married, and hath continued childleſs all this while. So that now Monſieur's *cake is dough.*" Reed.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *Houſe.*

A Banquet ſet out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the* Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and* Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, *and Others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,[9]
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Katharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet[2] is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They ſit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

[9] ——*when raging war is* done,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—*when raging war is* come, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—*when raging war is* calm formerly ſpelt *calme*. So, in *Othello:*

"If after every tempeſt come ſuch *calms*—."

The word "overblown," in the next line, adds ſome little ſupport to this conjecture. Malone.

Mr. Rowe's conjecture is juſtified by a paſſage in *Othello:*

"News, lords! our *wars are done.*" Steevens.

[2] *My* banquet—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in ſome of our old books) an *afterpaſt*, was a ſlight refection, like our modern deſert, conſiſting of cakes, ſweetmeats, and fruit. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. v. Steevens.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.[3]

Wid. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;[4] I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:[5]
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

[3] —— fears *his widow.*] To *fear*, as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. Malone.

[4] *You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe*;] The old copy redundantly reads—You are *very* ſenſible. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſhrew*,——*woe*:] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it ſhould be obſerved that anciently the word—ſhrew was pronounced as if it had been written—ſhrow. See the *finale* of the play, p. 557. Steevens.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.[3]

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.[4]
[*Drinks to* Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.[5]

[3] ———*put her down.*

That's my office.] This paſſage will be beſt explained by another, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Lady, you have *put him down*.—So I would not *he ſhould do me*, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove *the mother of fools*." Steevens.

[4] —— *Ha to* thee, *lad.*] The old copy has—to *the*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] *Have at you for a* bitter *jeſt or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jeſt. The emendation, (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the ſmalleſt doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the preſent play:

"Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt*."

Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt*." Malone.

I have received this emendation; and yet "a *better* jeſt" may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakſpeare often uſes the *comparative* for the *poſitive* degree. So, in *K. Lear*:

"——her ſmiles and tears
"Were like a *better* day."

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* Bianca, Katharina, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good ſwift[6] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.[7]

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.[8]

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" ——go not my horſe the *better*——."

i. e. if he does not go *well.* Steevens.

[6] ——*ſwift*—] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion,* ſignified *witty, quick-witted.* So, in *As you Like it,* the Duke ſays of the Clown, " He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant.* Johnson.

[7] ——*that* gird, *good Tranio.*] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm,* a *gibe.* So, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe,* 1579: " Curculio may chatte till his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes.*"

Steevens.

[8] ——*you* two *outright.*] Old copy—you *too.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,[9]
Let's each one ſend unto his wife;[2]

[9] ——for *aſſurance*,] Inſtead of *for* the original copy has *ſir*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] *Let's each one ſend unto his wife*;] Thus in the original play:
" *Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that ſupper's done,
" How ſhall we ſpend the time til we go to bed?
" *Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
" Who wil come ſooneſt at their huſbands cal.
" *Pol.* Nay, then, *Ferando*, he muſt needes ſit out;
" For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
" Before his wife wil come before ſhe liſt.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel for you that have ſuch gentle wives:
" Yet in this trial wil I not ſit out;
" It may be *Kate* wil come as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* My wife comes ſooneſt, for a hundred pound.
" *Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
" That my wife comes as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* How now, *Ferando!* you dare not lay, belike.
" *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
" But how? So little mony on ſo ſure a thing.
" A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much
" Upon my dog in running at a deere.
" She ſhall not come ſo far for ſuch a trifle:
" But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?
" And whoſe wife ſooneſt comes, when he doth cal,
" And ſhewes herſelfe moſt loving unto him,
" Let him injoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what ſay you? Dare you adventure thus?
" *Pol.* I, were it a thouſand pounds, I durſt preſume
" On my wife's love: and I wil lay with thee.
Enter Alfonſo.
" *Alfon.* How now ſons! What in conference ſo hard?
" May I, without offence, know where about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cauſe, about our wives;
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whoſe wife doth ſhew moſt love to him,
" He muſt injoy the wager to himſelfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando*, he is ſure to loſe it:
" I promiſe thee ſon, thy wife wil hardly come;
" And therefore I would not wiſh thee lay ſo much.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, father; were it ten times more,

And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.

" I durſt adventure on my lovely *Kate:*—
" But if I loſe, Ile pay, and ſo ſhal you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I loſe, Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And ſo wil I upon my faith, I vow.
" *Feran.* Then ſit we downe, and let us ſend for them.
" *Alfon.* I promiſe thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt loſe.
" *Aurel.* Ile ſend for my wife firſt: *Valeria*,
" Go bid your miſtris come to me.
" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit* Valeria.
" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I ſhould obtain it by her love.
" *Feran.* I pray God, you have laid too much already,
" *Aurel.* Truſt me, *Ferando*, I am ſure you have;
" For you, I dare preſume, have loſt it al.
" *Enter* Valeria *againe*,
" Now, ſirha, what ſaies your miſtris?
" *Val.* She is ſomething buſie, but ſheele come anone.
" *Feran.* Why ſo: did I not tel you this before?
" She was buſie, and cannot come.
" *Aurel.* I pray God, your wife ſend you ſo good an anſwere:
" She may be buſie, yet ſhe ſaies ſheele come.
" *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, ſend you for your wife.
" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, deſire your miſtris to come hither.
" *Boy.* I wil, ſir. [*Exit.*
" *Feran.* I, ſo, ſo; he deſires hir to come.
" *Alfon. Polidor*, I dare preſume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;
" And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,
" That your wife came not when you ſent for her,
" *Enter the Boy againe*,
" *Pol.* Now, wher's your miſtris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that ſhee will not come:
" And you have any buſineſſe, you muſt come to her.
" *Feran.* O monſtrous intollerable preſumption,
" Worſe then a blaſing ſtar, or ſnow at midſummer,
" Earthquakes, or any thing unſeaſonable!
" She will not come; but he muſt come to hir.
" *Pol.* Wel, ſir, I pray you, let's heare what
" Anſwere your wife will make.
" *Feran.* Sirha, command your miſtris to come
" To me preſently. [*Exit* Sander.

Hor. Content;——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.

" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all ſhe did not come,
" Wil prove moſt kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am ſure *Ferando's* wife, ſhe will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I muſt loſe.
" *Enter* Kate *and* Sander.
" But I have won, for ſee where *Kate* doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete huſband, did you ſend for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I ſent for thee to come:
" Come hither, *Kate:* What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, huſband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;
" 'Tis fooliſh; I wil not have thee weare it.
[*She takes off her cap, and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphoſis!
" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almoſt paſt beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you ſhall ſee.
" Come hither, *Kate:* Where are thy ſiſters?
" *Kate.* They be ſitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alfon.* I promiſe thee, *Ferando*, I would have ſworne
" Thy wife would ne'er have done ſo much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you ſhal ſee ſhe wil do more then this;
" For ſee where ſhe brings her ſiſters forth by force.
" *Enter* Kate, *thruſting* Phylema *and* Emelia *before her, and makes them come unto their huſbands cal.*
" *Kate.* See huſband, I have brought them both.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate.*
" *Emel.* I ſure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praiſe for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herſelfe and us.
" *Aurel.* Beſhrew thee, *Phylema*, thou haſt
" Loſt me a hundred pound to night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldſt firſt have come.
" *Pol.* But, thou, *Emelia*, haſt loſt me a great deal more.
" *Emel.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?
" *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their huſbands here,
" I prethee tel unto theſe head-ſtrong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their huſbands.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.

" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pampered wils,
" Now liſt to me, and marke what I ſhall ſay.—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cauſe this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
" For al the courſe of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of ſeaſons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and ſtopt by meaſure of his hand.
" The firſt world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodileſſe,
" Where al the elements were orderleſſe,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in ſix daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to ſtand in perfect courſe.
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Olde *Adam*, and from his ſide aſleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, ſo term'd by *Adam* then,
" Woman, for that by her came ſinne to us,
" And for her ſinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.
" As *Sara* to her huſband, ſo ſhould we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nouriſh them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
" If that by that we might procure their eaſe;
" And, for a preſident, Ile firſt begin,
" And lay my hand under my huſband's feet.
[*She laies her hand under her huſband's feet.*
" *Feran.* Inough ſweet; the wager thou haſt won;
" And they, I am ſure, cannot deny the ſame.
" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou haſt won;
" And for to ſhew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For ſhe is not the ſame ſhe was before.
" *Feran.* Thanks, ſweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who ſhall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go, Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.

" 'Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are ſped:
" And ſo farewell, for we will to our bed.
[*Exeunt* Ferando, Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what ſay you to this?
" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father I rejoyce to ſee
" *Ferando* and his wife ſo lovingly agree.
[*Exeunt* Aurelius *and* Phylema, *and* Alfonſo *and* Valeria.
" *Emel.* How now, *Polidor?* in a dumpe? What ſaiſt thou man?
" *Pol.* I ſay, thou art a ſhrew.
" *Emel.* That's better than a ſheepe.
" *Pol.* Well, ſince 'tis done, come, let's goe.
[*Exeunt* Polidor *and* Emilia.
" *Then enter two, bearing of* Slie *in his own apparell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapſter.
" *Tapſter.* Now that the darkeſome night is overpaſt,
" And dawning day appeares in chriſtall ſkie,
" Now muſt I haſte abroade: but ſoft! who's this?
" What *Slie?* o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
" Ile wake him; I thinke hee's ſtarved by this,
" But that his belly was ſo ſtufft with ale:
" What now *Slie!* awake for ſhame."—&c. Steevens.

Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.

Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.[3]

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

[3] *She will not* come.] I have added the word—*come*, to complete the meaſure, which was here defective; as indeed it is, almoſt irremediably, in ſeveral parts of the preſent ſcene. Steevens.

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?

Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* Katharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, *with* Bianca *and* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Katharina *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!

Bian. Fie! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns [2] ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe head-ſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads; [3]
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

[2] ——an *hundred crowns*—] Old copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. Malone.

[3] ——*as froſts bite the meads*;] The old copy reads—froſts *do* bite. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions,[3] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we leaſt are.[4]
Then vail your ſtomachs,[5] for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:

[3] ——*our ſoft* conditions,] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry V:* "my tongue is rough coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*which we leaſt are.*] The old copy erroneouſly prolongs this line by reading—which we *indeed* leaſt are. STEEVENS.

[5] *Then vail your ſtomachs,*] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit.

In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:——
We three are married, but you two are ſped.[6]
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[7]
[*To* Lucentio.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt.*[8]

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" 'Gan *vail his ſtomach*, and did grace the ſhame
" Of thoſe that turn'd their backs." Steevens.

[6] ——*you two* are ſped.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of diſobedience. Steevens.

[7] ——*though you hit the* white;] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. Johnson.

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's Ode at the end of his *New Inn:*
" As oft you've wanted brains
" And art to ſtrike the *white*,
" As you have levell'd right."
Again, in Sir Aſton Cokayn's *Poems*, 1658:
" And as an expert archer *hits the white*." Malone.

[8] *Exeunt.*] At the concluſion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his inſertions from the old play, as follows:

" *Enter two ſervants, bearing* Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the ſtage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

" Sly. [*awaking.*] Sim, give's ſome more wine.——What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?

" *Tap.* A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk ſtill?

" *Sly.* Who's this? Tapſter!—Oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.

" *Tap.* Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will curſe you for dreaming here all night.

" *Sly.* Will ſhe? I know how to *tame a ſhrew.* I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me."

Theſe paſſages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakſpeare, I have ſunk into the notes, that they may be preſerved, as they ſeem to be neceſſary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compoſe no part of it, being not publiſhed in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deſerved cenſure, had they been of greater conſequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſic merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The Taming the Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to vindicate Shakſpeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew.* Mr. Pope in conſequence of his being very ſuperficially acquainted with the phraſeology of our early writers, firſt aſcribed it to him, and on his authority this

ſtrange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with juſt as much propriety have ſuppoſed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *The Hiſtory of King Leir and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the ſubject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the ſtory of *King John*.—The error prevailed for ſuch a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is ſo extremely ſcarce, that I have never ſeen or heard of any copy exiſting but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors [Mr. Capell] ſearched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is ſuppoſed to be irrecoverably loſt.

I ſuſpect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene.

MALONE.

The following are the obſervations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus:* "The Induction, as Shakſpeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deſerves, for the excellence of its moral deſign and beauty of execution, throughout, to be ſet in a juſt light.

"This *Prologue* ſets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a ſhort ſeaſon, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the ſcene is taken to conſiſt in the ſurprize and aukward deportment of *Sly*, in this his ſtrange and unwonted ſituation. But the poet had a further deſign, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleaſantry. He would expoſe, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purpoſes, than the ſoft and ſelfiſh gratification of their own intemperate paſſions: Of *thoſe*, who take the mighty privilege of *deſcent* and *wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of thoſe pleaſures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and conſiſtency of character, than their *lordſhips*.

"To give a poignancy to his ſatire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himſelf, juſt returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleaſures, contrive this metamorphoſis of the beggar, in the way of ſport and deriſion only; not conſidering, how ſeverely the jeſt was going to turn upon himſelf. His firſt reflections, on ſeeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

'O! monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
'Grim death! how foul and loathſome is thy image!'

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *beſtiality*; and at a ſtate of ſtupid *inſenſibility*, *the image of death*. Nothing can be juſter, than this repreſentation. For theſe lordly ſenſualiſts have a very nice and faſtidious abhorrence of ſuch ignoble bru-

tality. And what alarms their fears with the proſpect of death, cannot chooſe but preſent *a foul and loathſome image*. It is, alſo, ſaid in perfect conſiſtency with the true Epicurean character, as given by theſe, who underſtood it beſt, and which is, here, ſuſtained by this noble diſciple. For, though theſe great maſters of wiſdom made *pleaſure* the *ſupreme good*, yet, they were among the firſt, as we are told, to cry out againſt the *Aſotos*; meaning ſuch groſs ſenſualiſts, "qui in menſam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique poſtridie ſe rurſus ingurgitant." But as for the "mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, *piſtoribus*, *piſcatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquiſitis, vitantes cruditatem," theſe they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *ſapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

"And then, though their philoſophy promiſed an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boaſted exemption conſiſted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual diſſipation; ſo that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occaſions, expreſſing the moſt dreadful apprehenſions of it.

"However, this tranſient gloom is ſoon ſucceeded by gayer proſpects. My *lord* bethinks himſelf to raiſe a little diverſion out of this adventure:

'Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:'

And, ſo, propoſes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and bleſſed with all thoſe regalements of coſtly luxury, in which a ſelfiſh opulence is wont to find its ſupreme happineſs.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jeſt begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as uſual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteriſtically, and (taking the poet's deſign,* as here explained) with infinite ſatyr, replies:

'O! that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
'Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
'Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!'

"And again, afterwards:

'Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
'Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment;
'And baniſh hence theſe lowly abject themes.'

For, what is the recollection of this *high deſcent* and large *poſſeſſions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purpoſes, are theſe *lowly abject themes* to be diſcarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleaſures is

* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiſs to recollect what the ſenſible Bruyere obſerves on a like occaſion. "Un *Grand* aime le *Champagne*, abhorre la *Brie*; il s'enyvre de meillieure vin, que l'homme de peuple: *ſeule difference*, que la crapule laiſſe entre les conditions les plus diſproportionées, entre le *Seigneur*, & *l'Eſtaffier*. [Tom. ii. p. 12.]

called over; and he hath his choice of whichſoever of them ſuits beſt with his lordſhip's improved palate. A long train of *ſervants ready at his beck:* muſick, ſuch as *twenty caged nightingales do ſing:* couches, *ſofter and ſweeter than the luſtful bed of Semiramis: burning odours, and diſtilled waters: floors beſtrewed with carpets:* the diverſions of *hawks, hounds, and horſes:* in ſhort, all the objects of exquiſite indulgence are preſented to him.

" But among theſe, one ſpecies of refined enjoyment, which requires a taſte, above the coarſe breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly inſiſted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

' Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
' And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures.*' Sc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury of his wiſhes, could feign to himſelf a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

' 2 *Man.* Doſt thou love *pictures?* We will fetch thee ſtraight
' *Adonis* painted by a running brook;
' And *Cytherea* all in ſedges hid;
' Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
' Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
' *Lord.* We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid;
' And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurprized,
' As lively painted, as the deed was done.
' 3 *Man.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;
' Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear, ſhe bleeds:
' So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.'

Theſe pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well choſen.* But the ſervants were not ſo deep in the ſecret, as their maſter. They dwell entirely on circumſtantials. While his lordſhip, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaſt* ſchool of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After theſe incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itſelf* are preſented, as the crowning privilege of his high ſtation:

' Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
' Than any woman in this waning age.'

* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an inſipid collection; for he would have *his rooms*,

" Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as Tiberius took
" From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
" But coldly imitated." *Alchemiſt*, Act II. ſc. ii.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Aſoti*, before mentioned. In general, the ſatiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further gathered from a ſimilar ſtroke in Randolph's *Muſe's Looking-Glaſs*, where, to characteriſe the *voluptuous*, he makes him ſay:

" ——— I would delight my ſight
" With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
" *Naked and bathing.*"

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himſelf. The *ſtate*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, ſurely demanded a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of a *wife*. All that can be ſaid in excuſe of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a ſimple beggar, all unuſed to the refinements of high life, would be too much ſhocked, at ſetting out, with a propoſal, ſo remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had ſuch an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himſelf at laſt to the inchanting deception:

'I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
'I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
'*Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.*'

The ſatyr is ſo ſtrongly marked in this laſt line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *ſhould*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the ſame game, *in jeſt*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *ſeriouſly*. The two caſes are ſo ſimilar, that ſome readers may, perhaps, ſuſpect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His deſcription of this inſtructive ſcenery is given in the following words:

"Viſne (inquit Dionyſius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipſe eandem deguſtare & fortunam experiri meam? Cum ſe ille cupere dixiſſet, conlocari juſſit hominem in *aureo lecto, ſtrato pulcherrimo, textili ſtragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacoſque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato*: hinc ad menſam *eximia forma pueros* delectos juſſit conſiſtere, eoſque *nutum illius* intuentes diligenter miniſtrare: aderant *unguenta, coronae: incendebantur odores: menſæ conquiſitiſſimis epulis extruebantur.*" [Tuſc. Diſp. Lib. V. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the ſweet deluſion of *Chriſtophero Sly*.

'*Fortunatus ſibi Damocles videbatur.*'

"The event in theſe two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philoſopher took care to make the *flatterer* ſenſible of his miſtake; while the poet did not think fit to diſabuſe the *beggar*. But this was according to the deſign of each. For, the *former* would ſhow the *miſery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordſhip* only a *beggar in diſguiſe*.

"To conclude with our poet. The ſtrong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impoſſible it was for Shakſpeare, in his idleſt hours, perhaps, when he was only reviſing the traſh of others, not to leave ſome ſtrokes of the *maſter* behind him. But the morality of its purpoſe ſhould chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the beſt deſign of expoſing that monſtrous Epicurean poſition, *that the true enjoyment of life conſiſts in a delirium of ſenſual pleaſure*. And this, in a way the

moſt likely to work upon the *great*, by ſhowing their pride, that it was fit only to conſtitute the *ſummum bonum* of one

'No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.' Sc. iii.

"Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this repreſentation of *nobility*. He had the higheſt authority for what he did. For the great *maſter of life* himſelf gave no other of *Divinity*.

"*Ipſe pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
"*Juſſit* & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos."

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumſtance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has obſerved) by Heuterus, *Rerum, Burgund.* Lib IV. The earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory in proſe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart tranſlated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in Engliſh, in ſome other ſhape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artiſan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richeſt beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.——They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered himſelfe to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the

hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all ſorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion." MALONE.

The following ſtory, related, as it appears, by an eye-witneſs, may not be thought inapplicable to this *Induction:* "I remember (ſays Sir Richard Barckley, in *A Diſcourſe of the Felicitie of Man*, 1598, p. 24.) a pretie experiment practiſed by the Emperour Charles the Firſt upon a drunkard. As this Emperour on a time entered into Gaunt, there lay a drunken fellow overthwart the ſtreetes, as though he had bene dead; who, leaſt the horſemen ſhould ride ouer him, was drawen out of the way by the legges, and could by no means be wakened; which when the Emperour ſaw, he cauſed him to be taken vp and carried home to his pallace, and vſed as he had appointed. He was brought into a faire chamber hanged with coſty arras, his clothes taken off, and laid in a ſtately bed meet for the Emperour himſelfe. He continued in a ſleepe vntill the next day almoſt noone. When he awaked and had lyen wondring a while to ſee himſelf in ſuch a place, and diuers braue gentlemen attending upon him, they took him out of the bed, and apparelled him like a prince, in verie coſtly garments, and all this was done with verie great ſilence on everie ſide. When he was ready, there was a table ſet and furniſhed with verie daintie meats, and he ſet in a chaire to eat, attended vpon with braue courtiers, and ſerued as if the Emperour had bin preſent, the cupboord full of gold plate and diuerſe ſortes of wines. When he ſaw ſuch preparation made for him, he left any longer to wonder, and thought it not good to examine the matter any further, but tooke his fortune as it came, and fell to his meate. His wayters with great reuerence and dutie obſerued diligently his nods and becks, which were his ſignes to call for that he lacked, for words he vſed none. As he thus ſate in his majeſtie eating and drinking, he tooke in his cups ſo freelie, that he fel faſt aſleepe againe as

he ſate in his chaire. His attendants ſtripped him out of his freſh apparel, and arrayed him with his owne ragges againe, and carried him to the place where they found him, where he lay ſleeping vntil the next day. After he was awakened, and fell into the companie of his acquaintance, being aſked where he had bene; he anſwered that he had bene aſleepe, and had the pleaſanteſt dream that ever he had in his life; and told them all that paſſed, thinking that it had bene nothing but a dreame."

This frolick ſeems better ſuited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or to the revelry of the boiſterous Henry, than to the cold and diſtant manners of the reſerved Charles; of whoſe private character, however, hiſtorians have taken but ſlight notice.

HOLT WHITE.

From this play the *Tatler* formed a ſtory, Vol. IV. No. 231.

" THERE are very many ill habits that might with much eaſe have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourſelves in them, become incorrigible. We have a ſort of proverbial expreſſion, of *taking a woman down in her wedding ſhoes*, if you would bring her to reaſon. An early behaviour of this ſort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was ſeveral years an intimate acquaintance.

" A gentleman in Lincolnſhire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her ſiſters, either in perſon or accompliſhments, had from her infancy diſcovered ſo imperious a temper, (uſually called a high ſpirit,) that it continually made great uneaſineſs in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themſelves. However, in proceſs of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having obſerved that quickneſs of ſpirit to be her only fault, made his addreſſes, and obtained her conſent in due form. The lawyers finiſhed the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time ſpent in the father's houſe, the bridegroom went to prepare his ſeat for her reception. During the whole courſe of his courtſhip, though a man of the moſt equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to underſtand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame time thought herſelf highly obliged by the compoſed behaviour which he maintained in her preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible apprehenſion of his fiery ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on

the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a coach and ſix horſes, together with the gay equipage ſuitable to the occaſion, he appeared without a ſervant, mounted on a ſkeleton of a horſe, which his huntſman had the day before brought in to feaſt his dogs on the arrival of his new miſtreſs, with a pillion fixed behind, and a caſe of piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive manner), deſired his lady to ſeat herſelf on the cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obſtructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the maſter, to ſhow the impatience of his temper, drew a piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand apologies for his unhappy raſhneſs, and begged as many pardons for his exceſſes before one for whom he had ſo profound a reſpect. Soon after their ſteed ſtumbled, but with ſome difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occaſion to ſwear, if he frightened his wife ſo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almoſt tired, made a ſecond trip; immediately on which the careful huſband alights, and with great ceremony, firſt takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his ſword, and ſaves the huntſman the trouble of killing him: then ſays to his wife, Child, pr'ythee, take up the ſaddle; which ſhe readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greateſt order, ſuitable to their fortune and the preſent occaſion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their huſbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen paſſing a toaſt about, our laſt married man took occaſion to obſerve to the reſt of his brethren, how much, to his great ſatisfaction, he found the world miſtaken as to the temper of his lady, for that ſhe was the moſt meek and humble woman breathing. The applauſe was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the moſt maſter at home, he propoſed they ſhould all by turns ſend for their wives down to them. A ſervant was diſpatched, and anſwer made by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That ſhe would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and ſo on. But no ſooner was her huſband's deſire whiſpered in the ear of our laſt married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down ſhe comes with, 'My dear, would you ſpeak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated careſſes, tells her the experiment, confeſſes his good-nature, and aſſures her, that ſince ſhe could now command her temper, he would no longer diſguiſe his own."

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that

he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

B L